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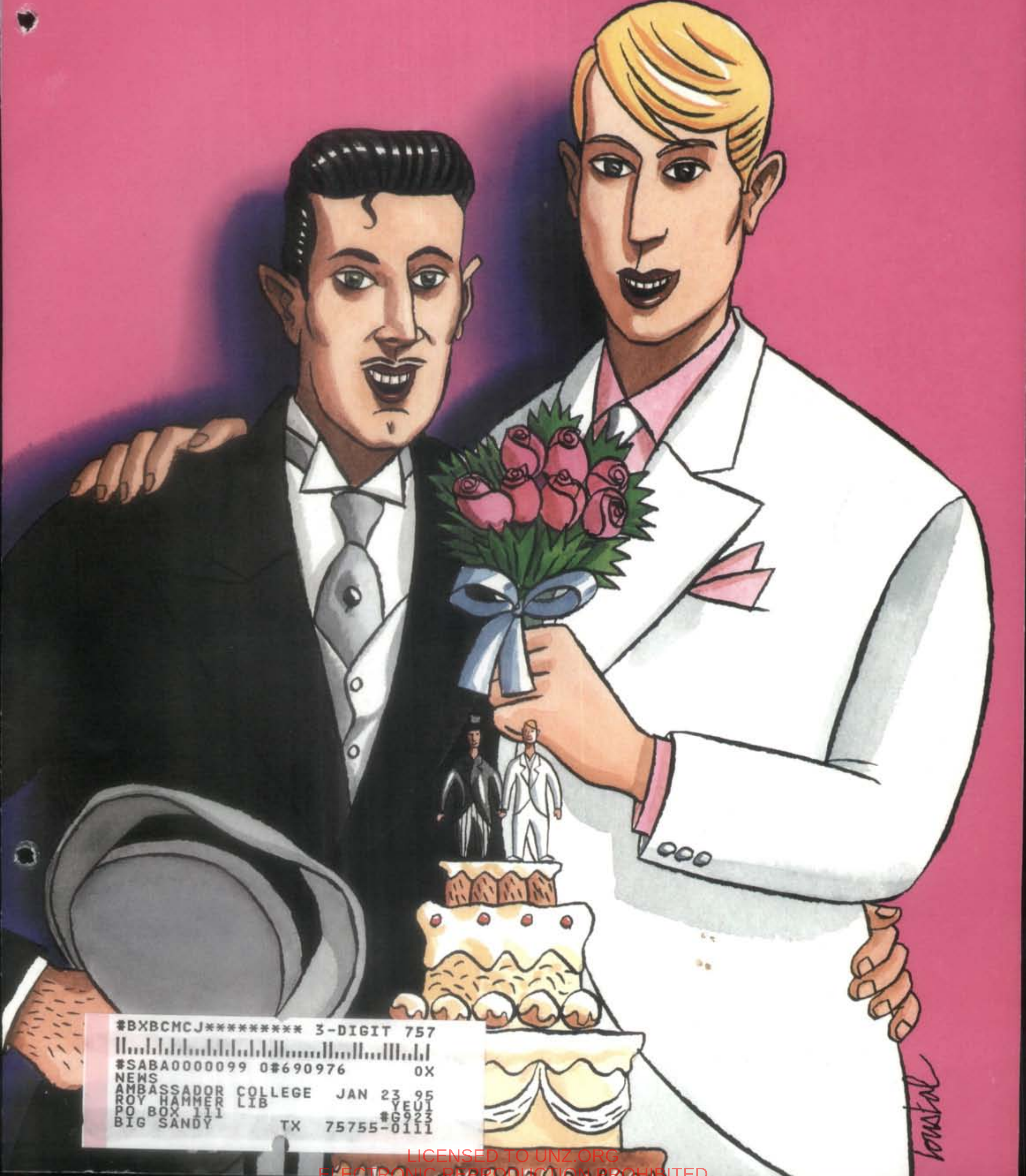

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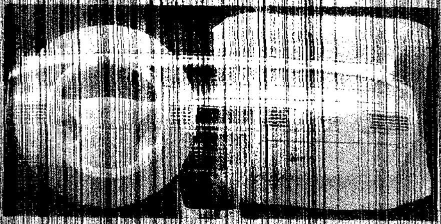

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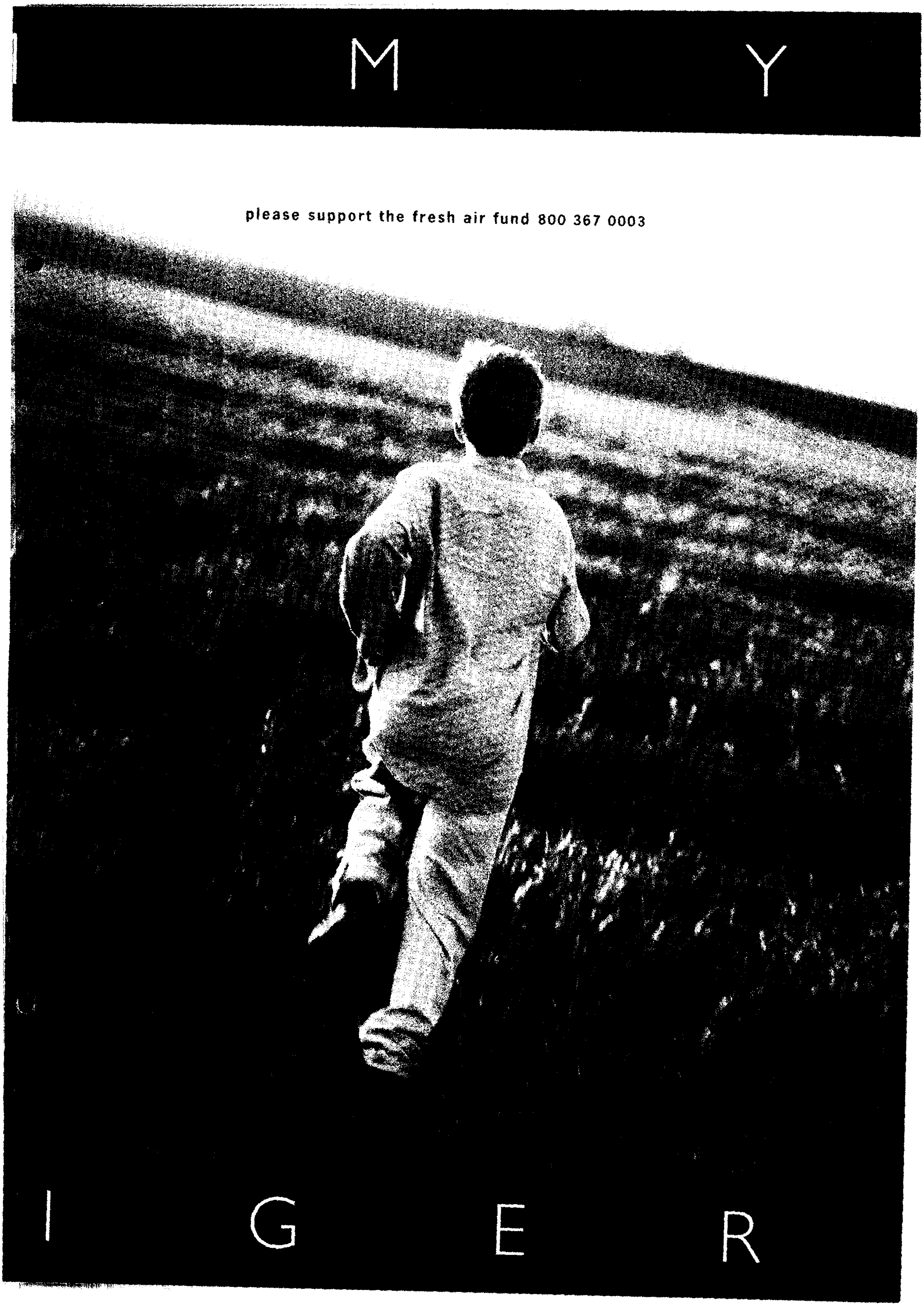
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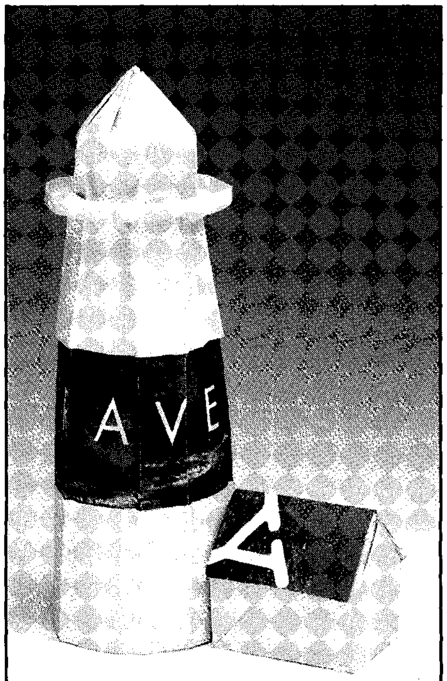

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COMMENT

BLOWING SMOKE

The governor of Florida, Lawton Chiles, opened a promising new front in the war on smoking last week. He signed a bill allowing his state to sue tobacco companies to recover the costs of providing health care to smokers. The anti-smoking movement has generally endorsed the (quite sensible) view that cigarettes pose such a threat to public health that if discouraging smoking causes a few economic dislocations here and there that's just too bad. Now Florida has turned the argument around. Trotting out figures that show how much smoking-related illnesses cost Florida's Medicaid system, the state is contending that cigarettes are a drain on the public purse. They are an economic *problem.*

It's an ingenious strategy. With a state as plaintiff, rather than individual smokers, lawsuits will no longer hinge on the difficult question of whether victims understood the risks of cigarettes when they began using them. Nor will this kind of litigation require the nearly impossible task of persuading juries to give money to people whose principal grievance is that they were foolish enough to smoke themselves to the brink of death. Instead, the issue becomes taxpayer relief, pure and simple. One leading anti-smoking advocate has called it the greatest change in the liability of tobacco companies in fifty years. At the signing ceremony, Governor Chiles said, "We're going to take the Marlboro Man to court." Isn't that where the old horse thief belongs?

Well, yes and no. The tobacco industry needs humbling, and every little bit helps. (The public shaming of seven tobacco executives two months ago by Representative Henry Waxman's House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment was the season's best political theatre piece.) Still, there is something slightly off about Florida's arithmetic—and, more broadly, about the whole notion of health care as an exercise in bargain-hunting. Florida says that it has spent a billion two hundred million dollars over the past five years in Medicaid payments for smoking-related

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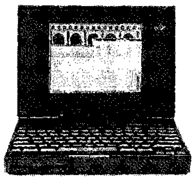

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illnesses. But that figure is misleading. While smokers use a lot of state-sponsored health care, and about three and a half billion dollars a year of federal Medicare money, they also tend to die around five years earlier than nonsmokers. That means five fewer years of the heavy health-care burdens of old age, five fewer years of nursing-home care, and five fewer years of drawing a federal pension.

In fact, for those inclined to such ghoulish calculations, the easier case to make is that smokers save society money. Around a third of the Americans who die from smoking-related causes die before the age of sixty-five, and that means that after paying into Social Security throughout their working lives many of them collect little or nothing from it. In effect, they subsidize the pensions of nonsmokers. How great is the subsidy? The shortened life span of just those smokers born in 1920, according to a recent study by three Stanford University researchers, will end up saving the Social Security system fourteen and a half billion dollars. All told, they conclude, smoking will reduce the obligations of the system by "hundreds of billions of dollars." And, while it's true that smokers are out sick more frequently than their more virtuous fellow-citizens, it's also true, alas, that illness and death, with their attendant costs to the health industry, come to us all.

None of this, of course, is to suggest that society should give up the fight against smoking, or even that Florida's new ploy should be discouraged. If the Sunshine State's lawyers can advance the day when the cigarette industry no longer exists, who cares if the logic behind their strategy is slightly flawed? The only thing wrong with that strategy, really, is that it bolsters a fallacy that keeps cropping up in the debate over health-care reform; namely, that healthier people are cheaper people, and that an indispensable justification for attacking health problems is that it will cut costs. Given the deficit, it is not difficult to see why this idea has such appeal, and why many advocates of universal health care maintain that providing preventive care to the uninsured and underserved will bring down over-all medical expenses.

The difficulty with this line of argument is that almost nothing done to improve the health of Americans—the possible exceptions are childhood immunization and some prenatal care—can pass that sort of test. As Louise Russell, a professor of economics at Rutgers, pointed out in an editorial in *The New England Journal of Medicine* last July, the notion that prevention saves money is appealing but largely unfounded. Treating high blood pressure with drugs, for one example, is more expensive over time than the hospitalization costs of the strokes and heart attacks that it prevents or postpones. For another, such mass public-health measures as flu vaccination and screening for cervical cancer probably end up costing more than they save. And bringing a seventy-year-old man back from a heart attack may mean keeping him alive for years of expensive nursing-home care.

The United States now spends about fifteen per cent of its national income on health care—a figure that is often cited in shocked tones on all sides of the current debate. And to the extent that that figure represents bloat, waste, profiteering, and other deplorable structural failings it is indeed too high. But it also represents a deliberate commitment to certain choices that, however extravagant they may seem from an accounting standpoint, contribute to the quality of life in this country. American doctors, for example, perform many more cardiac-bypass operations per capita than their counterparts anywhere else. The extra costs of these operations are considerable, and there seems to be no gain, statistically, in life expectancy. But a little old lady who, abroad, might be confined to her bed with angina can play golf or walk with her grandchildren here. That we make such choices is nothing to be ashamed of. In contrast to many of the things that we lavish our national wealth on, caring for the sick is pretty close to an unalloyed social and individual good. The idea that it is also good for the national balance sheet sounds attractively hardheaded and unsentimental. But it's probably not true, and it's certainly beside the point. Fighting smoking—or any other affliction—is its own reward. ♦

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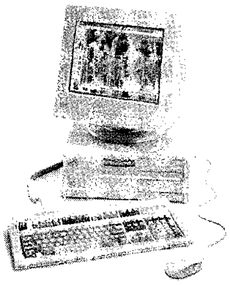

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IN THE MAIL

SOUTH AFRICA'S LESSONS

South Africa's relatively peaceful transition to majority rule certainly has been "extraordinary," as you point out in your May 9th Comment. Given your Comment a few weeks prior to that (April 4th) in favor of proportional-representation (P.R.) voting systems, it should be noted that the success of South Africa's recent election was closely tied to its use of a P.R. system which gave parties and voters the faith that their participation would gain results for them. With ethnic conflict on the rise around the globe—from Rwanda to Bosnia, and, on a less violent level, in New York City—let us hope that the lesson provided by South Africa is not overlooked. By allowing majorities to earn their right to decide and sizable minorities to claim their right to be heard, a P.R. system could help us all to more fully realize the American ideal of *e pluribus unum.*

ROB RICHIE
The Center for Voting and Democracy
Washington, D.C.

LUNCH WITH NIXON

Michael Korda describes the "odd formality" that Richard Nixon "imposed on himself and his guests" ("Nixon, Mine Host," May 9th). Odd is right: I know a man—who will remain nameless—who helped edit one of Nixon's books, and he described the first time he went to San Clemente to work. At midday, without ceremony, Nixon got himself some lunch. The editor was allowed to continue working, unimpeded by food. No lunch was offered him. Nixon appeared to consider that normal.

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MAISON DE VERRE

In 1962, Dr. Pierre Vellay, whose in-laws then owned the Glass House visited by Adam Gopnik (A Reporter at Large, May 9th), and who was the former assistant to and successor of Dr. Fernand Lamaze, invited me, as a co-founder of the American Society for Psychoprophylaxis in Obstetrics, to come to Paris to stay in the Glass House and to attend childbirth classes given by his assistant. I had my meals with the Vellays, in their apartment, and during the day I observed Dr. Vellay's wonderful work in helping women give birth with joy and dignity. The Glass House has remained vivid in my memory as a significant setting in the annals of childbirth education.

ELISABETH BING
New York City

GIVE MOM A BREAK

As the mother of a four-year-old, I resent the timing and the message of your May 9th cover. The artist depicted the "best" of the past and the worst of the present: mothers of old, preparing food with happy children at their side; modern mothers, too busy to prepare food for their children, and the children either bored or glued to the television. Talk about stereotypes! I hope you [illegible] more fair with the men in June.

JANET E. DOBROVOSKY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

E. J. KAHN, JR.

ELY JACQUES KAHN, JR., who died last week, at the age of seventy-seven, after an automobile accident, began to write for *The New Yorker* in 1937, when he was a senior at Harvard. He sold the magazine a casual about meeting an African potentate in Edinburgh during summer vacation, and shortly thereafter Harold Ross offered him a job as a Talk of the Town reporter. Though the starting salary was only twenty-five dollars a week, Jack jumped at the chance, and the words and pieces began to spill out of his Remington. (He never yielded to the vogue for electric or electronic machines.) His steady fifty-six-year output—sixty-five Profiles; forty Reporter at Large pieces; sixty war pieces (including accounts of his own service); twenty-seven night-club columns; sports pieces (he covered nine Olympic Games for the magazine); along with his truly innumerable unsigned Talk of the Town stories—comes out to something over three million words: by far a greater total than anyone else here has knocked off, down the years. Kahn's "stuff," as he called it, was notable for its range, as well as its clarity. He wrote a Profile about a champion fox terrier; he wrote another about Eleanor Roosevelt, and another about Frank Sinatra, and one about Judge Wapner. He wrote a famous series about Coca-Cola, and one about the world's foodstuffs. The world's anything, one could say, was his meat.

A short, strongly built man, with a smiling face perpetually tipped to one side in an expression of exuberant interest tinged with a skeptical squint, Kahn loved to think of himself as a journeyman reporter—a "Front Page" character. Underneath this Hildy Johnson exterior, though, he was a man of deep feeling and private generosity. He loved tennis, backgammon, and crossword puzzles. He rarely mentioned that his major at Harvard had been Latin and Greek, but, on inspection, his style appears superbly classical: terse, graceful, lyrical with detail. His feat wasn't the total of his stuff but the balance of it—three million words that were never too funny, never too glum, but always μηδὲν ἄγαν: nothing too much. ♦

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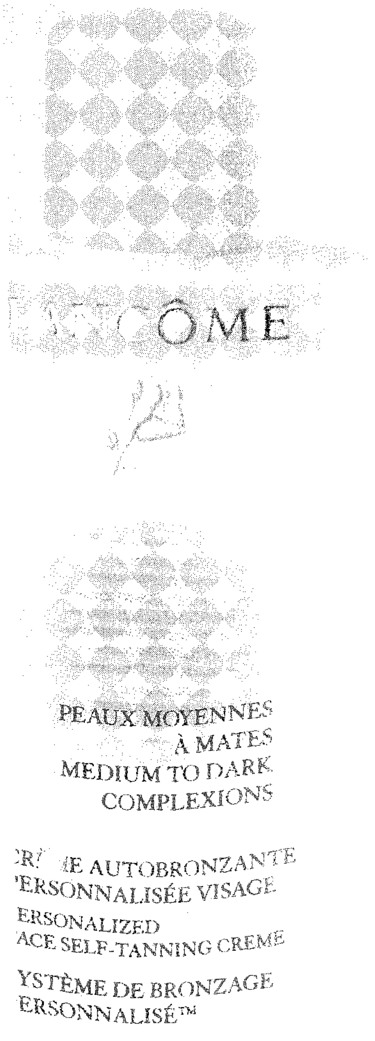
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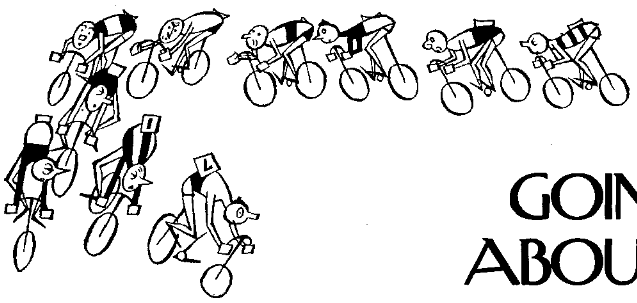
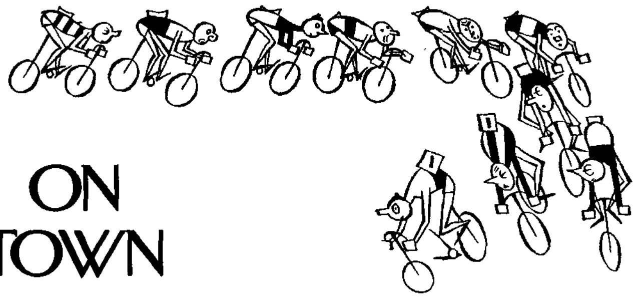


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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THE THEATRE

Singing Their Praises

AMONG the gifted actors who will be absent from consideration at the Tony Awards this Sunday are two whose overlooked work is pivotal to the best revival and the most enjoyable new musical in town. The revival, of course, is "Carousel," and its overlooked lead is Michael Hayden. How, grumblers have asked, can you nominate everything short of the show's wigmaker and neglect its emotional center, Billy Bigelow? True, the actor's New York reviews were mixed, with some critics preferring their Billy Bigelow sung by safe, big-voiced tenors, rather than by thoughtful, Juilliard-trained actors. They might take a listen to the just-released CD of the current production, on which Hayden is in hearty voice, his tough yet vulnerable inflections appropriate to the role and still somehow contemporary.

The nomination for most overlooked supporting actor in a musical goes to Burke Moses, in the role of Gaston, the conceited suitor, in "Beauty and the Beast." Without his delightfully cartoonish presence, the musical would be little more than a pleasant stroll through an impressively high-tech theme park. Mr. Moses's omission from the rolls of the Tony committee is particularly maddening when you realize that one of the nominees in his category—Featured Actor in a Musical—doesn't sing a single number!

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Family of Mann—A dark comedy by Theresa Rebeck about sitcom writers. Directed by Pamela Berlin. Previews begin June 9. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Hedda Gabler—Kelly McGillis is in the title role of Henrik Ibsen's 1890 psychological thriller. Directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. Previews begin June 8. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Marie Antoinette—A chronicle of the eighteenth-century monarch. Written by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller. Presented by Jean Cocteau Repertory and the Independent Eye. Opens June 8 at 8 and runs through June 19. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bouwerie, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Merrily We Roll Along—The York Theatre Company's production of the Stephen Sondheim–George Furth musical has three new Sondheim songs and a revised book. Preview on June 8. Opens June 9 at 8. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

The Naked Truth—Paul Rudnick's new comedy. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Prince and the Pauper—A musical adaptation of Mark Twain's novel, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados. Begins June 14 at 7:30 and runs through July 3. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Sanctifying Grace—Colin Quinn's comedy about the Brooklyn Irish during the nineteen-seventies. Directed by Robert Moresco. Previews begin June 10. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Simply Cole Porter—A show combining familiar tunes and pieces written for movies that never made it to the screen. Starring Deborah Ausemus and J. Kent Barnhart; directed by Francis J. Cullinan. Preview on June 8. Opens June 9 at 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 779-9777.)

That's Life!—A musical revue about modern Jewish life. Previews June 8-11. Opens June 12 at 7. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Theatre for the New City—Three offerings: "Live! From the Betty Ford Clinic," a musical satire, written by, and starring, Michael West. Previews begin June 9. . . . ¶ "Wrath of Kali," a feminist satire, developed by Mabou Mines. Previews begin June 9. . . . ¶ "Out of the Blue," Richard Hoehler's look at working-cla[illegible] America. Opens June 9 at 8 and runs through June 26. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

OPENED RECENTLY

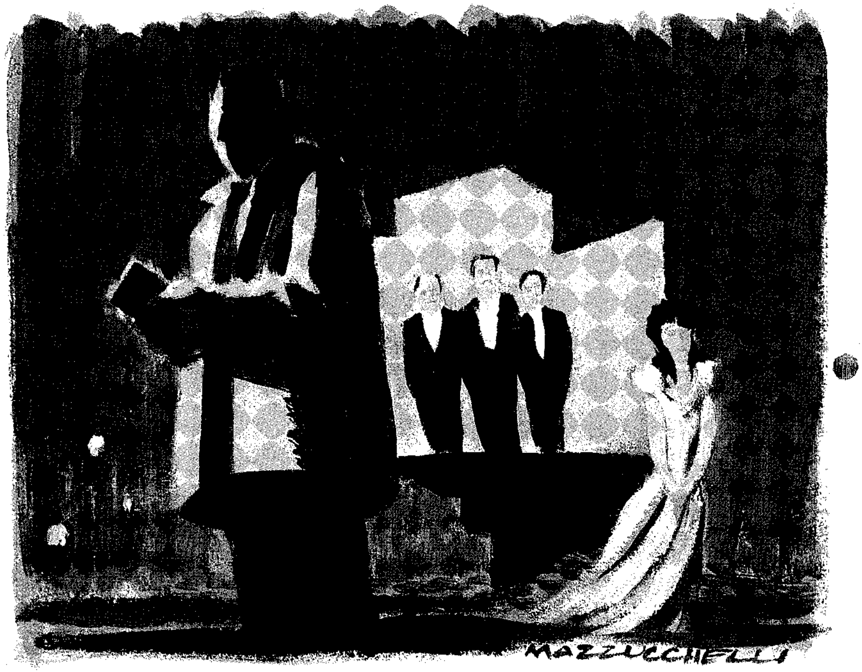
All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. Wendy Lawless, Ted Neustadt, and Michael Countryman do their part to keep the proceedings cruising along at top speed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Box Office of the Damned!—A musical about the drama of working in a theatre box office. Written by Michael James Ogborn; directed by Barry McNabb. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Bring In the Morning—Gary William Friedman and Herb Schapiro's new musical. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)



Kenneth Cranham and Jane Adams in "An Inspector Calls."

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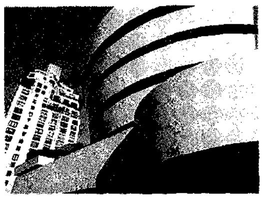

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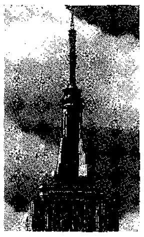

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- *Queens Festival (6/18-19)*
- *Buskers Fare (6/28-7/4)*
- *Lincoln Center Midsummer Night Swing (6/22-7/23)*
- *Mostly Mozart Festival (July-August)*
- *Free Shakespeare in Central Park (July-August)*
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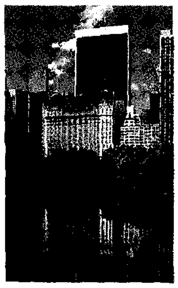

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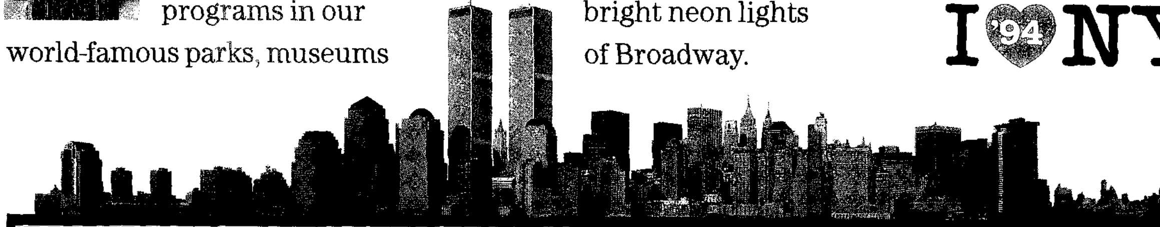

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Broken Glass—Arthur Miller has found a metaphor for the cycle of blame that seems to have stalemated modern life: the hysterical paralysis of a devoted wife. This short, discursive, but compelling play features strong performances by Amy Irving, Ron Rifkin, David Dukes, and George N. Martin. John Tillinger directed. (5/9/94) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The final series in the 1994 marathon of one-act plays: "WASP," by Steve Martin; "Blood Guilty," by Antoine O'Flatharta; "The Far-Flung," by Julie McKee; and "For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls," by Christopher Durang. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 12.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Gray's Anatomy—A return engagement of Spalding Gray's autobiographical monologue. Directed by Reneé Shafransky. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 27.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hollywood Hustle—A one-man show by former TV executive Jeremiah Bosgang. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 334-0962. Closes June 26.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Kindertransport—Dana Ivey stars in Diane Samuels' moving play about a woman who was among the ten thousand children evacuated from Europe and brought to England on the eve of the Second World War. As the play moves back and forth between the present and the past, the costs of survival and of attempts to deny the past become painfully clear. Patricia Kilgarriff brings spine and spark to the role of the English housewife who takes in the young refugee. Directed by Abigail Morris. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Man Is Man—The Independent Theatre Company's first-rate production of Bertolt Brecht's play. Directed by Michelle Gigante. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes June 25.)

Medea—Diana Rigg gives a magnetic performance in this production of Euripides' tragedy, an import from London's Almeida Theatre, under the direction of Jonathan Kent. With Tim Oliver Woodward as Jason, Janet Henfrey, John Turner, and Donald Douglas. (4/25/94) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes June 26.)

The Medium—Marshall McLuhan's life and writings inspired this multimedia piece, conceived and directed by Anne Bogart. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes June 12.)

Milk and Honey—A revised version of Jerry Herman's 1961 musical. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 644-9797. Closes June 26.)

Moe's Lucky Seven—An atmospheric waterfront bar is the setting for Marlane Meyer's muddled, draggy play, in which a dozen characters ruminate on the nature of life and love and labor relations. Roberta Levitow directed, and Rosario Provenza designed the set. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 12.)

Mort Sahl's America—One of the innovative funnymen of the fifties and sixties, Mort Sahl is sharply intelligent but too witty to be vulgar, and this is too bad. His gig is more a series of cocktail-party set pieces than a show, but he performs it with enormous laid-back charm. Former senator Eugene McCarthy joins Sahl for a period of onstage discussion through June 12. (4/25/94) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Movieland—In Everett Quinton's latest outing, Mr. Q. plays a character called Ruby Stevens (attention, non-campers: that's Barbara Stanwyck's real name), who frenetically acts out parts in half a dozen old movies, including "The Spiral Staircase," "The Ten Commandments," and "Madame X" ("the blondest movie ever made"). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

My Life as a Christian—Jaffe Cohen's autobiographical play about a Jewish boy's coming-of-age in the seventies. (Courtyard Theatre, 39 Grove St. 779-8447.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of th[illegible] time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. But much is verbalized and little is said—the words have no proper purchase on the audience's imagination—and there is an absence of pulse in Sondheim's workmanlike score. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sally Marr . . . and her escorts—Joan Rivers stars in a play about the mother of Lenny Bruce. Written by Ms. Rivers, Erin Sanders, and Lonny Price. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

subUrbia—A new play by Eric Bogosian, with Tim Guinee, Josh Hamilton, Martha Plimpton, and Steve Zahn. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. She, Jordan Baker, and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes represent three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's luminous one-woman show, seen earlier at the Public Theatre, is about recent turmoil in L.A. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Waiting at the Water's Edge—The Watermark Theatre presents a work by the British playwright Lucinda Coxon. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-9290. Closes June 19.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 1[illegible] W. 72nd St. 595-7400. (Closes June 12.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Toyota Comedy Festival—A few highlights of the final week of the series. June 8 at 8: Jon Stewart. (Caroline's, Broadway at 49th St. 757-4100.) . . . ¶ June 9 at 7:30: Free staged readings of Wendy Wasserstein and Christopher Durang's play "When Dinah Shore Ruled the Earth" and Albert Innaurato's "Urlicht." (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. To reserve a seat, call 279-4200.) . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "Friars Frolics," with Freddie Roman, Alan King, Joy Behar, Henny Youngman, and many others. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.) . . . ¶ June 9 at 8 and 10: John Waters. (Caroline's.) . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: Penn and Teller. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.) . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: Ellen DeGeneres. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. For a complete rundown of events, call 1-800 COMICAL. Through June 12.)

Reno—The comedian and writer presents "Citizen Reno." (Westbeth Theatre Center Music Hall, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. June 9-11 at 10:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—June 8 at 8: "Interplay," "Valse Triste," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "Barber Violin Concerto," "Moves," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Barber Violin Concerto," "Red Angels," "In the Night," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: "Interplay," "Andantino," "Moves," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 12 at 1: "Mozartiana," "Episodes & Sarcasms," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ June 12 at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Concertino," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Symphonic Dances," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 26.)

LINES Contemporary Ballet—The San Francisco-based company in "Ocean," a collaboration with saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, who will perform live; "Garland"; and excerpts from "Bach Cello Suite." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 8-10 at 8 and June 11 at 2 and 8.)

Pilar Rioja—The renowned flamenco dancer, in the opening performances of a six-week season, featuring two New York premières and five other Spanish dances. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. June 8-9 at 8, June 10 at noon, June 11 at 3, and June 12 at 7.)

Megatron—A new company, composed of former members of Iso Dance Theatre and Shapiro & Smith Dance, in a program of pieces based on rock-and-roll and classical music. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. June 8-11 at 8.)

Independent Composers and Choreographers Coalition—Presenting a program of music and dance by, among others, choreographers Rachael Milder and Leah Stein, visual artist Rifka Milder, composer Robert Sherman, and pianist/composer Coleridge Taylor Perkinson. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. June 9-12 at 8:30.)

Complexions—A group of twenty artists from various dance companies, founded by Dwight Rhoden and Desmond Richardson, of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. Its début will feature the première of "The New Piece." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 10-11 at 8.)

Elizabeth Streb Ringside—The opening performances of a two-week engagement by a gymnastic dance troupe presenting the premières of "Line" and "Bounce." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 13-14 at 8. Through June 25.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The opening performance of the season features the Trisha Brown Company. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745. June 14 at 8. Through Sept. 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

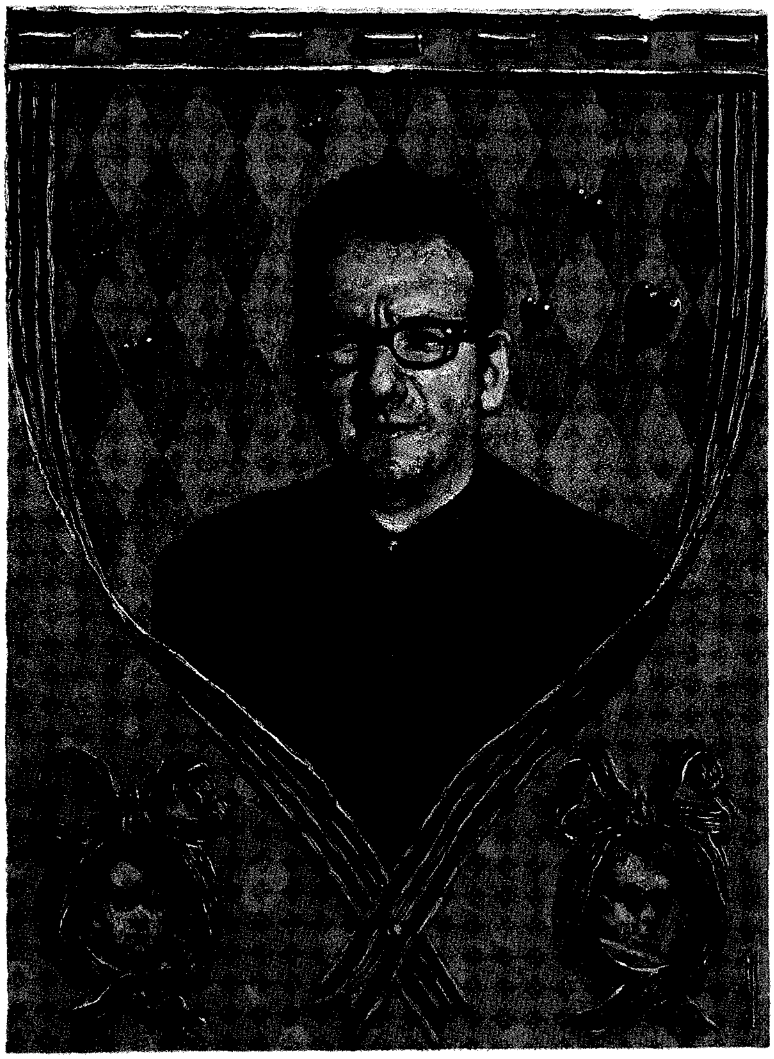
The Monarchy

Queen Latifah, who was born Dana Owens, in East Orange, New Jersey, made her album début in 1989, at the tender age of nineteen. "All Hail the Queen" was remarkably mature and confident, confronting the misogynistic forces of hip-hop with the authority of a manifesto: this was a strong female rapper who would brook no nonsense from the bad-mouthing B-boys. Nowadays, Latifah is matching the big guys on the career-diversification front. She has her own record company and management firm; she's starring in the Fox sitcom "Living Single" (she plays the publisher of a hip-hop magazine); and she's fielding offers from major movie studios (Latifah has already appeared in "Jungle Fever" and "House Party 2").

Rap stars tend to worry more about street credibility than even rock stars do, and neither business savvy nor high Nielsen ratings are routinely associated with the cutting edge, as Hammer or the Fresh Prince could no doubt tell you. But Latifah doesn't seem in danger of going Hollywood or losing her cultural cachet. Her current album, "Black Reign," is as fiercely compelling as her début was, and even more unflinching in its assertions of authority. On the sultry, empowering single "U.N.I.T.Y.," the Queen takes aim at the rhetoric that she was put on this earth to challenge: "Who you callin' a bitch?" she demands. On "Just Another Day" she takes on urban violence while also celebrating life in t[illegible] 'hood. When she's not rapping, she displays the fluid alto of her 1992 release, "Nature of a Sista." The album is dedicated to her late brother, who died in a motorcycle accident last year, and Latifah—whose adopted name is Arabic for "delicate and sensitive"—shows her tender side on several tracks. You can, and should, pay your respects to the Queen when she plays the Apollo on June 10.

CONCERTS

Elvis Costello and the Attractions—In the late seventies, Elvis Costello's ability to inject his venomous paranoia into witty, erudite



Elvis Costello at SummerStage and Jones Beach.

three-minute rock songs established him as perhaps the finest pop lyricist since Bob Dylan. But, like Dylan, Costello opted for a chameleonic career. Throughout the eighties, the Angry Young Man matured and evolved, offering lush, Cole Porteresque balladry ("Imperial Bedroom"), rootsy, organic guitar pop ("King of America"), bare-bones variations on the lean, mean style that put him on the map ("Blood and Chocolate"), and dark, jeering cabaret rock ("Spike"). Last year, Costello collaborated with a classical ensemble, the Brodsky Quartet, on "The Juliet Letters," a cycle of art songs. His current album, "Brutal Youth," marks his reunion with the Attractions, the tight, versatile supporting band that supercharged his early efforts. This year's model of Elvis and the Attractions sounds brisk, supple, and defiantly anti-nostalgic. With Crash Test Dummies. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 8 at 7. For tickets, call 307-7171. . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 11 at 8.)

METALLICA—With Danzig and Suicidal Tendencies. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 8 at 7:30.)

OTTMAR LIEBERT + LUNA NEGRA—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 8 at 8.

RONNIE JAMES DIO—With Love/Hate. Beacon Theatre. June 9 at 8.

DANIEL O'DONNELL—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 9 at 8.

MANDY PATINKIN—Performing "Experiment," his one-man concert. (Public Theatre, 475 Lafayette St. 598-7150. June 9 at 9 and June 10 at 7 and 9.)

QUEEN LATIFAH—With Zhané, Domino, and A. G. White. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. June 10 at 7 and 11.)

CLUBS

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—An evening of Irish accordion and guitar music with **JOHN WILLIAMS** and **JOHN DOYLE.**

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. **ADRIAN BELEW** is here on June 8, with the Psychodots. Best known as a wang-bar specialist who breathes fire into other people's records (his numerous credits include work with Talking Heads, Bowie, and Nine Inch Nails), Belew the solo artist favors Beatle-esque ditties that show off his lilting tenor. **KENNY RANKIN** drops in on June 10. **MARSHALL CRENSHAW** stops by on June 11. Crenshaw's career as a rock singer-songwriter and guitar ace is currently in a commercial lull, but his deep talents still serve him well, and he can please a club audience with pop-roots savvy and instrumental ingenuity. In this unplugged performance, he is sure to unearth some wonderful vintage gems. The **SPIN DOCTORS** make special appearances on June 12-13. After endless jam sessions attracted a core audience of neo-Deadheads, these local heroes parlayed a couple of three-minute pop songs—both hung on the same hook—into national stardom last year. These shows coincide with the release of their new album, "Turn It Upside Down."

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Philadelphia's **NATIONAL WRECKING COMPANY** brightens up this small peach-walled storefront on June 10.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. **ENVELOPE** appears on June 11.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—June 8: A double bill featuring **SHINING MATH,** with Don Byron, and **VISIONARY RETURN,** with Hamiet Bluiett. June 11 belongs to the **SUN RA ARKESTRA,** now directed by John Gilmore. June 13: Catch downtown guitar king **MARC RIBOT.**

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday; every Monday, **GUITARS PLAY MINGUS.** On June 10-11, singer-songwriter **MARY MARGARET O'HARA** makes a couple of special appearances (her first in New York in several years), blending her enchanting folk-pop lyricism with the kindred sensibilities of **SUSAN MC KEOWN & THE CHANTING HOUSE** and Miracle Legion's **MARK MULCAHY.** Dining.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rockers, with a wall-o'-speakers up front and an ear-decompression lounge around the bar in the back. **IVAN NEVILLE** is here on June 9, with Rusted Root. On June 11: **DREAD ZEPPELIN,** the only Led Zeppelin tribute band, to our knowledge, that is fronted by an Elvis impersonator and reggaefies its covers. Monday nights, the Grand hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

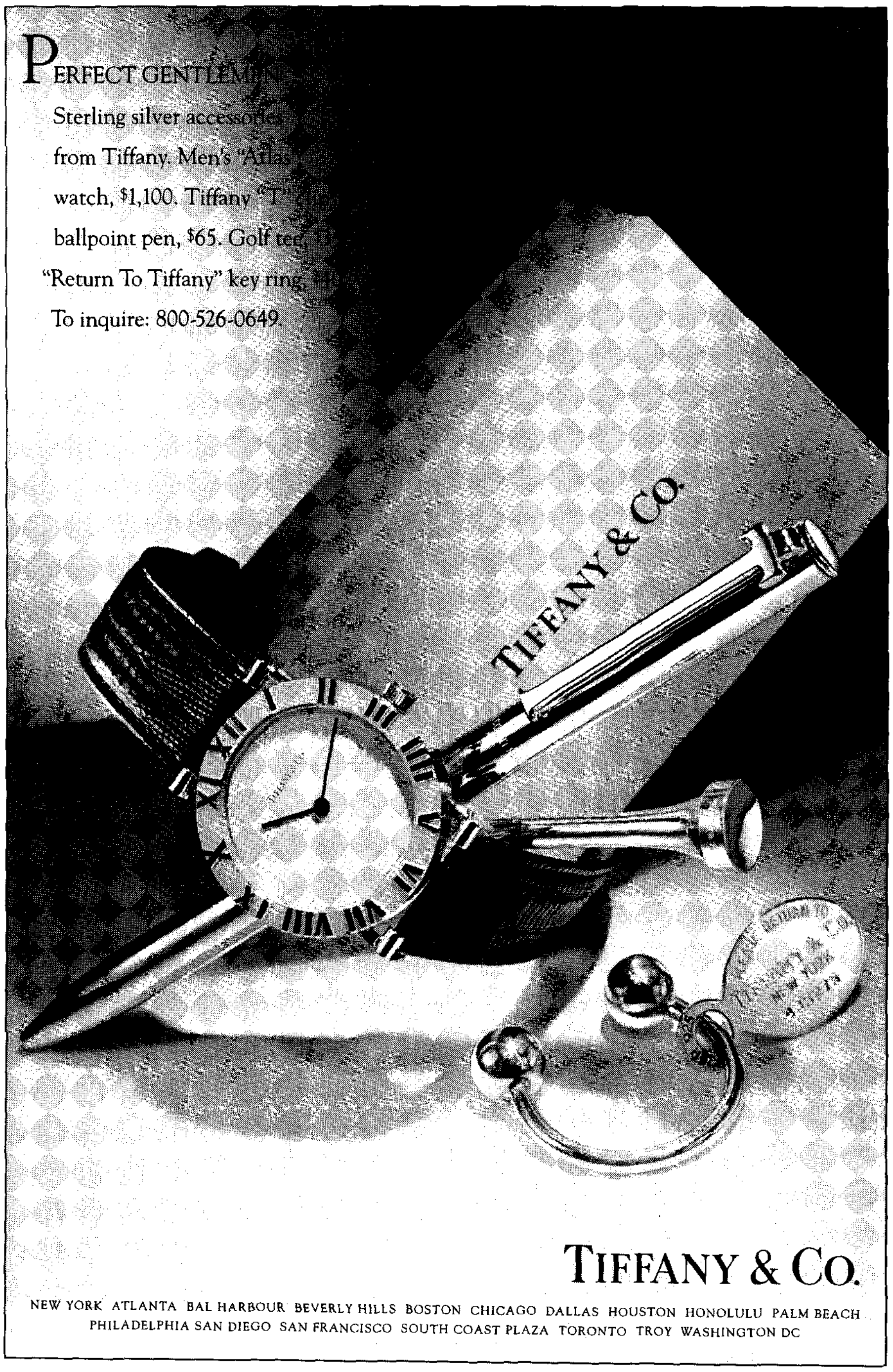
IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—June 8-9: Legendary James Brown sideman **MACEO PARKER** takes the stage, with **GROOVE COLLECTIVE.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. June 8: The **OTHER BROTHERS,** an all-Allmans tribute band. Hot local guitarist **JOHNNY ALLEN** performs on June 10-11.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—On June 11, catch **TINDERSTICKS.** The spooky, darkly beautiful pop songs on this group's eponymous début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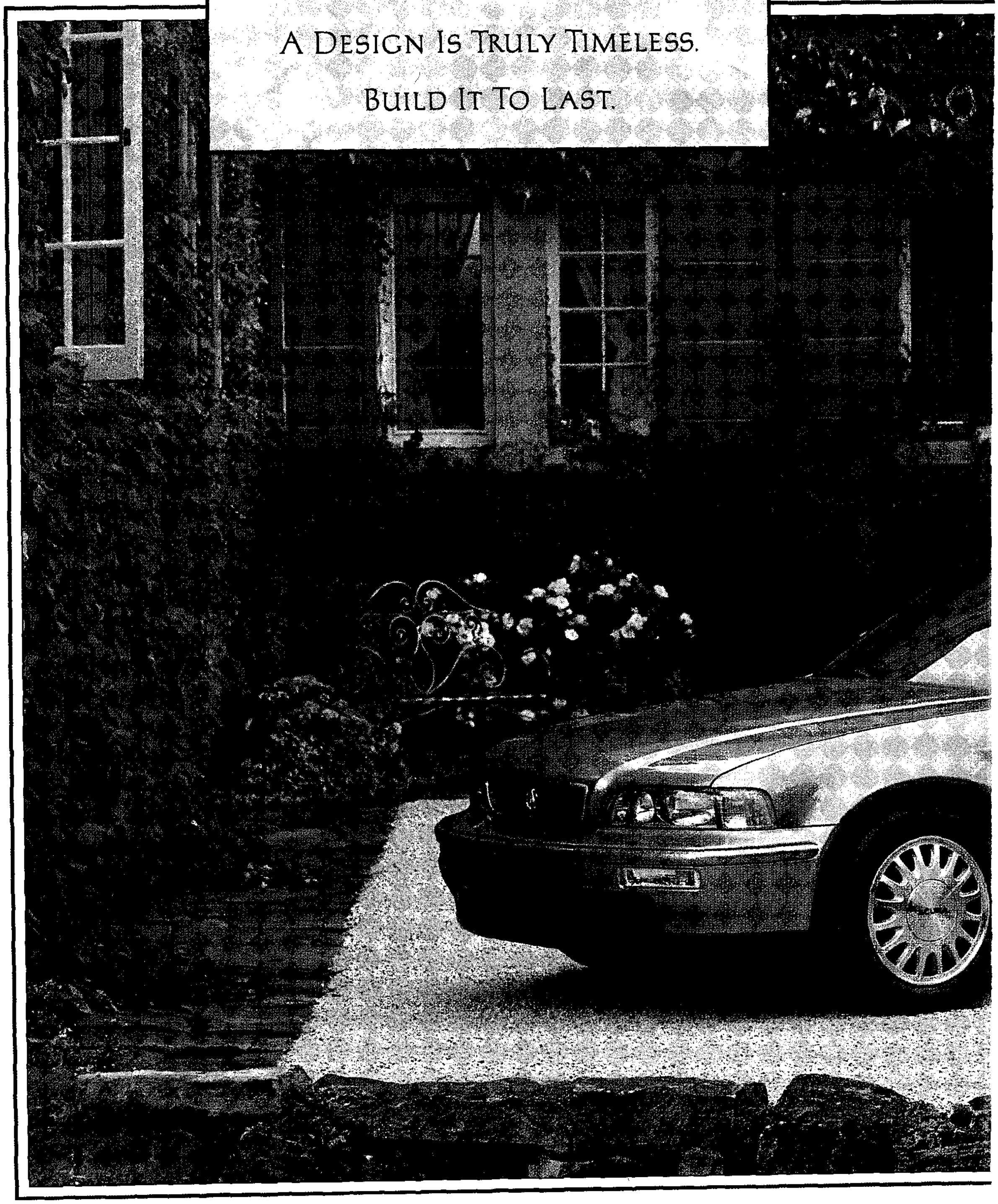

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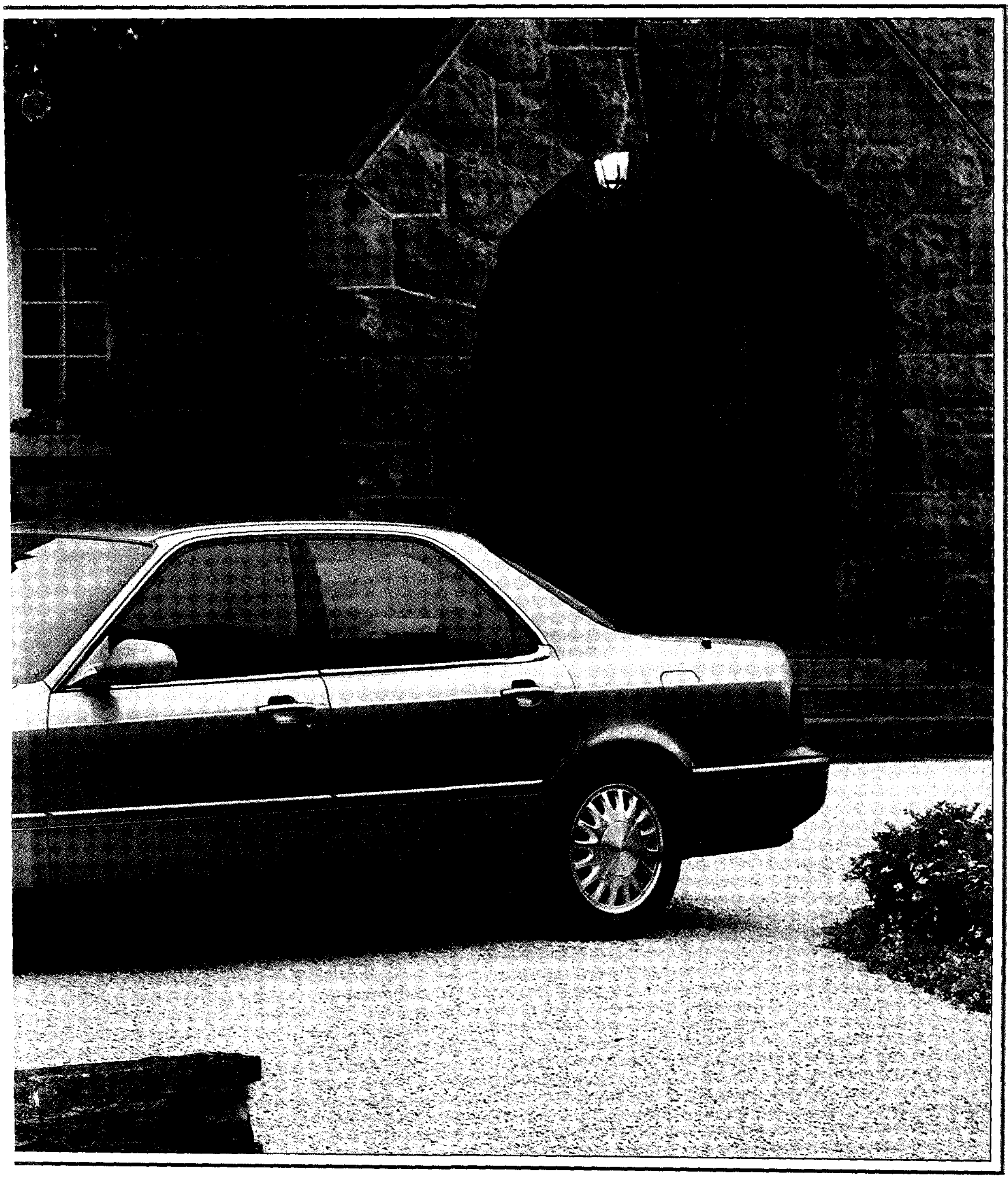

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album will remind Nick Cave fans of his work with the Bad Seeds. Others might detect influences as diverse as Leonard Cohen and INXS, although Tindersticks' music has a grungy sensuousness all its own.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—The back room of this bar is dark and sparse, with tables, chairs, candles, and a stage on which rockers can show their stuff. On June 10, **TINDERSTICKS** stops by on its way to Hoboken. June 14: **FRANK BLACK.**

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week, it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. **BIOHAZARD** shakes the rafters on June 11, with the help of such distinguished guest noisemakers as **25 TA LIFE** and **BULLDOZE**. A quartet of hardcore speed-metal demons from Brooklyn, Biohazard is celebrating the release of its new album, "State of the World Address." It's a furious, stentorian rant about urban dread and oppression, with glints of hope and solidarity piercing the sonic hurricane.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. R. & B. chanteuse **RACHELLE FARRELL** performs on June 8-9. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—On June 11, ska pioneer **PRINCE BUSTER** makes his first New York appearance in thirty years.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. **LISA LOEB & NINE STORIES** are here on June 8. Twenty-six-year-old Loeb is the pouty, fey-voiced slacker babe of the moment. In her video for the single "Stay," from the "Reality Bites" soundtrack, she roams through what looks like an artist's loft in SoHo, in a little black dress and big, clunky spectacles, whining about some guy who can't *communicate* with her. Juliana Hatfield, meet your competition. On June 13: **FRANK BLACK**, who as Black Frances fronted the delightfully raw, twisted postmodern pop band the Pixies. The singer's just-released sophomore solo album, "Teenager of the Year," is, like his 1992 album, "Frank Black," a demented-sounding but melodic affair, with the aggressively spare arrangements one expects from a Pixies alum.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI** wraps up her Irving Berlin tribute on June 11. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**NANCY MARANO & EDDIE MONTEIRO** are here through June 14. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings. The early shows on Wednesdays and Thursdays belong to singer **JOHN WALLOWITCH.**

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** and **MICHEL CAMILO** are here through June 12. Camilo performs with a trio that also includes Anthony Jackson and Cliff Almond. **HORACE SILVER & THE SILVER BRASS ENSEMBLE** begins on June 14. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through June 11: **TOM HARRELL, GEORGE CABLES,** and **CECIL MC BEE.** Having played trumpet with everyone from Woody Herman and Phil Woods to Joe Lovano and Charlie Haden, Harrell has the kind of polystylistic resources that younger brassmen haven't yet found. Cables, on piano, and McBee, on bass, both well-travelled jazz vets themselves, will complement Harrell's sure, ever-fresh improvising. Pianist **CYRUS CHESTNUT** appears as half of a duo on June 12. **KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY,** and **RAY DRUMMOND** begin an engagement on June 13. As consistent as he is viable, Barron turns each set into a compact lesson in eloquent, unmannered keyboard improvisation. He may be the most sympathetic accompanist working, but in a trio setting, with himself in the spotlight, Barron's every bit the star. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The fabulous **BOBBY SHORT** is in through the fourth week in June. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it deflated his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short continues to give the royal treatment to gems by Gershwin, Ellington, Arlen, Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A delightful, de-lovely evening, and a quintessentially New York experience. . . . ¶ Across the hall, Bemelmans Bar resembles an Ivy League rathskeller where everyone dresses up to look dressed down. The room takes on an extra measure of urbanity when **BARBARA CARROLL** sits down at the Steinway, as she has for each of the past seventeen years. She plumbs the vast repertoire she's been building since her days as a charter bebopper, sprinkling some diseuse-style vocals among the punchy rhythms and precise voicings of her piano playing.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

VAN MORRISON, "A Night in San Francisco" (Polydor/PLG).

THE BEASTIE BOYS, "Ill Communication" (Capitol).

RODNEY CROWELL, "Let the Picture Paint Itself" (MCA).

"SEAL" (Sire).

BOINGO, "Boingo" (Giant).

BOOKER T. & THE MGs, "That's the Way It Should Be" (Columbia).

TONI CHILDS, "The Woman's Boat" (Geffen).

BIOHAZARD, "State of the World Address" (Warner Bros.).

LLOYD COLE, "Bad Vibes" (Rykodisc).

M.C. SOLAAR, "Prose Combat" (Cohiba).

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET, "Dulcinea" (Columbia).

RICK JAMES, "Bustin' Out" (Motown).

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, "Suicidal for Life" (Epic).

Down Beat, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots. The popular fifties vocal group the **FOUR FRESHMEN** continues through June 12. **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** starts on June 14. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. The **RAVI COLTRANE** group plays through June 11. Ask second-generation tenor and soprano saxophonist Coltrane what's in a name. Like his father, John, Ravi has a muscular sound, but he relies far less on Dad's effusive legacy than many of his peers do. Beginning June 14: **MILES GRIFFITH.**

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and **MIKE HASHIM** team up though June 11.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This club, run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, specializes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. **PAINKILLER**, featuring Bill Laswell and John Zorn, performs on June 10.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA**, a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. On other nights, be sure to catch **VERNEL BAGNERIS**, whose tribute to Jelly Roll Morton is a treat. There may be a tad too much talk in Bagneris's act, but he's a captivating performer. An extension of last year's "Jelly Roll: A Memorial," the show is now a more substantial evening, highlighted by the rapport between Bagneris and pianist **MORTON GUNNAR LARSEN.** Closed Sundays.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. On June 10-11, catch **ARTHUR TAYLOR'S WAILERS.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Apple-cheeked soprano **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is here through June 18. Her Rainbow program is titled "Sing! Sing! Sing! . . . The Songs of World War II," and in it McGovern—the daughter of an Air Force pilot who flew over Normandy, and a longtime fan of swing-era music—will put forth such classics as "I'll Be Seeing You," "Take the 'A' Train," and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." Accompanying her will be pianist Lee Musiker, bassist Jay Leonhart, drummer Allan Schwartzberg, and reed instrumentalist Lou Marini. Closed Mondays.

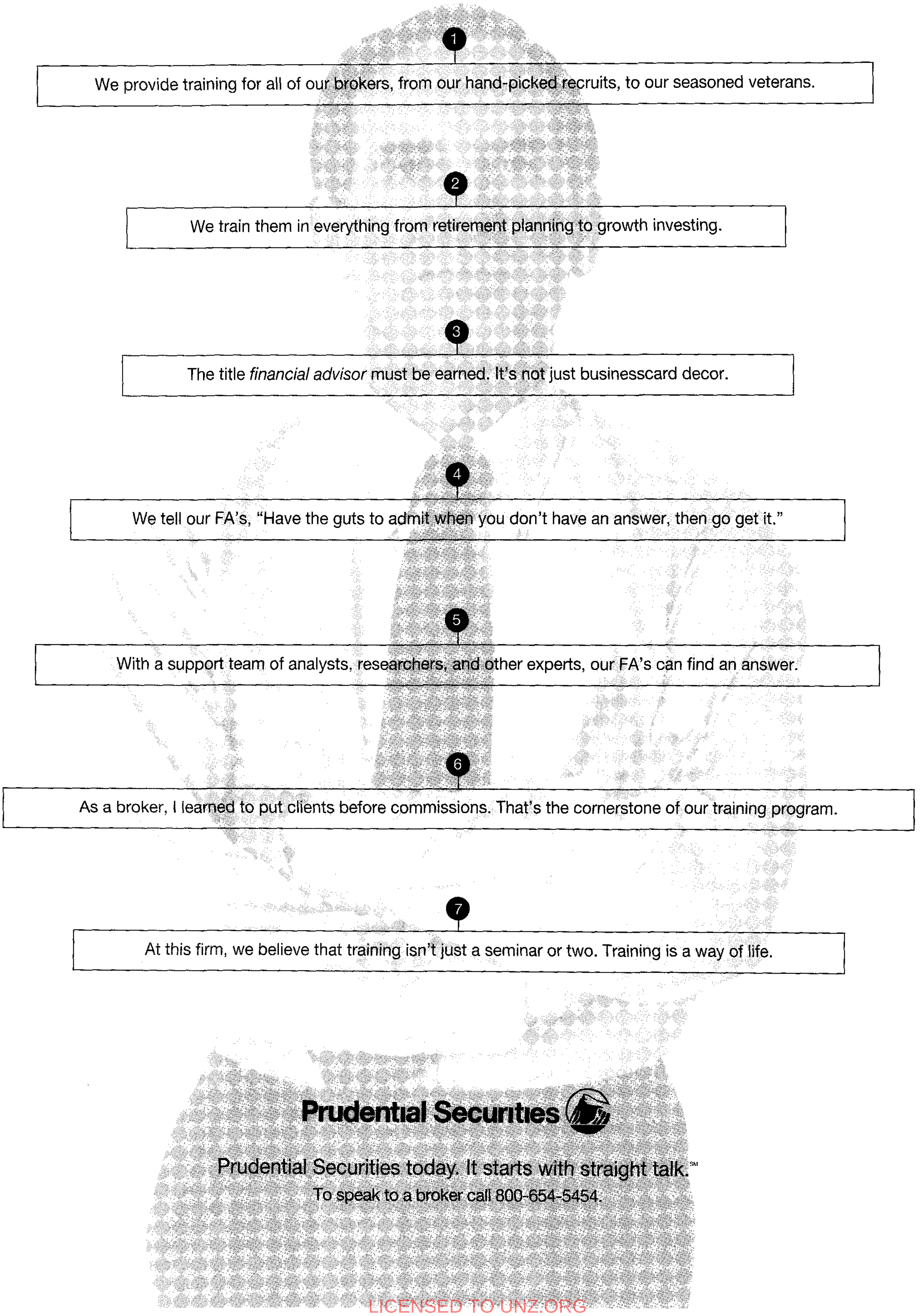
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. It resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. **ILLINOIS JACQUET & HIS BIG BAND** are here for an extended run, through the beginning of July.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**PAUL MOTIAN** joins forces with **JOE LOVANO** and **BILL FRISELL**, through June 12. No other band in jazz sounds like the Motian-Frisell-Lovano trio; considering the personal approach each man takes to his instrument, probably no band ever will. Motian's home-grown drumming, Frisell's sci-fi/country-and-Western guitar, and Lovano's brutishly poetic saxophone come together in edgy encounters, both elbowing and lyrical. The **LARRY CORYELL** quartet begins a run on June 14. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. The **ROBIN EUBANKS** quartet plays on June 9-11.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians are first-rate. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** team up through June 11. This duo makes dawn-light music: gentle, warm, and renewing. Both musicians are supreme melodists; together, they are of one mind, and they dedicate their ego-free soloing to the ideal of spontaneous combustion.



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ART

Lost in Space

Ross Bleckner's big, dark, ambitious paintings are like tricks done with mirrors. The effect is never less than impressive, but a sense of masterly fakery belies the earnest striving after poetic resonances. This tension between irony and emotion, or between the historical grandeur of abstract painting and the prefab sentiments of a Hallmark card, animates the artist's best work.

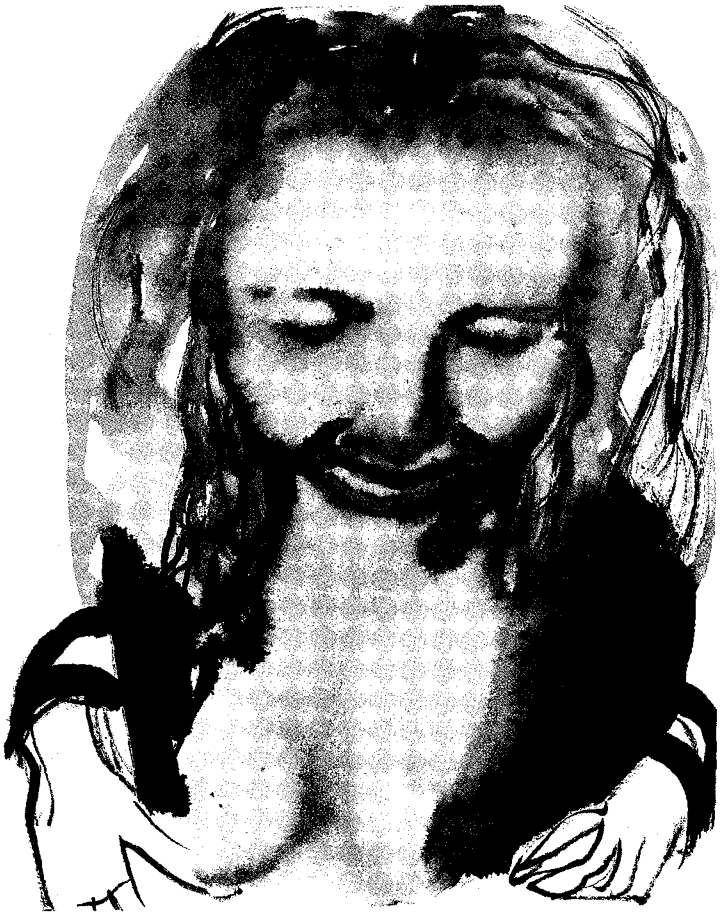
For all his knowing historical references, however, Bleckner comes down on the side of feeling. His paintings, suffused with sepulchral miasmas and phosphorescent halos, suggest a limbo between life and death. Indeed, ever since his landmark painting, "8,122+ as of January 1986," Bleckner has been the signature "AIDS painter" of the era. His trademark symbols—trophies, chandeliers, hummingbirds—may seem twee, but he manages to recast them as talismans of mourning and evanescence, illuminated by flashes of uncertain light against the void. His paintings at Mary Boone (417 West Broadway; through June 25) don't mark a departure, but the use of color is new. "White House," one of the six works in the show, might be Bleckner's takeoff on Monet's water lilies: splotches of acidic green, yellow, and orange paint flower in the darkness.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Opens June 12. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. . . . ¶ A companion exhibit to the above, "American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs." . . . ¶ "Petrus Christus: Renaissance Master of Bruges." Twenty-seven works by the Flemish painter—three-quarters of Petrus's known œuvre—in an exhibit reconstructing his career as an artist of the first rank. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes the waist as the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" includes Cézanne's "Still-Life with Fruit Dish" and Matisse's "Interior with Girl Reading." Opens June 9. . . . ¶ "American Surrealist Photography" offers forty-nine photographs from the permanent collection. The truly surreal images really get to the heart of the matter; others seem to have been smuggled in from outside the supposed theme. Through July 5. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." Opens June 10. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)



Self-portrait by Marlene Dumas (Tilton).

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ A lobby exhibit of Isamu Noguchi's early abstract sculptures and drawings. Through June 19. . . . ¶ "Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." A retrospective that includes the photographer's early unpublished work for *Life*, fashion shots for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, several signature formal portraits, and a series of pictures done in the East Louisiana State Hospital, in February, 1963. Though the show has a decidedly informal air (there's no glass over the pictures, and several are just tacked to the wall or inside aluminum frames), its momentousness is underscored by the large scale of the photographs. Through June 26. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing of Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives has opened. The museum's extensive collection of mammalian fossils has been organized according to evolutionary history, beginning three hundred million years ago. Seven murals by Charles R. Knight, three of which have been recently restored, flesh out the bones, providing full-color pictures of how some prehistoric creatures might have looked. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

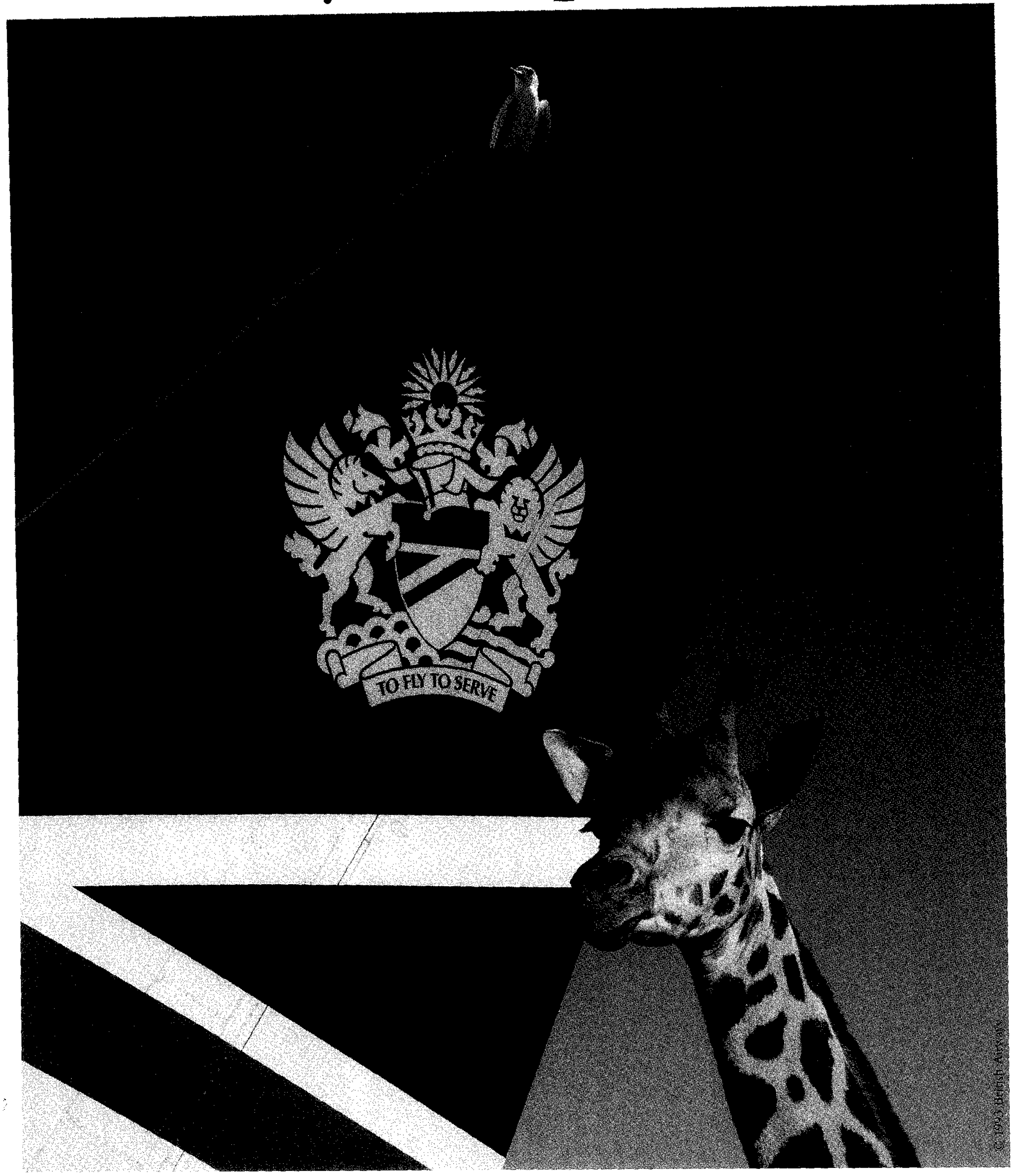
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois has long been a subterranean force in contemporary art, but in the last decade her haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Uncommon Beauty in Common Objects: The Legacy of African-American Craft Art" reveals African-American craft artists not only as keepers of their culture (sometimes not without political asides) but as prime movers in the field. One of the most commanding, and pointed, pieces is Angela Franklin's "I Never Learned to Tap Dance, My Shoes Go Unworn" (1990). There are also objects of sheer beauty, such as James Watkins' "Painted Desert" stoneware bowl (1986) and Robert Stull's ceramic "Queen Mother" (1978). Through June 12. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 3[illegible] Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens—"Muky's New York: Photographer to the Postwar Film Renaissance," pictures taken between 1957 and 1982 by Muky Munkacsi for New York film productions. Included are studio portraits of Gary Cooper, Carmen Miranda, and other Hollywood stars. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants" features works in a wide variety of mediums by thirty artists from more than twenty countries. Through June 12. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

To fly and to preserve.



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ART—Cont'd

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Capturing a World: China and Its People—Photographs by John Thomson." Black-and-white photographs of temples, street gamblers, missionaries, and the Great Wall, taken some hundred and twenty years ago by the Scottish explorer. Despite their age and the primitive collodion process used to develop them, the photographs capture the landscape and asceticism of post-dynasty China. Thomson's portraits of ornately dressed Manchu brides and prim, world-weary children are particularly striking. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the park, dating back to 1858. Opens June 14. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Irish artist James Coleman's new project, which involves slides and audiotapes, will be shown along with the first installment of a three-part retrospective of his work. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. Closes for the summer on June 19.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Worthy Use of Summer: Jewish Summer Camping in America." A historical and ethnographic study of the recreational camps that emerged at the beginning of this century. . . . ¶ A companion exhibit to the above, "Camp Pinecliff, 1981: Photographs by Gay Block." (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts." Selections include a tenth-century Gospel and items dating from the Armenian diaspora of the eighteenth century. . . . ¶ Drawings by Dürer, Leonardo, Rubens, and Schiele, from the Otto Manley collection. Leonardo's reverse handwriting can be seen in two drawings of machines. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. . . . ¶ "Revelaciones: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that define African art for Western artists. . . . ¶ "Fusion: West African Artists at the Venice Biennale." Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mor Faye and Moustapha Dimé, of Senegal, and Tamessir Dia, Ouattara, and Gérard Santoni, of the Ivory Coast, all of whom were in the 1993 Venice Biennale. Particularly notable are Ouattara's mixed-medium paintings/reliefs, which combine elements of traditional tribal culture with aesthetic strategies of the avant-garde. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Artist's Eye: Wayne Thiebaud." The painter has selected more than fifty paintings from the Academy's collection. Fifteen of Thiebaud's own pictures will also be on exhibit. (There is a concurrent show of Thiebaud's paintings at Stone Gallery.) (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York City Fire Museum, 278 Spring St.—"World Trade Center Disaster: A Photographic Chronicle of Fire Apparatus in Operation," by John Skelson. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts that were given to the library during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton. . . . ¶ "Richard Long: Books, Prints, Printed Matter" is a display of the printed work of this British artist, who is known primarily for his sculpture. Through June 25. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on American Puppetry." From Bread and Puppet to the Muppets. . . . ¶ "Out in Public: Post-Stonewall Performance and Protest." Plays, cabarets, operas, songs, and other printed material with gay themes, chronicling the crossover between protest and theatre. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: *The Cordoned Heart.*" Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. . . . ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"Bongo Park '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. Opens June 12. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Ben Neill—An installation of natural and technological elements, with occasional performances by the artist. Opens June 9. Through June 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rob Wynne—A double exhibition. In Grey Art Gallery's Washington Square windows, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: Thrift-shop clothing stitched with poetry and love letters, and mounted on hangers. Opens June 10. Through July 22. . . . ¶ At Wimmer, 560 Broadway: Silk-screened wallpaper in a pattern of intertwining snakes covers the gallery walls. Opens June 9. Through July 7.

"Hunk"—Works in various mediums by Richard Rothman, Linda Daniels, Karin Davie, Larry Mantello, and Kent Young. Opens June 9. Through July 9. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

"STONEWALL"—Works by thirty gay and lesbian artists on the historic first quarter century of gay liberation. Opens June 9. Through July 23. (White Columns, 154 Christopher St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

●

MARLENE DUMAS—"Not from Here," a show of paintings and works on paper by a South African-born artist living in Amsterdam. Dumas traffics in images of misery: stricken women and naked, presumably abandoned children. On the whole, the spectral washes of her watercolors are more convincing than the grayish opacity of her paintings. Through June 18. (Tilton, 49 Greene St.)

ON KESSLER—Mixed-medium, automated assemblages. Kessler's elaborately useless contraptions invest technology with a kind of muted, wistful poetry. If Joseph Cornell had had a flair for gadgetry, his work might have looked like this. Through June 18. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

DENNIS ADAMS—A body of sculptures titled "Trans/Actions." Through July 1. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

TOYCE ANDERSON—Autobiographical mixed-medium assemblages. Through July 5. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

ROSS BLECKNER—Paintings. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—The inaugural show at a new gallery, featuring granite megaliths embedded in the walls and floor. Through June 30. (Ace, 275 Hudson, at Spring St.)

JENNY HOLZER—An installation in response to recent events in Bosnia. Embossed-leather walls and holographic LED signs feature texts on the rape and murder of women. Holzer's flair for techno-dystopian melodrama is undeniable, but her prose style has not improved. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

ALAN RATH—Humorous constructions with machine parts. Through June 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

BEVERLY SEMMES—Sculptures of clothing. Through June 30. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

CHARLES SPURRIER—Large works in which the artist applies petroleum jelly directly to the walls and adds pigment with his fingertips. Through June 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

MATTHEW WEAVER—Small, bright-colored paintings. Through July 2. (Engelhorn, 470 Broome St.)

"THE BRITISH WATERCOLOR TRADITION, 1805-1990: FROM TRAFALGAR TO THATCHER"—Landscapes and humorous illustrations by Cruikshank, Beerbohm, and others. Through July 9. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

"REDEFINING THE POP ICON IN THE NINETIES"—This exhibition demonstrates how the iconography of Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others has been replaced by images reflecting violence, AIDS, and other phenomena of the day. Through July 22. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

"A ZOO"—Animals portrayed by March Avery, Ian Hornak, Selina Trieff, and others. Through June 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—"Le Domaine Enchanté," a suite of paintings from 1953, by the Belgian Surrealist. Opens June 9. Through July 22. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ADJA YUNKERS (1900-83)—Works ranging from intimate gouaches and large-scale pastels from 1958 to 1960 to paintings and prints from the early eighties. Opens June 9. Through July 15. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

●

JOHN CAGE (1912-92)—"The First Meeting of the Satie Society," an installation and collaborative project devoted to Erik Satie and Marcel Duchamp. Cage wrote a mesostich (a poem that can be read from side to side and from top to bottom), which was subse-

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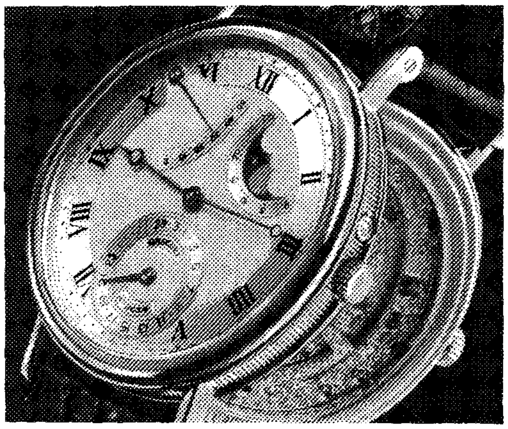

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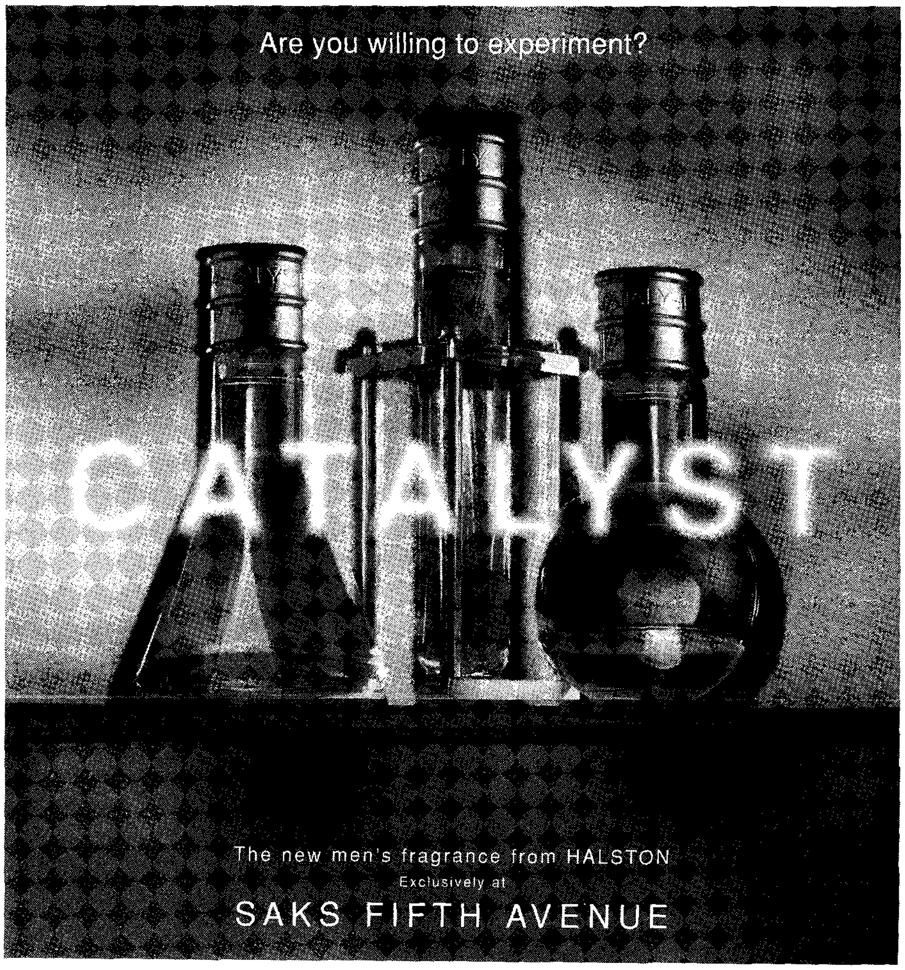
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ART—Cont'd

quently illustrated by Jasper Johns, Robert Ryman, Sol LeWitt, and others. (A concurrent Cage show is at the Guggenheim SoHo.) Through July 3. (Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dan Christenson—Abstract paintings dating from 1968 to the present. Through July 1. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Martha Diamond—Semi-abstract urban scenes. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sam Francis—Recent paintings on paper by the well-known Abstract Expressionist. Through July 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kathryn Freeman—Six large-scale paintings, plus related studies, that amount to an allegory about the monuments and sites of the nation's capital. Through July 1. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Donald Lipski—Works of found objects, entirely covering the gallery walls, are exhibited in combination with individual sculptures. Through June 26. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A mini-survey, including paintings of the artist's familiar edible subjects, such as ice cream and lollipops, as well as more recent San Francisco cityscapes. Through June 30. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

On Paper—Works by Lee Krasner, Alfonso Ossorio, Jackson Pollock, and Anne Ryan, on handmade paper by Douglass Morse Howell. Through July 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

See-Through Sale—Works by more than fifty-five glass artisans—among them Dale Chihuly and William Morris—will be offered at Christie's, Park Ave. at 59th St., on June 14 at 8 (silent auction from 6:30). Proceeds will benefit the New York Experimental Glass Workshop. (For further information, call 1-718 625-3685.)

Paper Chase—Three hundred and thirty lots of prints, drawings, and watercolors will go up for auction on June 9 at 10:30, at Swann, 104 E. 25th St. Works range from Dürer's "Christ Before Pilate" (circa 1509-11), estimated at $700-$1,000, to Paul Cadmus's "Arabesque" (1947), estimated at $1,800-$2,400. (For further information, call 254-4710.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mariana Cook—Photographs of fathers and their daughters, by a student of Ansel Adams. Through June 25. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of parks designed by Frederick Law Olmsted. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jacobson—A series of pale, haunting images that evoke the vulnerability of life in the age of AIDS. Through July 1. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life.* Through July 2. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"Natural Mechanics"—A group show featuring work by Garry Fabian Miller, Hitoshi Nomura, and Jack Sal. Through June 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

"Non-Objective Photography Between the Wars"—A group show featuring innovative work by Man Ray, Outerbridge, Stieglitz, and others. Through July 1. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." Along with a group of lithographs and some of the photographer's most famous and widely reproduced images, "Hommage" presents written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Brief Flowering

Of Rodgers and Hammerstein's neglected musicals, "Flower Drum Song" may be the one whose absence is most regrettable. Thanks are therefore due to the Harmonia Opera Company, which will present it in a small-scale production for one night only, on June 11. "Flower Drum Song" proved to be a solid, two-season success following its première, in 1958. Gene Kelly directed its staging (though, curiously, not its choreography), and its score offered such enduring standards as "You Are Beautiful," "Love, Look Away," and "I Enjoy Being a Girl." But it disappeared after six hundred performances and hasn't received a Broadway or Off Broadway production since.

The explanation must have to do with the work's plot and the exigencies of casting. The story—two pairs of mismatched lovers navigate the intricate social restrictions of San Francisco's Chinatown before their romances realign—was presented with an overlay of the vague Oriental charm that was then in vogue. Today, some theatregoers might consider the book insufficiently respectful of cultural distinctions; and one can easily imagine how a modern director would be buffeted between the pressures of those who believe that "ethnic" roles should be filled by actors of corresponding ethnicity (art imitates reality) and those who favor color-blind casting (art imitates ideals). As it happens, "Flower Drum Song" had a very mixed cast in 1958, and so it will again: the Harmonia troupe is an outgrowth of New York's Japanese community, but several Chinese names also appear on the roster it has assembled for this Chinese-American near-classic.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Presenting free concert performances in the city's parks. June 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Eva Mallas, John Fowler, Roberto Frontali, and Jeffrey Wells; conducted by Edoardo Müller. (Cunningham Park, Queens.) . . . ¶ June 10: "Tosca," with Eva Zseller, Antonio Barasorda, and Justino Díaz; Thomas Fulton. (Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.) . . . ¶ June 11: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, Roberto Frontali, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Gateway National Recreation Center, Great Kills Park, Staten Island.) . . . ¶ June 14: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, Roberto Frontali, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Great Lawn, Central Park.) (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 362-6000.)

"The Peony Pavilion"—A Ming-dynasty Chinese opera of the Kun tradition, featuring Hua Wen-yi, Kao Hui-lan, and the Taiwanese Lan Ting troupe. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. June 9-11 at 7:30 and June 12 at 2.)

American Chamber Opera Company—Staged performances of two chamber operas: Jack Beeson's "Hello Out There" and Bernstein's

"Trouble in Tahiti." Douglas Anderson conducts. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 10-11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

Harmonia Opera Company—Presenting a staged production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Flower Drum Song"; James Demster conducts from the keyboard. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 11 at 7. For information about tickets, call 870-1500.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts secular works by *il prete rosso*—"the red priest"—Antonio Vivaldi; including opera overtures and concerti grossi, as well as two secular cantatas, "Pianti Sospiri" and "Amor Hai Vinto," sung by countertenor Derek Lee Ragin. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 8 at 8.)

Dogs of Desire—A seventeen-member ensemble enhanced with electronic manipulation and video projection in an effort "to reinvent the orchestra as a late-twentieth-century entity." David Alan Miller conducts it in works by Anthony Braxton, Deniz Ince, Todd Levin, Michael Torke, Neil Rolnick, and others. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 10-11 at 8.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Gene Young conducts a D Day salute, including selections from Richard Rodgers' "Victory at Sea." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. June 12 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Rottenberg Chorale and Chamber Singers—Elayne Robinson Grossman directs Yiddish and Israeli traditional and popular songs, plus works by Salamone Rossi, Mendelssohn, Louis Lewandowski, Michael Horvitt, Helen Greenberg, and others; with tenor Chazzan Dov Keren. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 12 at 7:30.)

Solti Orchestral Project—At the behest of Georg Solti, Carnegie Hall has assembled an orchestra that brings together exceptionally promising student musicians and principal players from the symphony orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles. (Does something look strange in that lineup? Has Los Angeles replaced the New York Philharmonic in the historic "Big Five"? We don't think so!) In the first of two public concerts, Mr. Solti will conduct the orchestra in Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Overture, Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9, and Beethoven's Symphony No 5. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

Barros Classical Consort—Fortepianist Max Barros anchors an all-Mozart program that comprises the Concertos in G Major (K. 107) and in A Major (K. 414), the Sonata in A Major (K. 331, the "alla Turca"), and the G-Minor Piano Quartet (K. 478). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 8 at 8.)

Karen Ritscher—Performing solo-viola works by Hindemith, Telemann, Hovhaness, Wendy Mae Chambers, and Alice Shields (the last two being premières). (Amos Eno gallery, 594 Broadway. June 8 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gwendolyn Toth—Harpsichordist, performing Bach's "Goldberg" Variations. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. June 8 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Harlem Nocturne—A benefit concert featuring sopranos Harolyn Blackwell and Camellia Johnson, violinists Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg and Robert McDuffie, flutist Eugenia Zukerman, percussionist Max Roach, pianist Wu Han, and choreographer Carmen De Lavallade, as well as music, dance, and drama students from the Harlem School of the Arts; including works by Bach, Moszkowski, Debussy, Ricky Ian Gordon, and Bobby McFerrin. (Juilliard Theatre, 165 W. 65th St. June 9 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 926-4100, ext. 306.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

Bargemusic—Violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and pianist Phillip Bush perform Godowsky's "Five Pieces" (1916); cellist Wilhelmina Smith joins them for trios by Mozart (in E Major, K. 542) and Brahms (in C Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 9 at 7:30 and June 12 at 4.)

Friends and Enemies of New Music—Performing recent works by Arthur Kampela, Ben Yarmolinsky (excerpts from his new opera on the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill imbroglio), Cynthia Miller, John Link, Nancy Gunn, and Tom Cipullo (the première of a new song cycle, sung by tenor Paul Sperry). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 9 at 8.)

Contemporary Sampler—Downtown Music Productions has put together a three-day mini-festival that suggests the variety of recent composition. June 9: Works by Maurice Gardner, Margaret Fairlie-Kennedy, William Mayer, Leo Kraft, José-Luis Greco, and Lee Gannon. . . . ¶ June 10: Compositions by Yvar Mikhashoff, Moissei Vainberg (his "Moldavian Rhapsody," a nod to the past, since it was written way back in 1949), David Hollister, Dirk D'Haese, Libby Larsen, Allison Sniffin, and Daniel Barrett. . . . ¶ June 11: Music by Jack Eric Williams, Lee Gannon, Ricky Ian Gordon, John David Earnest, Richard Hundley, José-Luis Greco, Robert Baksa, Nicholas Scarim, Frank Russo, Arthur Kampela, and Jeffrey Lependorf. (Dimson Theatre at the Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

Carol Stein Amado and Albert Lotto—Violinist and pianist, performing Beethoven's Sonatas in D Major (Op. 12, No. 1), in G Major (Op. 96), and in G Major (Op. 30, No. 3). (Tenri gallery, 575 Broadway. 925-8500. June 10 at 7.)

Ambrosia Trio—*Performing* piano trios by Haydn, Germaine Tailleferre, and Smetana. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. June 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Divine Archangel—The Baroque master Arcangelo Corelli was sometimes called this by his pals, who seemed to be referring as much to his sunny disposition as to his elegantly balanced music. Violinist Chin Kim, cellist Iris Regev, and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman will perform an entire program of his sonatas. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. June 12 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Salon Soirée—Cellist Michael Mermegan and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform sonatas by Beethoven (his Second) and Brahms (his First). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 12 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Hora Decima Trombones—An ensemble of nine tenor and bass trombones, performing arrangements of music by Bach, Mussorgsky, and others. (Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St. June 12 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Harald Vogel—In his New York début, the German organist, an exponent of such aspects of performance practice as historical tunings and early fingering patterns, plays on a notable von Beckerath instrument. The program of North German Baroque works includes preludes by Matthias Weckmann, Vincent Lübeck, and Nicolaus Bruhns; chorale sett-ings by Buxtehude and Georg Böhm; and a healthy serving of Bach, including his G-Minor Prelude and Fugue (BWV 535) and G-Minor Fantasy and Fugue. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. June 12 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ursula Oppens and Others—The pianist joins a group of Juilliard students for Poulenc's Sextet for Piano and Winds, in a program that also includes woodwind-ensemble works by Ibert, Taffanel, and Milhaud. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. June 13 at 12:30. Rain date: June 15. No tickets necessary.)

"No Longer Very Clear"—That's the name of a new poem by John Ashbery that will receive its first public reading this evening. Its title is painfully apropos to the future of WNYC-FM, the city-owned radio station that has enriched New York's cultural life since it was inaugurated by Fiorello LaGuardia fifty years ago. Serious classical music lovers can scarcely imagine what life would be without it—but there's a possibility they'll find out soon, since the current mayor seems intent on selling the station's frequency to generate revenues. In an extraordinary gesture of solidarity, twelve eminent composers have written pieces inspired by Mr. Ashbery's poem, all of which will receive their premières in this benefit concert. The composers: Laurie Anderson, Milton Babbitt, Sergio Cervetti, John Corigliano, Anthony Davis, Philip Glass, Morton Gould, Robin Holcomb, Tania León, Raphael Mostel, Peter Schickele, and Joan Tower. The performers include soprano Cheryl Marshall, cellist Fred Sherry, the Essex String Quartet, and pianists Ursula Oppens, Ruth Laredo, and Christopher O'Riley, among many others. (Alice Tully Hall. June 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 669-2940.)

Veronica Salas—Violist, performing Arnold Bax's "Fantasy Sonata," a transposition of Bach's Sixth Cello Suite, Piazzolla's "Le Grand Tango," and Michael Daugherty's "Viola Zombie"; with assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

OUT OF TOWN

Cape May Music Festival—June 8 at 8:30: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Festival Orchestra in Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Hindemith's Concerto for Woodwinds and Harp (featuring the members of Hexagon), and Haydn's Symphony No. 104. . . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: The New York Chamber Ensemble plays Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro"; Poulenc's Trio for Trumpet, Horn, and Trombone; and Walton's "Façade" (with Toby Appel as narrator). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2 and 8:30: The Carlota Santana Dance Company; the afternoon performance will be geared to families with youngsters. (All performances are held at Cape May's Congress Hall Hotel. For information about tickets, call 1-609 884-5404.)

Music Mountain—Nestled in a hundred and thirty-two acres of Berkshire foothills, Music Mountain celebrates its sixty-fifth season this summer, which makes it the oldest continuous chamber-music festival in the United States. Opening concerts of the festival, which continues through Sept. 3, feature the Colorado String Quartet. June 11 at 8: A reprise of the program that opened Music Mountain's inaugural season (on August 22, 1930): quartets by Beethoven (in C Major, Op. 59, No. 3) and Ravel, as well as Schumann's Piano Quintet (with Angela Cheng). . . . ¶ June 12 at 3: Smetana's E-Minor Quartet ("From My Life"), and (with Ms. Cheng) Mozart's E-Flat Major Piano Quartet and Shostakovich's E-Minor Piano Trio (Op. 67). (Falls Village, Connecticut. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

SPORTS

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Away until June 17, when they'll face the Milwaukee Brewers.

Mets—Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 9-10 at 7:40, June 11 at 1:40 (Batting Helmet Day), and June 12 at 1:40 (Sports Bag Day). . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, June 13-14 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY

In Range—They made us sweat it out, but the Rangers finally beat the Devils, and are now looking to bring home the Stanley Cup for the first time since 1940. As of press time, the N.H.L. finals against the Vancouver Canucks had just begun.

CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

Rocket Scientists?—Speaking of sweating it out. At press time, the Knicks and the Indiana Pacers were tied. The winner is now taking the Houston Rockets to the hoop.

SPECIAL OLYMPICS

New York Special Olympics Metro Tournament—A thousand athletes will participate in this annual event, which will include aquatics, gymnastics, power-lifting, track-and-field, and volleyball. (St. John's University, Grand Central and Utopia Parkways, Queens. June 12, from 9:30 to 5. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 661-3963.)

SKATING

In-Line—The New York Road Skaters Association will present a ramp and half-pipe competition. Stunt skaters will streak through the air, flip, and spin, in in-line skating's answer to Lillehammer. (June 11, from noon to 5; finals begin at 2. Central Park's West Side Drive at 67th St.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Museum Mile—El Museo del Barrio, which has been enlarged and had a face-lift, will host the opening ceremonies of the sixteenth annual Museum Mile Festival. On June 14, from 6 to 9, Fifth Ave. between 82nd and 104th Sts. will be closed to automobile traffic, and museums will be open free. Participating institutions include the Guggenheim Museum, Goethe House, the Jewish Museum, the Cooper-Hewitt, and the International Center of Photography.

Floored—"Tree Dimensional," a life-size acrylic-on-paper rendering of a cedar tree, by Frédéric Robert Bouché, has been laid out on the floor of the Winter Garden. (World Financial Center. Daily, from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. Through June 17.)

Neighbors—The Morris-Jumel Mansion is hosting "City Lore '94: Community/Comunidad," a festival of live music, with performances by AsaDifé, the Unquenchable Flames, and the Greater Metropolitan Klezmer Band, among others. There will be crafts, storytelling, and tours of the mansion. (65 Jumel Terrrace, at 160th St., east of St. Nicholas Ave. June 12, from noon to 6. For more information, call 923-8008.)

Where Ya Been?—In the annual "Welcome Back to Brooklyn" festival, on June 12, a parade of dancers and bands—along with a twenty-five-foot-long fire-breathing dragon—will leave from behind the Brooklyn Museum (Eastern Parkway) at noon and arrive

ELISHA COOPER

at Grand Army Plaza at 12:30, in time to see Neil Sedaka crowned homecoming king. Free performances by Ballet Folklórico Mexicano de Nueva York and Manny Oquendo & Libre, among others.

Dickensian/Yeatsian—Gregory St. John will give a staged reading of "Nicholas Nickleby at the Yorkshire School," an excerpt from the Dickens novel. (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 777-1089. June 8 at 8.) . . . ¶ The New Stagecraft Company will present Yeats' "Purgatory," with Michael Healy and Robert Peterson. (American-Irish Historical Society, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. June 14 at 6:30. Admission is free, but call 288-2263 for reservations.)

Checkmate—Trump Tower is as unlikely a venue as you can think of for chess, but, nevertheless, the Intel World Chess Championship quarter-finals will take place in the atrium through June 17. Eight grand masters from the United States, the former U.S.S.R., England, and India will vie for the right to challenge Garry Kasparov at the 1995 World Championships. (Fifth Ave. at 56th St. June 8-9, June 13-14, and June 16-17, from 3 to 10; and June 12, from 1 to 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Maybe there *is* a less likely place for chess. At Grand Central Terminal, on June 11, from 9 to 2, grand masters will compete against as many as thirty children at once. (For more information, call 1-800 388-5464.)

Steel Drum Song—A demonstration of and lecture on steel drums—how they're made, tuned, and played. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. June 9 at 7. For tickets, call 1-718 624-0890.)

Crossover Dreams—Poets House presents dance critic Jack Anderson, poets Michael Palmer and Jackson Mac Low, and others in "Parallel Lines: Poetry and Dance," the first in a series of programs exploring the connections between poetry and other art forms. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. June 9 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—June 9 at 6: Vinie Burrows, Andrea Marcovicci, and Michael Tolan will read the second installment of Laurie Colwin's novel "Happy All the Time." (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: A tribute to Scott Sommer (1951-93), with readings and reminiscences by Amy Hempel and Susan Minot, among others. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4128.) . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: Michael Palmer will read from his own poetry. (Mazer Theatre, Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, at Jefferson St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ June 14 at 6:30: Robert Stone will read from his own work. (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 14 at 7: Pierre Martory will read from his own poetry, in French. John Ashbery will read his translations, in English. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—June 9 at 6:30: Peter Arnett will talk about his work as a war correspondent. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.) . . . ¶ June 14 at 6:30: As part of MOMA's program on video and technology of the nineties, Laurie Anderson will discuss her (and Brian Eno and Peter Gabriel's) plans for a theme park in Barcelona. Sara Diamond will discuss social contexts for new technologies, focussing on her work at the Banff Centre for the Arts, in Canada. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9480.)

Walks & Tours—June 11 at noon and 2:30: Hop aboard the Governors Island ferry for a tour with Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ June 12, from 11 to 4: The Mount Morris Park Community Improvement Association is sponsoring an open-house tour of this Harlem neighborhood. The watchtower in Marcus Garvey Park is on the itinerary. For more information, call 289-7051.

Memorandum—Re: Roses. More than three thousand of them—red, yellow, pink, and white. (Rockefeller Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Through June 12.) . . . ¶ A festival of roses. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Admission by contribution. For schedule information, call 1-718 817-8700. Through June 12.) . . . ¶ A tour of the rose gardens, on June 11 at 1. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ The Feast of St. Anthony, on West Houston and Sullivan Sts. (Through June 13, from noon to 11; till midnight Fridays through Sundays.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults)

Greek Myths—The lives of Zeus, Hera, and their offspring, as dramatized by the American Heritage Dance Company, on Saturdays in June at 2. (Theatre of the West Side Dance Project, 162 W. 83rd St. 332-0076.)

Fun Five—Timothy Bush, Christopher Denise, David Kirk, Eric Rohmann, and Chris K. Soentpiet will read from their books and take questions from young bibliophiles. (Books of Wonder, 132 Seventh Ave., at 18th St. June 11 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Museum Mayhem—Clay relief sculpting, using buttons, beads, pipe cleaners, and macaroni, at the Children's Museum of the Arts. (72 Spring St. 274-0986. June 11-12 at noon, 1, and 2.) . . . ¶ Future mass-transit designers will be invited to devise plans for buses, subways, and so on—but with a twist: the passengers will be cats, bears, and other critters. For ages four and up. (130 Livingston St. 1-718 330-8601. June 11 at 1:30.)

An original Lifetime miniseries!
LIE DOWN WITH LIONS
TIMOTHY DALTON MARG HELGENBERGER NIGEL HAVERS
Special Appearance by OMAR SHARIF
PREMIERES JUNE 12, 7PM ET/PT LIFETIME PREMIERE MOVIE
SPONSORED BY LINCOLN MERCURY
ENCORE PERFORMANCE: JUNE15 AND JUNE 16, 9PM ET/PT

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
12	13	14	8	9	10	11

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 34.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Grief" (directed by Richard Glatzer).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard). *From June 10: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).*
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (John Duigan), with Hugh Grant, Tara Fitzgerald, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through June 9: "Cows" (Julio Medem; in Spanish).
From June 10: "Jack Be Nimble" (Garth Maxwell).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" (1975, Jim Sharman), with Tim Curry, Susan Sarandon, and Barry Bostwick.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Dream Lover" (Nicholas Kazan). From June 10: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (1990, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (1988, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Widows' Peak" (†).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 9: "Maverick" (†). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).
Theatre 7: "The Crow" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom), with Victoria Foyt.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (Bruce Brown).
Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 4: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 5: "Serial Mom" (John Waters).
Theatre 6: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
Theatre 7: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 4: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 5: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 6: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Crow" (†). From June 10: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "The Flintstones" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 9: "Crooklyn" (†).
From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Kika" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sirens" (John Duigan), with Hugh Grant, Tara Fitzgerald, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Tale of Winter" (Eric Rohmer, in French).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller). From June 10: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crooklyn" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "The Crow" (†). From June 10: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (Bruce Brown).
Theatre 3: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 9: "The Paper" (Ron Howard). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold".
Theatre 4: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 9: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold."
Theatre 6: Through June 9: "The Piano" (Jane Campion). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold."

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes) and "Maverick" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Naked in New York" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Andie MacDowell.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes) and "The Crow" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Crooklyn" (†). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "No Escape" (Martin Campbell). From June 10: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 5: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 7: "Maverick" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Bhaji on the Beach" (directed by Gurinder Chadha).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Crooklyn" (†). From June 10: "Speed" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Blue Kite" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Desperate Remedies" (Stewart Main and Peter Wells). From June 10: "Minotaur" (Dan McCormack) and "Some Folks Call It a Sling Blade" (George Hickenlooper).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).
Theatre 4: "Backbeat" (Iain Softley).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 4: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 9: "The Flintstones" (†). From June 10: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 7: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 9: Through June 9: "The Cowboy Way" (†). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich), with Larenz Tate and Joe Morton.
Theatre 3: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 9: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri) and "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson).
Theatre 5: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).
Theatre 6: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment! III" (Bud Friedgen and Michael J. Sheridan).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sirens" (John Duigan).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August). From June 10: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Grief" (Richard Glatzer).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Flintstones" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard). From June 10: "White" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish and French).
Theatre 3: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Slingshot" (Ake Sandgren; in Swedish).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 9: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
From June 10: "Speed" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 3: Through June 9: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†). From June 10: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 6: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Serial Mom" (directed by John Waters), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal), with Leslie Nielsen. From June 10: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 4: "No Escape" (Martin Campbell).
Theatre 5: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 6: "3 Ninjas Kick Back" (Charles T. Kanganis) and "With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).
Theatre 7: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes) and "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme). From June 10: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 9: "The Crow" (†). From June 10: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through June 9: "Lenny" (1974, directed by Bob Fosse) and "Star 80" (1983, Fosse).
June 10-12: "Little Big Man" (†).
June 13 through the afternoon of June 14: "Imagining Indians" (1993, Victor Masayesva, Jr.).
June 14 (evening): "Redskin" (1929, Victor Schertzingr), with Richard Dix; and "Massacre" (1934, Alan Crosland), with Richard Barthelmess.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 8: "Julius Caesar" (1953, Joseph L. Mankiewicz) and "Apocalypse Now" (1979, Francis Coppola).
June 9: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; a German silent film) and "Spies" (†).
June 10-11: "The Producers" (1968, Mel Brooks) and "Bananas" (1971, Woody Allen).
June 12: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire; and "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, and William Holden.
June 13: "La Strada" (1954, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Umberto D." (1952, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
June 14: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962, Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman and Geraldine Page; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961, Peter Glenville), with Page and Laurence Harvey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 9 at 2:30: A program of short films about New York cityscapes and city stories. . . . ¶ June 9 at 3 and 6: "It's Been a Lovely Day" (1993, directed by Jos de Putter; in Dutch), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "The Spinning Wheel" (1983, Lee Doo-yong; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "Eunuch" (1987, Lee Doo-yong; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30: A program of short films about music in New York City. . . . ¶ June 10 at 3: "Tahiti" (1991, Pablo Dotta; in Spanish) and two short films. . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: 'I Am My Own Woman" (1992, Rosa von Praunheim; in German). . . . ¶ June 11 at noon: "Pickup on South Street" (1953, Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2: "Come, Come, Come Upward!" (1989, Im Kwon-taek; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Passion" (1982, Jean-Luc Godard). . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: "Sopyonje" (1993, Im Kwon-taek; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: Two videos by Jean-Luc Godard. . . . ¶ June 12 at noon: "The Little Fugitive" (1953, Ray Ashley, Morris Engel, and Ruth Orkin). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2: "The Age of Success" (1987, Jang Seon-woo; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "The Last Bolshevik" (1993, Chris Marker). . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: "Lovers in Woomukbaemee" (1990, Jang Seon-woo; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: Two videos by Joan Jonas. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "Serpico" (†). . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Beyond the Mountain" (1991, Chung Ji-young; in Korean). . . . ¶ June 13 at 6:30: "Guadalcanal Requiem" (1977, Nam June Paik) and "Selected Works: Reel 1" (1970-72, William Wegman). . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "The City" (1939, Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner), "Sunday on the River" (1961, Gordon Hitchens and Ken Resnick), and "Pull My Daisy"(1959, Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie). . . . ¶ June 14 at 6: "The Panic in Needle Park" (1971, Jerry Schatzberg).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 8 at 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee). . . . ¶ June 8 at 4: "Rock Hudson's Home Movies" (1992, Mark Rappaport). . . . ¶ June 8 at 6:15: "Current Events" (1989, Ralph Arlyck) and "A Question of Color" (1993, Kathe Sandler). . . . ¶ June 8 at 9: "Film About a Woman Who" (1974, Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ June 9 at 2: "Girlfriends" (1978, Claudia Weill). . . . ¶ June 9 at 4:15: "Pass/Fail" (1978, Roy Campanella, Jr.) and "Police Tapes" (1976, Alan and Susan Raymond). . . . ¶ June 9 at 6:15: A program of five short films by independent filmmakers. . . . ¶ June 9 at 9: "Far from Poland" (1984, Jill Godmilow). . . . ¶ From June 10: A program of films from Ireland.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by cinematographer John Alton. June 11 at 2: "Hollow Triumph" (1948; "The Scar"; Steve Sekely). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2: "Reign of Terror" (1949, "The Black Eagle"; Anthony Mann). . . . ¶ June 12 at 4: "He Walked by Night" (1949, Alfred Werker).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 8 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9:30: "The Train" (†).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—A retrospective of Shiro Toyoda films. June 10 at 6:30: "River of Forever" (1967).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—June 8 at 7 and 9: "The Distant Journey" (1948, Alfred Radok; in Czech). . . . ¶ June 9 at 7 and 9: "What About Me" (1992, Rachel Amodeo). . . . ¶ June 10-11 at 6, 8:10, and 10:40 and June 12 at 6, 8:30, and 10:40: "Tango of Slaves" (1993, Ilan Ziv). . . . ¶ June 10-12 at 9: "Losers in Love" (1993, Mike Bencivenga).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A series of films produced by ZDF German Television Network since the fall of the Berlin Wall. June 9 at 6: "An Unholy Love" (1993, Michael Verhoeven). . . . June 10 at 6: "Dead Letters" (1991, Karl Fruchtmann). . . . June 11 at 2: "No Mention of Violence" (1990, Theodor Kotulla). . . . June 12 at 2: "Aborted" (1992, Norbert Kückelmann). . . . ¶ A Tribute to Dennis Potter. "Without Walls" (1994), a television interview of Potter by Melvyn Bragg. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 4, Fridays at 4 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . "Lipstick on Your Collar" (1993), a six-hour program, shown in two parts. Part I is showing Saturdays at 3 and Part II is showing Sundays at 3.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films from South Korea. June 8 at 6: "The Age of Success" (1987, Jang Seon-woo). . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "The Spinning Wheel" (1983, Lee Doo-yong). . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Eunuch" (1987, Lee Doo-yong).

Opening June 10, Guinevere Turner and V. S. Brodie in "Go Fish."

MARCELLUS HALL

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold—The boys hit the trail again, this time in search of buried treasure. With Billy Crystal, Daniel Stern, Jack Palance, Jon Lovitz, and Patricia Wettig. Screenplay by Crystal, Lowell Ganz, and Babaloo Mandel. Directed by Paul Weiland. Opening June 10.

Go Fish—Rose Troche's feature-film début chronicles the romantic and sexual adventures of five lesbians. With T. Wendy McMillan, Guinevere Turner, and V. S. Brodie. Written by Troche and Turner. Opening June 10.

Jack Be Nimble—Set in New Zealand, this story of mayhem and psychic powers involves two siblings, played by Alexis Arquette and Sarah Smuts-Kennedy, who are separated as children and reunited in dire straits. Written and directed by Garth Maxwell. Opening June 10.

Minotaur/Some Folks Call It a Sling Blade—Two short films. "Minotaur," directed by Dan McCormack, deals with the chaotic life of a rock star (Michael Faella). "Some Folks" centers on an interview with a soon-to-be-paroled mass murderer, and stars J. T. Walsh and Molly Ringwald. Directed by George Hickenlooper (the co-director of the documentary "Hearts of Darkness"). Opening June 10.

Speed—With Keanu Reeves, Dennis Hopper, Jeff Daniels, Sandra Bullock, and Joe Morton. Directed by Jan De Bont. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening June 10.

White—In the second installment of Krzysztof Kieslowski's trilogy about liberty, equality, and fraternity (with titles derived from the colors of the French flag), a Polish hairdresser in Paris (Zbigniew Zamachowski) returns to Warsaw to start over after his French wife (Julie Delpy) leaves him. In Polish and French. Opening June 10.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Beverly Hills Cop III—Eddie Murphy's most profitable franchise is aging gracelessly, but the star himself shows hints of growth—in his third time out as motormouthed Motor City cop Axel Foley, he pulls off a heartfelt heroic scene or two. Steven E. de Souza's script has Foley following a trail of murder and deception into an L. A. amusement park called WonderWorld. The director, John Landis, fails to exploit the possibilities. He plays the setting for simple incongruity (Foley sleuthing in an elephant suit) or equally simple reversals (sci-fi rides becoming truly hazardous). He doesn't dare suggest that something's rotten at the core of America's fantasylands—WonderWorld's creative wizard, Uncle Dave (Alan Young), turns out to be a pussycat. The return of Bronson Pinchot's madcap foreigner Serge is funny but jarring (he now runs a "survival boutique"); Landis never gets the most out of the multifunctional designer gun Serge gives to Foley. With Judge Reinhold, Theresa Randle, and Hector Elizondo.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Blue Kite—A refined, strong-minded political drama, all the more telling for being so quiet. The director, Tian Zhuangzhuang, is just the kind of casual satirist that the Chinese authorities could do without; the movie met fierce official resistance during postproduction, and Tian has now been banned from further filming. The story begins, in 1953, with the death of Stalin, and lasts until 1967; in that time, a young boy named Tietou grows up and goes through three fathers, each of them laid low by persecution. Tietou may be a pain to his long-suffering mother, but his misbehavior is just the first stirring of a rebellious spirit. The movie seems clean and steady, a corrective to the lushness and extravagance that, for better or worse, has come to be seen as the house style of Chinese cinema. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Quad Cinema.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer. Czerny's performance is extraordinary. And Smith, not satisfied with simply provoking moral indignation, zooms in closer and closer on the damaged souls of the abused and the abusers; he ends up with a startlingly detailed picture of spiritual chaos. Also with Sebastian Spence, Lise Roy, and David Hewlett. Screenplay by Smith, Des Walsh, and Sam Grana.—T.R. (6/6/94) (Film Forum.)

The Cowboy Way—Woody Harrelson pushes his goofball charisma too hard in this pat rodeo-on-the-rialto tale about a pair of champeen New Mexico cowpokes (Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland) who search New York City for a missing friend (Joaquin Martinez) and his Cuban daughter (Cara Buono). The sorta bad guy (Tomas Milian) and the totally bad guy (Dylan McDermott) head an illegal immigrant labor ring. Naturally, they're no match for the wily Westerners, who know how to lasso and handle guns, and can find the Manhattan Bridge without a map. The movie can't sustain Saturday-matinée credibility, and there aren't enough nifty gimmicks for it to make a good cartoon. Ernie Hudson once again plays a friendly cop, while Luis Guzman does his umpteenth thug. Gregg Champion directed; the screenplay is credited to Bill Wittliff.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Crooklyn—Spike Lee's new movie, a nostalgia piece about growing up in Brooklyn in the early seventies, is slight in every respect but length. The picture runs well over two hours, and you feel every minute of it, because Lee can't seem to find a theme or a style to shape this amorphous memory-stuff into something more compelling than a home movie. Without an explosive, talk-show-worthy subject, his filmmaking tends to go limp. This movie lurches forward in spurts, but keeps stalling, because all that's driving it is a sort of trivial, reflexive New York chauvinism. Instead of telling a story, Lee settles for delivering casual, off-the-cuff commentary on urban life: he's just a guy sitting on the stoop checking out what's happening on the block—not much, as it turns out. With Alfre Woodard, Delroy Lindo, Zelda Harris, and Frances Foster. The screenplay is by the director and two of his siblings, Joie Susannah Lee and Cinqué Lee.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Art Greenwich Twin; through June 9.)

The Crow—Alex Proyas' pulp revenge fantasy, based on a comic-book saga by James O'Barr, is dark, moody, and seductively overwrought; it's an amazingly pure expression of morbid adolescent romanticism. The movie tells the story of a young rock musician named Eric Draven (Brandon Lee), who, guided by an otherworldly crow, returns from the grave to hunt down the thugs who killed him and his fiancée. Proyas, whose previous experience is in commercials and music videos, has a flamboyantly artificial style that's peculiarly well suited to this pop-mythic universe. The picture's darkness is so complete that it becomes a kind of light. What gives the movie its greatest allure is the performance of Brandon Lee (who died, near the end of filming, in a freakish accident on the set). He incarnates this character so unself-consciously that glum Eric seems like teen-age despair apotheosized—Everykid as the most beautiful of losers. Also with Ernie Hudson, Michael Wincott, and David Patrick Kelly. Screenplay by David J. Schow and John Shirley.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Village Theatre VII, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, and Baronet; through June 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; starting June 10.)

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues—After "Drugstore Cowboy" and "My Own Private Idaho," a real disappointment from Gus Van Sant. His imagination still wanders off in amiable and perplexing directions, but the picture, adapted from Tom Robbins' novel, gives him nothing much to discover. Uma Thurman stars as Sissy, the hitcher with the phallic thumbs. She's been everywhere and done everything, but there's enough wide-eyed expectation in Thurman's gaze to promise further adventures. They never come: the plot gets stuck on a women's ranch called the Rubber Rose, and the film dissipates in a flurry of consciously struck poses and cameo roles. It's a road movie going round in circles, and it ends without warning, completely out of gas. The cool, swooning soundtrack by k.d. lang hints at the trip it might have been.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia.)

The Flintstones—The latest and least advisable attempt to turn a cartoon into a live-action feature. The cast looks sound enough—John Goodman as Fred Flintstone, Elizabeth Perkins as Wilma, Rick Moranis and Rosie O'Donnell as the Rubbles—but the script, cobbled together by a crowd of writers, gives them nothing but a handful of limp gags. Adaptations of "Batman" and "The Addams Family" offered a chance to root around in the dark side of the comic strip, whereas the original "Flintstones" thrived on energetic friendliness, which is destined to dry up on the big screen. Everything takes place in a horrible, plastic light, and even the main comic hook—primitive man as the first suburban American—is bent out of shape by the film's aggressive merchandising; a sign saying "RocDonald's" is not a joke, it's a plug. The saving grace is Elizabeth Taylor as Fred's mother-in-law, the terrifying Pearl Slaghoople. The director is Brian Levant, who made "Beethoven." This is an even bigger dog.—A.L. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Kika—A new farrago from Pedro Almodóvar—as outrageous as his previous efforts, but without the suavity. Verónica Forqué plays Kika, a makeup artist whose life is complicated by a lesbian maid, a brooding lover, the lesbian maid's delinquent brother (w[illegible] used to be a porn star), and the brooding lover's American stepfather (who may or may not be a murderer). Almodóvar shuffles them around in various combinations, but his career as a shock merchant is running out of steam. Sensitive souls may not want to hang around to see out the prolonged rape scene. With Victoria Abril and Peter Coyote. In Spanish.—A.L. (5/16/94) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Little Buddha—How the director of "The Conformist," which looks better and sharper every year, ended up making "Little Buddha," which already looks out of date, is anybody's guess. In the late sixties, Bernardo

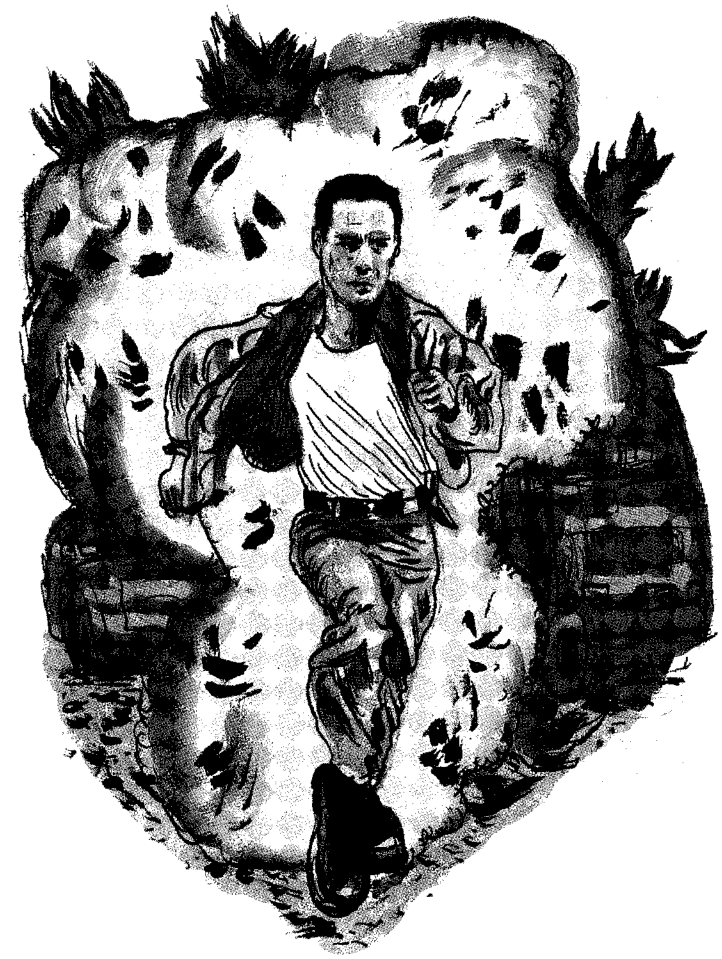
Bertolucci might have got away with this kind of thing—this gentle, wondering, trippy slice of nonsense. Now it just makes you squirm. Bridget Fonda and Chris Isaak play the parents of a young boy who may be the reincarnation of a Tibetan lama. The film therefore splits between their home town of Seattle (gray and blue, glass and steel) and the mountain stronghold of the Buddhist monks (red and orange, silk and wood). This design pattern is the backbone of the picture; there really is nothing else to it. Photographed by Vittorio Storaro, everything looks immaculate; but Bertolucci used to fill his rooms and landscapes with meaning—with political menace and dark sexual intent. Here he is offering empty chambers, dry as dust. The only fun comes in the historical flashbacks to the story of Buddha, played by Keanu Reeves, stripped to the waist: the spiritual leader as supermodel.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Maverick—Richard Donner's big-screen version of the popular TV Western series of the fifties couldn't be called a travesty of a classic, because the original show was itself resolutely unclassic—a genial revisionist take on the genre. The series' hero, Bret Maverick (then played by James Garner), wasn't a paragon of rugged integrity or two-fisted masculinity, but a slick, witty, suspiciously well-dressed gambler, whose pained reluctance to do what a man's gotta do was the show's richest source of comedy. The new Bret Maverick (Mel Gibson) is still a charmer, but an antsy, wild-eyed, motormouthed one, like the deranged daredevil cop that Gibson plays in the "Lethal Weapon" pictures. The whole movie has a frantic quality that seems a poor substitute for the original's sly, relaxed humor. There are a few laughs, but the picture feels awfully long, because almost everyone is trying too hard: the few performers who aren't, like James Coburn and Garner himself (on hand to play straight man to the star), come off best. At a couple of points, Garner has to remind Gibson not to "babble," and the dry old pro gets his laugh so effortlessly that it's impossible not to take his side. Also with Jodie Foster, Graham Greene, and Alfred Molina.—T.R. (6/6/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Naked in New York—Dan Algrant's oddball coming-of-age movie is full of gaffes, including a garish cartoon of family life, Felliniesque fantasy scenes, and a lamentable interchange between aspiring playwright Eric Stoltz and gallery owner Timothy Dalton. When Dalton talks about writing "the great American novel," Stoltz says, "I didn't know you wrote." The audience thinks, We didn't know you were American. Still, this portrait of the artist as a crazy mixed-up kid has a scruffy charm and a self-lacerating wit, especially in its satire of the theatre, from school workshops to Off Broadway. Mary-Louise Parker, in the role of Stoltz's lover, gives an endearing and original performance as a woman who can't help functioning as a sanity check. Ralph Macchio is surprisingly loose and affecting as Stoltz's conflicted best buddy, and Tony Curtis, as a pushy stage promoter, rekindles his streetwise spark; when Macchio and Curtis are together, they're a comic illustration of Youth and Experience. With Kathleen Turner, Jill Clayburgh, and cameos by William Styron, Arthur Penn, and other eminences. John Warren and Algrant co-wrote the script.—M.S. (Beekman.)

Speed—With Keanu Reeves, directed by Jan De Bont. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and Criterion Center; starting June 10.)

Widows' Peak—In the scintillating opening of this corkscrew comedy (set in the twenties), the director, John Irvin, and the writer, Hugh Leonard, introduce a picturesque Irish spot where the choice hillside property belongs to a pack of wealthy widows led by Joan Plowright. Deftly and hilariously, the filmmakers sketch a snobbish, genteel matriarchy and the influence it has over men like the local dentist (Jim Broadbent) and Plowright's son (Adrian Dunbar). The movie doesn't stay at that high level; the script becomes a single-twist mystery about the enmity between the misfit of Widows' Peak—a poor spinster played by Mia Farrow—and its seductive newcomer, Natasha Richardson. But Irvin's direction has never been more confident and spirited, the casting is witty, and the ensemble work wonderful. The standout is Farrow, who brings force and passion to a tricky role. Ashley Rowe did the exquisite cinematography.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, and Paris.)



Opening June 10, Keanu Reeves in "Speed."

GARY PANTER

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Little Big Man (1970)—Thomas Berger's comic, picaresque novel about the events that led up to Custer's Last Stand was brought to the screen by Arthur Penn during the anti-Vietnam War period, and he put white murderousness and racism at the center of the narrative. Dustin Hoffman has the leading role of Jack Crabb, an American Candide whose adventures take him back and forth between the red man's culture and the white man's culture. For roughly an hour, the comic tone is pleasantly askew, and throughout the film amusing characters turn up and disappear and turn up again. They include Faye Dunaway as a preacher's wife, Jeff Corey as Wild Bill Hickok, Martin Balsam as a swindler getting cheerfully dismantled limb by limb, and Chief Dan George as an Indian chief who is part patriarch, part Jewish mother. But after the first hour the massacres start coming, and the speeches, too. To be successful, the picture should deepen by comic means, and when Penn goes for seriousness he collapses the form of the movie. It proceeds from hip to straight, and one cancels the other out. With Richard Mulligan as General Custer. Script by Calder Willingham; production design by Dean Tavoularis; edited by Dede Allen.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 10-12.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, even though it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of the time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the hip humor; he writes virulent lowlife dialogue with a demented lift. The screenplay is by Waldo Salt and Wexler, based on the book by Peter Maas. Directed, sloppily but effectively, by Sidney Lumet.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 13.)

Spies (1928)—Fritz Lang shows off his amazing ability to direct like a kinetic architect in this pioneering espionage film from a script by Thea von Harbou, his wife. The story of a superagent who destroys a master criminal named Haghi and saves a gorgeous Russian spy has slushy, ludicrous sequences. But Lang's precision, inventiveness, and barrelling pace firm up and energize the material, from the headlong opening montage of assassination and theft to the closing scene of Haghi trapped onstage doing a clown act—a bit that must have influenced Hitchcock.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

The Train (1965)—John Frankenheimer's elegant, agitating thriller about a Nazi colonel (Paul Scofield) determined to transport French art treasures to Germany. Led by a railroad inspector named Labiche (Burt Lancaster, in his acrobatic prime), Resistance workers do their best to stall a train filled with "the glory of France"—masterpieces by the likes of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec—until the Allies can overtake it. Their efforts enrage the Germans, who consider it de rigueur for the railroad to run on time, especially when their enemies are just miles away from liberating Paris. When the French execute a ten-minute delay to accommodate an Allied air raid, it's a daring act of sabotage and a deadpan joke. Every so often, Frankenheimer raises the issue of whether saving paintings is worth losing lives, then tables it. That moral riddle colors the whole surprising saga. Jean Tournier and Walter Wottitz did the burnished black-and-white cinematography; Franklin Coen, Frank Davis, and Walter Bernstein adapted Rose Valland's novel, "Le Front de l'Art."—M.S. (Florence Gould Hall; June 8.)

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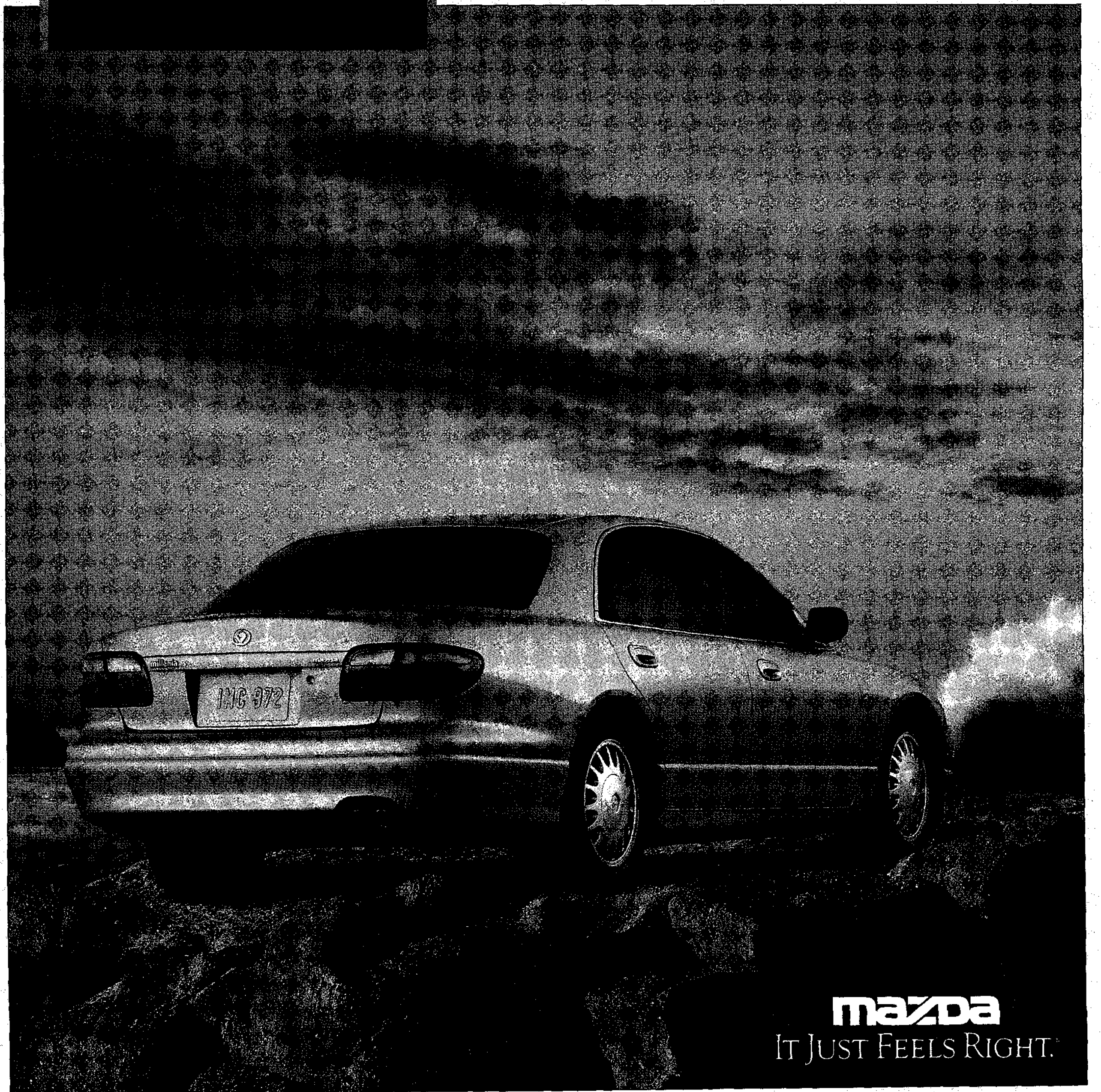

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

ONE VERY NEW REPUBLICAN

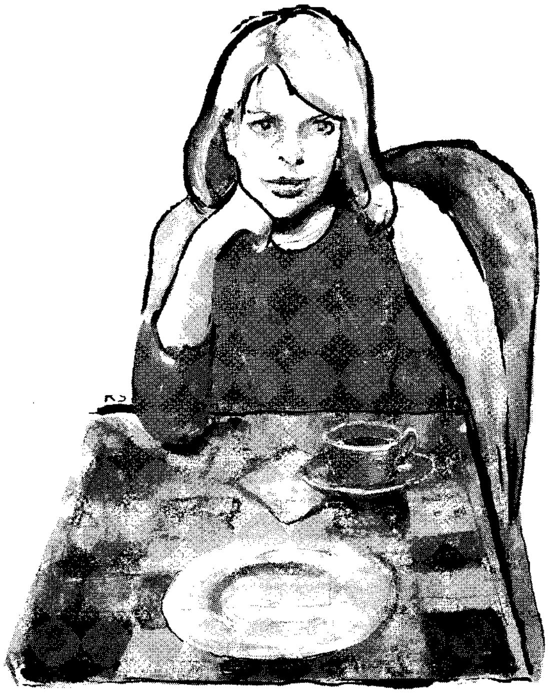
THE first thing you think when you see Elizabeth McCaughey is: She *is* kind of glamorous—and not just for a Republican nominee for lieutenant governor. Ms. McCaughey (pronounced McCoy) is a forty-five-year-old blonde with a button nose, and when she arrived one afternoon last week at the SeaGrill, where we'd arranged to meet her for lunch, she was wearing black high heels and a wasp-waisted black suit with two rows of gold buttons. Carrying a small black purse and a big shoulder bag, she sent a message of both traditional femininity and career-woman heavy lifting, which is just the message the state's Republicans want her to send. Once seated, she wavered on the wine issue, and eventually settled for tea, but not before selecting for us a vintage white she considered pleasingly "unctuous." Ms. McCaughey herself then turned crisp, not to say dry. That morning, she said, she had been buried in tax reports. When we attempted to sympathize, she laughed—Ms. McCaughey has a girlish titter—and said, "I don't find the technical boring."

Ms. McCaughey is a divorcée; the mother of three school-age girls; and, by training, a constitutional historian. Until a couple of weeks ago, she was a scholar at the generally conservative Manhattan Institute, where she was writing a book on electoral reform and the jury system and other such things. She had never met George Pataki, who has become the Republican gubernatorial candidate and her running mate; and she had never run for office of any kind.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATE SHEPHERD

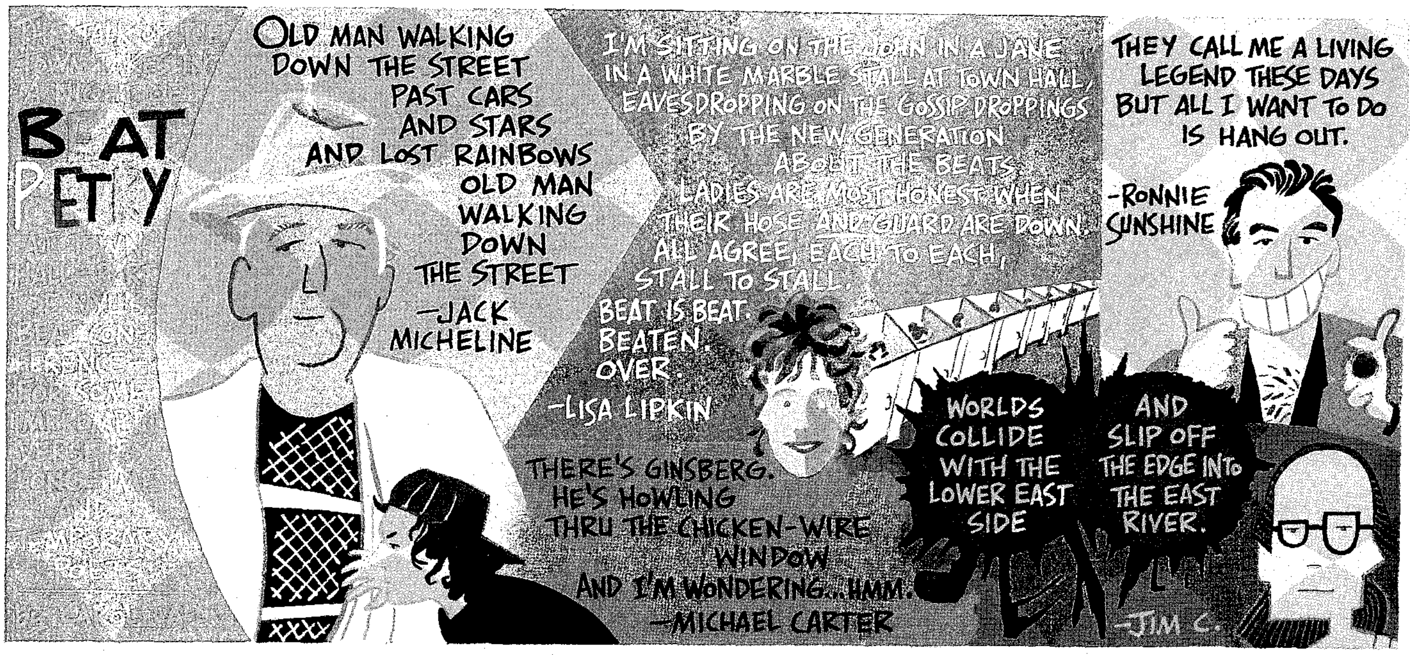
Sipping her tea, she tried out on us her new office-seeker role. She said, "I've always taken my daughters into the voting booth with me." She smiled about every third word, as if there were a TV camera mounted over our shoulder. And she admitted, with becoming modesty, "I'm not used to being the candidate."

Ms. McCaughey's ascent in state politics has been stunningly swift. It began when articles she published in recent months in the *Wall Street Journal* and *The New Republic* so vigorously challenged the assumptions of the Clinton health-care plan that she became, for a time, a talk-show staple, and then a national sensation among conservatives. Some of the conservatives happened to be New York State Republican leaders eager for candidates who might appeal to moderate voters, and especially to women. Ms. McCaughey's foot slid with perfect ease into the glass slipper. Ms. McCaughey did tell us, though, that before the state Republican Convention began, Mr. Pataki, after some prodding from CBS chairman Laurence Tisch (he's a friend of both Mr. Pataki and Ms. McCaughey), had called her to sound her out on the issues. With a convincing show of enthusiasm, she divulged that they "had a real meeting of the minds."



The typical role of the No. 2 on the gubernatorial ticket is to launch incessant attacks on the other side's No. 1. Ms. McCaughey, who brought the health-care issue out of Congress and into American homes with her alarming claim that the President's plan would make it harder for parents to get adequate care for their sick children, believes that she can achieve the same end with the state's high tax rates. "It's obvious to me," she said from behind a high platter of cold shellfish, "that the tax issue can have the same kind of lying-awake-at-night impact on people if they think about it for a second, because when you have such high state debt and such a low credit rating it means that much of what you're paying in taxes is actually going for interest on that debt. It's as if the state government were actually slapping a second mortgage on your home."

Ms. McCaughey says that she is looking forward to a campaign in which ideas are spiritedly debated. First, however, she must resolve an immediate and not so high-minded issue: how to survive the next six months with no source of income. The Manhattan Institute, a nonprofit public-policy research center,


BEAT
PETY
OLD MAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET PAST CARS AND STARS AND LOST RAINBOWS OLD MAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET —JACK MICHELINE
I'M SITTING ON THE JOHN IN A JANE IN A WHITE MARBLE STALL AT TOWN HALL, EAVESDROPPING ON THE GOSSIP DROPPINGS BY THE NEW GENERATION ABOUT THE BEATS. LADIES ARE MOST HONEST WHEN THEIR HOSE AND GUARD ARE DOWN. ALL AGREE, EACH TO EACH, STALL TO STALL. BEAT IS BEAT. BEATEN. OVER. -LISA LIPKIN
THERE'S GINSBERG. HE'S HOWLING THRU THE CHICKEN-WIRE WINDOW AND I'M WONDERING...HMM. —MICHAEL CARTER
THEY CALL ME A LIVING LEGEND THESE DAYS BUT ALL I WANT TO DO IS HANG OUT. -RONNIE SUNSHINE
WORLDS COLLIDE WITH THE LOWER EAST SIDE
AND SLIP OFF THE EDGE INTO THE EAST RIVER.
-JIM C.

had to cut her fellowship off when she accepted the candidacy. On being asked how she planned to support herself and her family, she thought about an answer, and then said, with the most gracious smile she could muster, "That's really a private matter." Then she had to rush off to a television interview. Three minutes later, she returned to the restaurant, her big shoulder bag swinging. She had realized, apparently, that in her new life private matters cannot remain private. "On the issue of our personal finances," Ms. McCaughey said, as if reading a prepared statement, "we're just going to have to tighten our belts and make do."

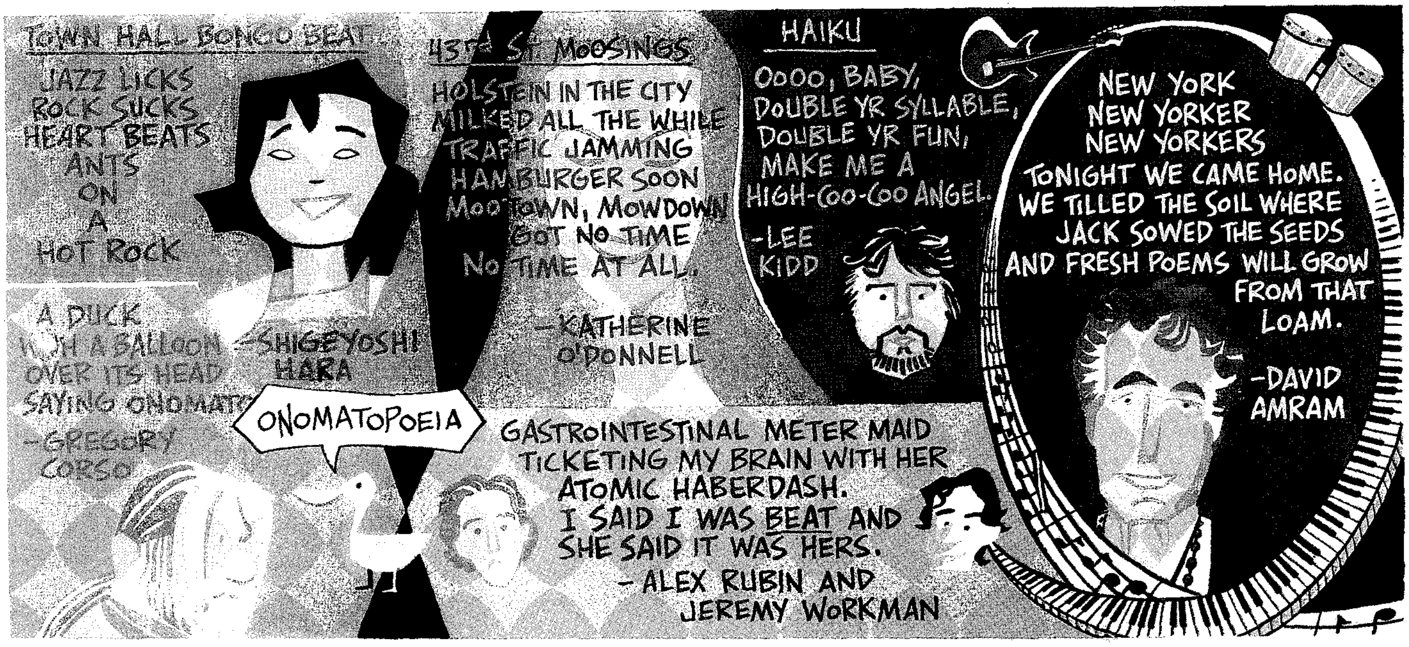
STILL SHOCKED

Two years ago, the extravagantly gifted and unclassifiable singer-songwriter Michelle Shocked played Carnegie Hall. She had recently released an ambitious album of collaborations called "Arkansas Traveler"—Pops Staples, Levon Helm, Taj Mahal, and Doc Watson were some of the musicians on it—and it wasn't yet clear that her record company, Mercury Records, had no idea how to sell it. Despite glowing reviews, the album sold fewer than two hundred thousand copies. Late last month, Shocked was back in town (she lives in Los Angeles), playing four sold-out shows at the Bottom Line. The first night, she opened her sets with the ten powerful new songs on her new album, "Kind Hearted Woman," but this time Shocked—her nom de punk dates back to her neo-yippie days as an early-eighties radical—was doing it on her own: selling her self-released CD at the T-shirt stand at the back of the club.

The singer, who is in her early thirties, wore a dark-brown ankle-length tank dress and played a white Fender Stratocaster. The new songs were a catalogue of woes, and full of death: a stillborn baby, the death of a four-year-old girl, death by drunk driver, by lightning, by cancer. Shocked prefaced one song during the show with the wrenching story of her grandmother's death, from lymphoma, three months ago—a story that ended with Shocked's abrupt departure from her grandmother's bedside when her estranged mother, who had once had her daughter committed to a psychiatric ward, made an unexpected and unwelcome appearance. "You think this is easy, singing these depressing songs night after night?" she joked at one point. But they were exhilarating, the way only great depressing songs (like the ones on Springsteen's "Nebraska") can be, and Shocked gave a wild and passionate performance.

The next day, we met Shocked and her husband, the writer Bart Bull, at their SoHo hotel, and then walked over to a bistro on Spring Street, where we had lunch. Bull, who is finishing a novel, is a veteran music journalist and a garrulous talker; he can spin long and colorful tales of record-industry perfidy. A couple of years ago, he wrote a wonderfully cranky and charmingly paranoid essay about the secret influence of nineteenth-century blackface minstrelsy on twentieth-century pop music; the essay was supposed to accompany "Arkansas Traveler," and Shocked at one time planned to appear on the album's cover in blackface. It was just the kind of approach that seems guaranteed to send your average A. & R. man running in the opposite direction.

But it was Shocked's conception of a followup to "Arkansas Traveler" that led to her final conflict with Mercury Records. (Shocked says that she and the label are close to a divorce.) "About two years ago, I started going to a black gospel church in South Central Los Angeles," Shocked said. "Originally, it was just to check out what contemporary black gospel sounds like." But it led to a conversion experience; Shocked told Mercury that she wanted to make an album with the R. & B. group Tony Toni Toné—and it was not to be a collection of conventional gospel songs, but, rather, brand-new Shocked compositions performed in a gospel-funk style. "I told the executives at Mercury, 'Hey, you're dealing with an artist who can do gospel in very surprising ways,'" Shocked said. "They asked me, 'Are you sure you don't want to make an acoustic album?' Eventually, they tried to put me in my place. I was supposed to be reminded that prestige artists get only so much leverage. As far as the gospel record goes, I was told that it's stylistically inconsistent."

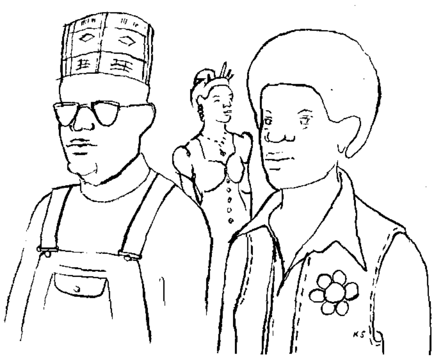

TOWN HALL BONGO BEAT
JAZZ LICKS
ROCK SUCKS
HEART BEATS
ANTS
ON
A
HOT ROCK
-SHIGEYOSHI HARA
43rd St. MOOSINGS
HOLSTEIN IN THE CITY
MILKED ALL THE WHILE
TRAFFIC JAMMING
HAMBURGER SOON
MOOTOWN, MOWDOWN
GOT NO TIME
NO TIME AT ALL.
-KATHERINE O'DONNELL
HAIKU
OOOO, BABY,
DOUBLE YR SYLLABLE,
DOUBLE YR FUN,
MAKE ME A
HIGH-COO-COO ANGEL.
-LEE KIDD
NEW YORK
NEW YORKER
NEW YORKERS
TONIGHT WE CAME HOME.
WE TILLED THE SOIL WHERE
JACK SOWED THE SEEDS
AND FRESH POEMS WILL GROW
FROM THAT
LOAM.
-DAVID AMRAM
A DUCK
WITH A BALLOON
OVER ITS HEAD
SAYING ONOMATOPOEIA
-GREGORY CORSO
ONOMATOPOEIA
GASTROINTESTINAL METER MAID
TICKETING MY BRAIN WITH HER
ATOMIC HABERDASH.
I SAID I WAS BEAT AND
SHE SAID IT WAS HERS.
- ALEX RUBIN AND JEREMY WORKMAN

We must have been looking gloomy at this point, because Shocked tried to cheer us up. "Hey, it's like David and Goliath—it's great to be in the battle," she said with a grin. "I invited myself to the gospel-roots party, and it's like, Get out of my way, you can't stop me."

AFROCENTRICITIES

RAVEN CHANTICLEER is the sole creator and curator and publicist of the Raven Chanticleer African-American Wax Museum of Harlem, and on a recent afternoon, in one or two or all three of these capacities, he installed Nelson Mandela, the President of South Africa, in his pantheon. The Raven Chanticleer African-American Wax Museum, which occupies the garden floor of a town house on West 115th Street that Mr. Chanticleer owns (he owns the one next door, too, and lives there), features wax likenesses of African-American political figures (Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.), African-American entertainers (Josephine Baker, Michael Jackson, Whoopi Goldberg), and now, as Mr. Chanticleer put it, "a real African *African*." Mr. Chanticleer is in his late fifties, bald, dark brown, tall, and solidly built, and on that afternoon he was dressed like no other curator in town: in an orange T-shirt bearing an image of Mr. Mandela, blue pin-striped slacks, a black-and-white striped stocking cap, dark socks, no shoes. And the greeting he extended a visitor to his museum bore no resemblance to that extended (via audiotape and headphones) by Philippe de Montebello. "Take off your shoes and do a sock thing on these floorboards, which are from Ghana—mother country of the Afrocentric thing," he said. "The track lighting is from Europe."

The general atmosphere of the museum—raffia-covered walls, incense, taped drum music—brought to mind the basement party scene in "Cooley High" and the "Soul Train" dancers at the end of Spike Lee's "Crooklyn," but Mr. Chanticleer soon explained that the vision which inspired the design of the place was his and his alone. "I was the first African-American Negro gentleman of color to work as a couturier for Bergdorf Goodman," he said. "I am a son of Harlem, a native of the affluent Sugar Hill, and I attended the Fashion Institute of Technology, the Sorbonne, and the University of Ghana. I got into my wax thing in London, after seeing Madame Tussaud's. I lived downtown during the time I worked at Bergdorf Goodman, and after that I moved back to Harlem. Crossing West 110th Street one day I felt the pulsation—the beat of the drums—call me forth to give my people the wax form."



Unlike the figures in other wax museums, the figures in the Raven Chanticleer African-American Wax Museum are not, strictly speaking, made of wax; they are constructed of wire and given a papier-mâché skin to which wax is applied. Nor are all of Mr. Chanticleer's figures *figures*, exactly; some are busts from which items of clothing are hung. But what is especially striking about Mr. Chanticleer's not-quite-wax not-quite-figures is the—well, the *interpretative* liberties that he has taken with history. Here the abolitionist Harriet Tubman wears aviator glasses. Here Fannie Lou Hamer, the civil-rights activist, wears a full-length leopard-pattern evening gown. Here Magic Johnson wears a leisure suit. Here Nelson Mandela wears an electric-blue African robe.

Mr. Chanticleer has designed clothing worn by the real-life Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, and Muhammad Ali, but not everyone on and around 115th Street seems to approve of the sartorial flourishes he has lent to African-American history. Back in 1989, not long after he opened the museum (visits by appointment only, suggested admission ten dollars), some neighborhood drug dealers tossed a firebomb into the yard behind the museum. "They didn't understand what I was doing, which is really why I'm here—to teach the children about the whole Afrocentric thing," Mr. Chanticleer said. ♦

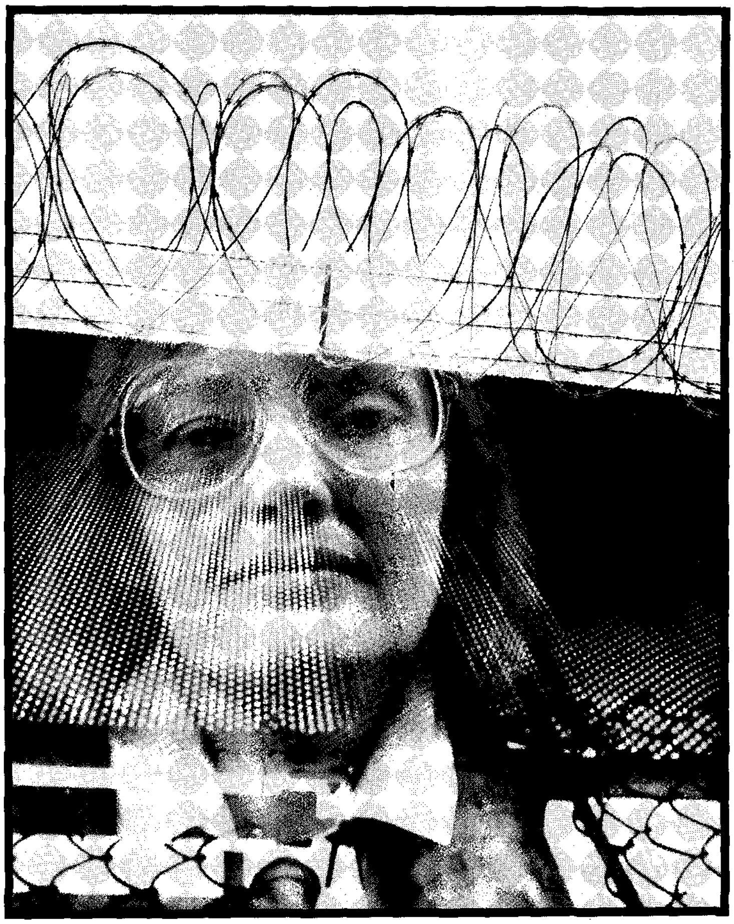
ANNALS OF CRIME

RETURN OF THE FUGITIVE

The surrender of antiwar radical Katherine Ann Power was expected to close a painful chapter in American history, but it's had a very different effect.

BY LUCINDA FRANKS

SEPTEMBER 23, 1970, Brighton, Massachusetts, near Boston: Katherine Ann Power, age twenty-one, student at Brandeis, tightens her fingers on the wheel of the switch car, an old Ford station wagon. Six blocks away, her comrades—her roommate Susan Saxe and three male convicts on parole—are robbing the State Street Bank & Trust Company. When she awoke in her studio apartment this morning, she had to step over a jumble of rifles, ammunition boxes, walkie-talkies, blasting caps, and a green duffel bag marked "Company A 101st Engineer Battalion"; most of it had been "liberated" from the National Guard Armory at Newburyport a few nights ago. She has come to believe that the only thing that will stop the Vietnam War is revolutionary action. National Guardsmen have killed four students during a peaceful antiwar demonstration at Kent State; President Nixon has been secretly bombing Cambodia and publicly lying about it; and even national-security adviser Kissinger is acting as though the country is about to fall apart. Katherine is determined to keep herself as cold and hard as iron. She wants to be a warrior. As yet, though, she is not a very good one. While the others were firebombing the Armory's supply room, her job was to keep watch, but she had crouched in the bushes and thrown up all over her gun. She is here in the switch car today because she is not considered dependable enough to be allowed on the scene of the bank holdup. But here comes the blue Chevy, and Susan and two of the others, carrying bank bags bulging with bills, jump out of their getaway car and into the station wagon. The men hide under blankets in the back seat as Katherine slides over and lets Susan take the wheel. Thank God, she thinks, the robbery has gone off as easily as child's play. They speed away, unaware that the fifth member of the gang, William Gilday, has hung back and, for no apparent reason, given one of Boston's most beloved cops a fatal bullet in the back.



After half a lifetime on the run, Power left her family and life in Oregon to serve time for her role in an action that left a Boston policeman dead.

EILEEN TRAVELL

SEPTEMBER 15, 1993: Alice Metzinger, a successful restaurateur, family woman, and community volunteer in Corvallis, Oregon, surrendered herself as Katherine Ann Power, bank robber and fugitive from justice, who had remained on the F.B.I.'s "Ten Most Wanted" list longer than any other woman in American history. After a year of tense negotiations, which were conducted by go-betweens, she was now in the hands of the Boston law-enforcement authorities, who had proved powerless to locate her. A state murder charge in the death of Officer Walter A. Schroeder, which could have carried a sentence of life in prison, was reduced to manslaughter and armed robbery, and Power agreed to a recommended prison term of eight to twelve years; she would be eligible for parole in five and a third years. Federal authorities agreed to give her a five-year sentence to be served concurrently for her role in the raid on the National Guard Armory in Newburyport—one of five robberies committed by the gang she belonged to during the late summer of 1970. Charges in the holdup of a Philadelphia bank, which Power says she does not remember participating in, were dropped. Officially, the case against the last well-known sixties radical was closed.

But if Power's surrender initially seemed also to close one of the last chapters of Vietnam-era history, it has served just the opposite purpose. The story of her fractured existence has turned out to be at least as sensational and full of contradictory extremes as that of her brief, explosive career in violent crime. A high-school valedictorian from a devout Catholic family, Power had been transformed seemingly overnight from a sedate Brandeis coed into an armed felon. For more than a decade, federal authorities had hunted her with special intensity, sending out periodic sweep teams, assembling federal grand juries to try to collect information on her, and jailing women who refused to testify concerning her whereabouts.

But while the rest of the Boston holdup gang, and also members of other terrorist groups, like the Weather Underground, were gradually captured or driven to the surface by hardship, Power managed to create within Oregon's New Age culture a protected life that seemed carved from the American dream.

The woman who left Oregon last fall was praised, lionized, and wept over, and the woman who was then arraigned in Massachusetts was as strongly derided and condemned. Her image in the newspapers—dewy-eyed, radiant, righteous—confounded and disturbed many citizens who saw her crime as both inexplicable and unforgivable. But there were also many people who claimed her as an emblem of the lost idealism of the sixties, when thousands of young people had thought themselves empowered not only to end a war but to alter the entire American social structure.

In Boston, it was an insult beyond bearing that the subversive who had been involved in a robbery that took the life of a Catholic policeman looked as though she had emerged from the sacristy of a Catholic church. Published photographs that showed her joyful pre-surrender reunion with her parents and siblings—all of them raising wineglasses even as the authorities were still looking for her—only fed the fury. The day of Power's sentencing, however, belonged to another large Catholic family—Marie Schroeder and her nine children, who had been left fatherless twenty-three years earlier. Flanked by rows of uniformed officers, the family sat in the courtroom as Walter Schroeder's eldest daughter, Clare, told their story. Clare Schroeder, herself a police sergeant, spoke of the suffering the family had endured, living with "the open wound of her unresolved crime. . . . While Katherine Power was establishing her new life in Oregon—learning to cook, establishing a restaurant, and hunting game birds with her husband—my mother was struggling every day to care for us, to provide for us, and to give us a loving home." Whereas Power had sought therapy and spiritual self-fulfillment programs for depression, she added, "my mother could not afford such a luxury." Walter Schroeder had been a decorated public servant who had saved many people's lives. Why then, she asked, was everyone talking about Power's heroism and courage?

Judge Robert Banks, of the Suffolk County Superior Court, evidently concurred. In a voice thick with distaste, he told Power, who stood before him in handcuffs, that he was unimpressed by her claims of being clinically depressed. He also refused to allow her son, Jaime, to testify on her behalf. And, in an unusual move, he went beyond the negotiated sentence and added a probation provision that could put Power in jail for life if she or her family should receive any benefit or profit from telling her story. Outside the courtroom, bystanders were passionately divided over the sentence, some declaring that it was too severe and others that it was too lenient. The return of the fugitive had brought long-buried strife to the surface, however briefly, reminding Americans that the wounds of Vietnam remained unhealed.

"FOR twenty-three years, I dreamt I would accidentally sign my real name. Well, when I surrendered, I lived my nightmare. For the first time, I signed 'Katherine Ann Power'—and I had to do it over and over, on these legal documents. It was like some insane, drug-induced experience." Power sat in the visiting lounge of MCI-Framingham, Massachusetts' only prison for women. She wore no makeup. Her skin, which was pale, looked translucent. She hugged her elbows, one moment throwing her head back in laughter and speaking expansively, the next becoming watchful and sharp-edged. "Then this prison intake psychologist asks me if I have any anxieties. I said, 'Me? Ice water runs in my veins.' . . . I was completely self-possessed, totally the armored fugitive."

In fact, she had felt buoyantly light, disentangled at last from the heavy net of lies, aliases, and invented selves. For the first time in more than two decades, she had, for a while, felt safe. Once in prison, she had dropped her guard and begun to write poetry. One poem ended by describing how she had gone from being the victorious to the vanquished warrior:

She bowed her head
Offered her hands for the manacles, her
  legs for the shackles
And admitted defeat.
She stands unguarded, infant open to a
  universe that may not be benevolent
Believing the truth of this way
Terrified.

Then she found out that someone

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wanted to kill her. A prison guard had picked up a voice on his police radio, talking about ways to "murder Katherine Power." For security reasons, she was moved from a cell with a window that offered a view to a cell whose window faced a wall, above which floated a tiny slice of sky. That her reappearance and surrender have moved some people to want to kill her strikes her as deeply ironic, since for years she has fought off depression—and the urge to do the job herself. The authorities at Framingham put her in a "special care" cell block, named after one of the prison's first supervisors, American Red Cross founder Clara Barton. Her schedule now includes a women's spirituality group and an aerobics class; she publishes her poetry in the prison newspaper; she takes Trazodone, an antidepressant, and Prozac; and she undergoes intensive psychotherapy twice a week. She explained that after spending years living only in the present and, quite literally, wiping out any memories of the past, she must now "reintegrate" her personality, reconciling Alice Metzinger with an old, and forgotten, Katherine Power. It is so difficult a task that, on the advice of her prison therapist, she has added photographs of herself at various stages of her life to the photos of her parents she had taped on a wall of her cell—"to remind me," she said, "that this everyday reality I wake up to is not all there is of me. The central reason I didn't give myself up before is that I was so afraid that my frenetic activity was my only weapon against suicide. Prison has taken the activity away, but I have another weapon that I never had before—anger."

The Massachusetts corrections authorities have refused to make a decision on whether to allow Power to serve her sentence in a West Coast prison, so that she could be nearer to her husband and son. The authorities' intransigence is vengeful, according to Power's lawyers, who maintain that the transfer was promised Power in an oral agreement. (The D.A.'s office denies this.)

"When I think about the betrayal of the Boston authorities and Judge Banks and the others who would love it if I died by my own hand, I get mad, and it strengthens my defenses," she said. "A little while ago, my contract began to break down—the tools left me. This voice said, 'If you just stop taking Trazodone, nobody will hold you responsible for leaving them.' I told my therapist, and he said, 'If you start to actually plan how to kill yourself, will you call me?' And I did begin to plan it, and I called him and asked to be put on suicide watch. Of course, my strongest weapon against suicide is my contract with God and my family. This time, I am going to come back—not like the other times, where I've walked away from my family and everyone that I knew in my life. Now I have said I will not leave anymore. I will not hurt anyone anymore."

Power's instant celebrity brought her a great deal of unwanted attention, and that, too, has angered her. Hollywood agents have hounded her husband; Boston newspapers have published negative stories about her; and reporters from all over the country have posed as visitors to try to get in to see her. The Corvallis *Gazette-Times* reported that Clare Schroeder's brother Paul, who is also a Boston police officer, telephoned the paper after her sentencing, saying that Power "should have died for it," and adding, "I have friends in the prison system. We'll make it as hard on her as we can." Power's lawyer says that although she has received several anonymous threats, her treatment in prison has been good. Still, Power reports that "at night, I've had these dreams. People are trying to tear out my heart with their teeth, and I wake up shaking."

For much of her life as a fugitive, Power wore her hair so short it sometimes stuck straight up. Now, however, the ends of her hair dipped forward girlishly, and, in her prison-approved garb—jeans, a black cable-knit sweater with a little white collar peeking out neatly, white socks, and Keds—she looked almost as though time had stopped for her back on that September day of her senior year at Brandeis. In a sense, it did. The killing of Walter Schroeder immobilized Katherine Ann Power in her own history. She became the stuff of counterculture myth, and, throughout the seventies, the F.B.I.'s intensive hunt for her served only to aggrandize that image. But, when the war ended and her fellow-radicals dispersed and slipped back into the establishment, Power was left alone with the myth, a revolutionary without comrades or a revolution. Running from one false persona to another, she clung to the only self that was constant—the warrior who represented the moral outrage of a generation. One senses in her today a poignant grandiosity: the stories she tells invariably feature her as the heroic central character in an ongoing epic. They tend to have grand themes (Catholicism, feminism, victimization, struggle, shame, transformation) and to depict her archetypally (the defiant rebel, the depressed workaholic). Her language sometimes lapses into sixties revolutionary jargon overlaid with nineties recovery-movement platitudes, and this serves to protect her by keeping others at a safe distance. So does the fact that there are gaps in her story—her memory, she says, is only now beginning to return.

Ironically, the story about herself that Power has the most difficulty believing is perhaps the simplest, and the one told most often by the friends she made in Oregon over the last sixteen years. They talk of her generosity and loyalty, and yet she questions how these qualities can be real if Alice Metzinger is not.

IT was in May of 1992, after half a lifetime on the lam, that Power admitted to herself that she needed help. Taking a step that was tantamount to coming out of hiding, she walked into a series of four seminars on depression being given at a hospital in the Corvallis area. The instructor, Linda Carroll, had barely begun her talk when Power, who had never before dropped her guard in public, began to sob openly. "She could barely get the words out," Carroll, a family therapist, recalled. "She was like a burn victim that has somehow miraculously survived." When the seminars ended, Power began to see Carroll privately, and soon blurted out her disjointed story. Carroll tried to call on lawyers for consultation in the case, but she found that many were unwilling to become involved in representing a fugitive. Finally, Carroll enlisted the services of Steven Black, who was a renegade public defender, known for taking cases that others wouldn't touch; a physician named Barry Reeves, who put Power on an antidepressant; and a psychiatrist named Charles Kuttner.

Each week for fifteen months Power travelled to Carroll's office, in a local medical center, and sat for fifty minutes in an easy chair. She would stare at the Karastan rug or the Impressionist prints on the walls, and, behind her big granny glasses, her tears would flow as she related details of her life. Back in the nineteen-seventies, Power had often joked to Susan Saxe that she'd had so many identities a shrink would have a field day with her. Two decades later, it was no longer a joking matter.

Carroll became convinced that Power had inherited from her father a condition known as endogenous clinical depression and then that she had suffered post-traumatic stress, reliving the robbery and murder in vivid flashbacks. It seemed to Carroll that Power's fugitive state and the symptoms of this biochemical depression "fed each other furiously. The depressive symptoms—

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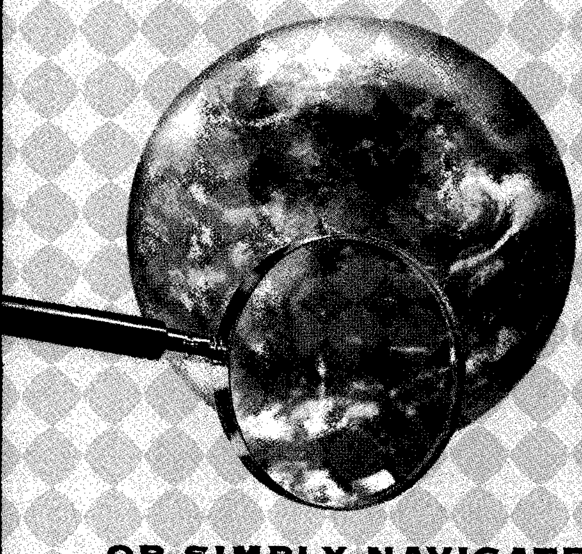

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anxiety, vigilance, isolation—were exactly the qualities she needed to cultivate to survive. Each one cloaked the other. If her depression subsided, the fugitiveness would kick in, so that even in her good periods she would isolate herself and her family."

As early as the third week, according to Power, Carroll suggested that she investigate the charges that were outstanding against her. "Katherine became aware of a deep, unrecognized desire to reunite with her parents and siblings," Carroll told me. "Katherine Power had been a young Catholic trained to seek a higher purpose, and for more than twenty years she had been living almost without purpose. It became clear that she could find meaning again only by surrendering."

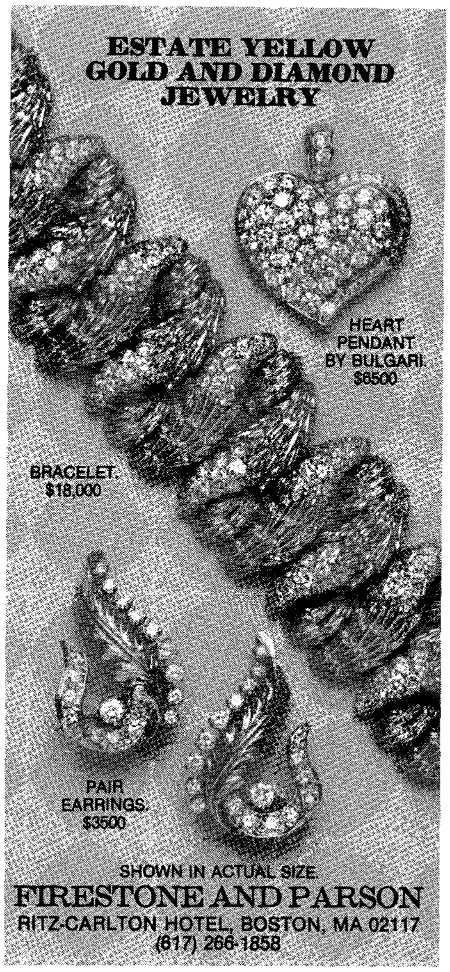
FROM their home, in the little city of Lebanon, Oregon, twenty miles east of Corvallis, Power's husband, Ron Duncan, and her son, Jaime, talk to her for at least twenty minutes a day. Money is scarce and they are running up huge phone bills, but they cannot seem to limit their calls. The small house is ramshackle: the lampshades are shredding, the coffee table is chipped, the plants are yellowing. Though it is mid-January, a Christmas tree still stands in a corner, sagging under big outdoor lights. "Alice and I very comfortably live a life of voluntary poverty," Ron tells me on the first day I visit. It is certainly a cozy place, however, with a Sweet Home woodstove roaring away in the living room.

Ronley Duncan was once a comparatively conventional man—earnest, gentlemanly, anchored to his marriage and his family's accounting firm, now known as Duncan-Duncan Associates, in Portland. Then, fourteen years ago, Alice Louise Metzinger flew into his life like a comet. Within the first weeks of their romance, she had entrusted to him the secret of her identity. Subsequently, he gave up everything, including his wife and his then eleven-year-old daughter, for love of her. Today, he wears his hair, which is thick and wiry and graying, pulled back into a ponytail and works as a meat cutter and as a freelance tax accountant. His skin seems colorless and parched. He has a gentle manner, an unwavering gaze, and a deep, calming voice. His eye alights happily on the traces of his wife that are everywhere—a new hiking jacket he had given her, which she hardly got to wear; a half-used deodorant stick; scraps of her poems, sticking out from between stacks of clients' old tax returns; her charcoal drawing of the head of a horse.

The phone rings, and Ron jumps up to answer it, thinking that it is his wife, whom he still calls Alice; he is concerned because she has not been feeling well but has been reluctant to complain, for fear that the doctors might think her antidepressant is to blame. "And if her medication goes, so does her life," he says. But the caller is Jaime. "Hello? Hello?" Ron shouts. "Jaime, is that you?" Jaime, who has just turned fifteen, is at the movies and has spent his last dime, but he has figured out that on this particular kind of pay phone you can dial a number without depositing any money and still be heard, if faintly. An hour later, Jaime, dark-haired, handsome, and affable, wearing oversized green shorts and a Raiders baseball cap turned backward, clatters in, and disappears into his room to listen to some new rap CDs.

Jaime was told of his mother's real identity only a month before her surrender and many months after the secret negotiations with the authorities had begun. Although he says he supports his mother's decision, he clearly has some lingering anger and confusion. He is popular at Lebanon High School, but his schoolwork has suffered and he dropped off the swim team after his mother left, last fall. This is partly because he has had to travel to the East Coast several times to see her, and partly because she was the disciplinarian of the family, and Jaime, like any teen-ager, is enjoying his freedom. To see his mother deprived of hers is more than he can handle. He becomes restless and uncomfortable visiting her. "We were a very close little family," Ron says. "Jaime and I still touch a lot, we still kiss. He is very affectionate, and Alice misses that affection terribly. It is a loss she had not counted on." Jaime's way of handling his mother's absence seems to be to keep her at an emotional distance. This is made easier by the fact that, for the first time, he has become seriously involved with girls. Once when he travelled to Framingham, he kept a Teddy bear a girl gave him by his bed.

His mother's surrender introduced him to the large extended family he had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never known. He had just spent Christmas in Denver with his maternal grandparents, aunts, uncles, and boisterous cousins, all of whom hovered over him and argued about him, as though they wanted him instantly to fill the hole that his mother's disappearance had left so many years ago. As for Ron, he'd been exactly where he wanted to be for the holidays—with his wife. "They let you have one kiss and one long hug at the beginning and the end of our visits," he says. "If you hug too long, the guards start coughing. The price of the hugs is that Alice has to be strip-searched with rubber gloves afterward, but I guess she's got used to it."

The phone rings again, and this time it is his wife. He cradles the receiver, speaks softly into it, chuckles, whispers, and looks suddenly revived.

STEVEN BLACK, who was Power's first lawyer, is a large man with an easy, bluff manner that is at startling odds with rather fierce, jutting eyebrows. He is a fixture in Corvallis's old Italianate county courthouse; customarily, he can be found loping back and forth between jail and courtroom, waving casually to a retinue of recidivist drunks, con men, and drug users, all of whom return the greeting. He is known for being outspoken, for irritating judges by a failure to be punctual, and for wearing ties shaped like fish, in protest against the court's dress code.

A decorated Vietnam reconnaissance pilot who served in the military for ten years, Black has what he calls his "attaboy buttons"—including one for saving the lives of four soldiers ambushed in a paddy field—hanging on a wall in his office. Black had started drinking to forget Vietnam, and in 1983 he got sober and soon gave up a lucrative corporate practice to become a court-appointed attorney. Periodically, however, he was plagued by sudden, unexplained crying jags. Then, in May of 1992, a short, shy woman walked into his office. "She wore a black skirt, black pumps, and a frilly blouse, and had her hair in a bun," he recalled. "She looked like she had just fallen off a Keebler cookie box, very waiflike and forlorn. She began spilling out her own Vietnam War story, and I began to get those awful feelings again." Power and Black began meeting up to two or three times a week. During one meeting, after he told her about a particularly gruesome air operation, she joked that he was the one who should be put on trial. "I said, 'What a good idea!' " he recalled. "We were both obsessed with a desire to be punished, to seek expiation for our acts."

There are not many places in America where you could open the doors of the county courthouse after hours and find the D.A. prosecuting a public defender for old war crimes before a jury of prominent citizens. But that is what happened in Corvallis, Oregon, in September of 1992. Power agreed to act as Black's "attorney," though she was risking exposure by publicly returning, so to speak, to the scene of her own Vietnam-era crime.

About fifty of Steven Black's friends and associates received invitations to the mock trial, in which Black was charged with crimes against humanity, on the basis of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Most of them were intrigued, yet few of them found this bizarre event out of character for their town. Corvallis, which is some seventy-five miles south of Portland, in the Willamette Valley, seems to have been reborn from the ashes of the Woodstock Nation: businessmen in Birkenstock sandals and work shirts ride their bicycles or amble along its wide, neatly restored streets, visiting their neighbors' food coöperatives or art galleries, or turn their own space over to a demonstration of, say, newly discovered tribal chants. The climate is always mild; sporadic bursts of rain put a magical glaze on everything; the roadside alders grow wild with shoots, and the gnarled, rangy branches of white oaks hang heavy with Spanish moss.

At seven o'clock on the night of September 3rd, an expectant audience greeted Black as he walked into Courtroom No. 1 with his attorney, Alice Metzinger, who wore a classic tan suit. The jury—attorneys, doctors, businesspeople of the town—sat in the jury box beneath the tall shuttered windows. Karen Zorn, the Deputy District Attorney, opened by charging that Black had gone beyond his military duty in Vietnam, and engaged in the "extracurricular killing" of a hundred or more people in the free-fire zone he patrolled in the

"On the contrary, I do feel that our marriage still works, we just have to start marketing it differently."

Mekong Delta. As she elaborated, people began to shift uncomfortably in their chairs. This was more than some of the jurors were prepared to deal with, and two excused themselves.

On the stand, Black, whose nickname in Vietnam had been Captain Kidd, testified to what he had done after he finished his regular duty of providing cover for foot patrols: "I would take my plane, the Iron Butterfly, out hunting. I would look for people. I would shoot at anything that moved"—whether it was sampans, old men, children, or women hanging out their laundry.

"How did you feel about it?" Zorn asked.

Black wiped his forehead. "I enjoyed it," he replied. "It was a game. I killed a lot of people, I probably killed extra people."

Next, Alice Metzinger rose and asked him whether he had any justification for shooting unarmed civilians.

"No, I don't have any justification—what I did was wrong," Black replied. She then asked him some severe questions about what she termed his "hunting expeditions"; several spectators were moved to wonder why his own attorney was being so hard on him. Then she called an expert witness, a cultural anthropologist named Lucy Skjelstad, and Skjelstad testified that Black's behavior was explainable in the context of the mores and the values of the military culture in which he had been a member. In her summation, Metzinger argued that you did indeed have to view Black's crimes in context; that the real criminals in the war were "the profiteers, the politicians, the bureaucrats"; that Steven Black was just a victim of his times.

When the jurors adjourned to deliberate, they were in a collective state of shock. "The Steve I know wouldn't have been capable of doing those killings—they were the work of a madman," Rod Terry, an architect and a fellow Vietnam veteran (who never saw combat), said. But very few, it seemed, were proud of their own behavior during the Vietnam War. "We were all sitting there in that jury room with baggage—we all felt very uncomfortable," Jeanne Ferrell, a legal assistant, said. "I thought about my son. He came out of the Army with considerable psychological damage. How I wish I had listened to him! I wish I had told him not to go in." Other jurors expressed guilt at having done nothing to try to stop the war. At length, they filed back into the courtroom with a verdict. Alice Metzinger wept when she heard it: not guilty by the standards of 1969 but guilty by today's standards.

Black was "sentenced" to fifty hours of community service. "I went home almost beatific," he told me. "I have never felt such a sensation of lightness, of relief. The absolute worst things I had ever done, the worst part of me, was finally out there, and my friends, most of them, could forgive me. And I had shown Katherine that if the guilt for my crimes could be mitigated by putting them in a cultural context, so could hers." Actually, not all the jurors could forgive Black, or understand his actions. "Nobody would get me in a position where I'd kill like that," said Rod Terry.

Black now turned his attention to his mock attorney's future. He asked a law-school friend who was living in Alaska to approach the federal authorities in Boston and find out what the exact charges against Power were. Subsequently, Black got in touch with a Boston lawyer named Rikki Klieman and she approached Ralph Martin, the new Suffolk County District Attorney, in Boston. Word spread through the law-enforcement network, and the F.B.I., which was especially eager to capture Power and thus avoid the embarrassment of having to negotiate with her, renewed its hunt. Klieman called Power and Black only from phone booths. "I knew that the race was on—that they would try to use these negotiations to find her," Klieman recalled. "I assumed they were getting my phone records, maybe tapping my phones. I encoded all references to the case in my diary. I even got so paranoid that if someone came up and used the pay phone next to me I immediately changed phones."

Klieman and Martin went back and forth, with Klieman holding out for three years' time served, and Martin, on behalf of the Massachusetts authorities, insisting on fifteen. Black, for his part, wanted Power to stand trial; his own experience of confessional theatre had whetted his appetite for public debate about Vietnam, and to him the state's case against Power looked weak. "In fact, we had zippo," Martin later told me. "No admissible evidence, no credible witnesses. Basically, no case."

Susan Saxe, who was armed and inside the Brighton bank during the holdup, had made a plea bargain after her trial, in 1976, ended in a hung jury; she served less than seven years. Power hoped to serve much less than that, but she was adamant about entering a guilty plea. She told Black that to claim she had not driven the switch car would make a travesty of her surrender. Klieman, who had other concerns, supported Power's urge to plead guilty: she feared that, given today's conservative political climate, a jury was quite capable of sending Power away for life, even on scant evidence.

In the spring of 1993, with neither side budging on the terms, the talks between Martin and Klieman stopped cold. Then, a few months later, Klieman recalled, she was sitting at her desk, looking out of her office window at Boston's majestic Customs House tower. "I had this vision, this overwhelming sense that we had to end this, we had to bring her in," she told me. "I called the D.A.'s office and they sensed the change in me. We had to make this work—for Katherine, for the Schroeders, for society." A compromise was reached, and a week later Power agreed to the terms.

Ralph Martin, who in 1992 became the first black D.A. in Massachusetts, happened to attend Brandeis University just after Katherine Ann Power did and has personal feelings about the "political" nature of her crime. "My dad was a cop," Martin told me, "and he used to tell me that black officers were expected to be men in the street and less than men in the station house. I marched in Harlem for civil rights, I was against the Vietnam War. In fact, my father told me he'd rather see me in jail than in Vietnam. Brandeis was a hotbed of radicalism, and I was right in it, but, so help me God, when I heard what Katherine Power and her friends had done, I never saw the nexus.

"She certainly deserves credit for coming forward, because we probably never would have caught her," Martin went on. "But if she is a victim of anything, it is of her own actions."

FOR Katherine Ann Power, the clues to what happened to her life are embedded in her upbringing. When I

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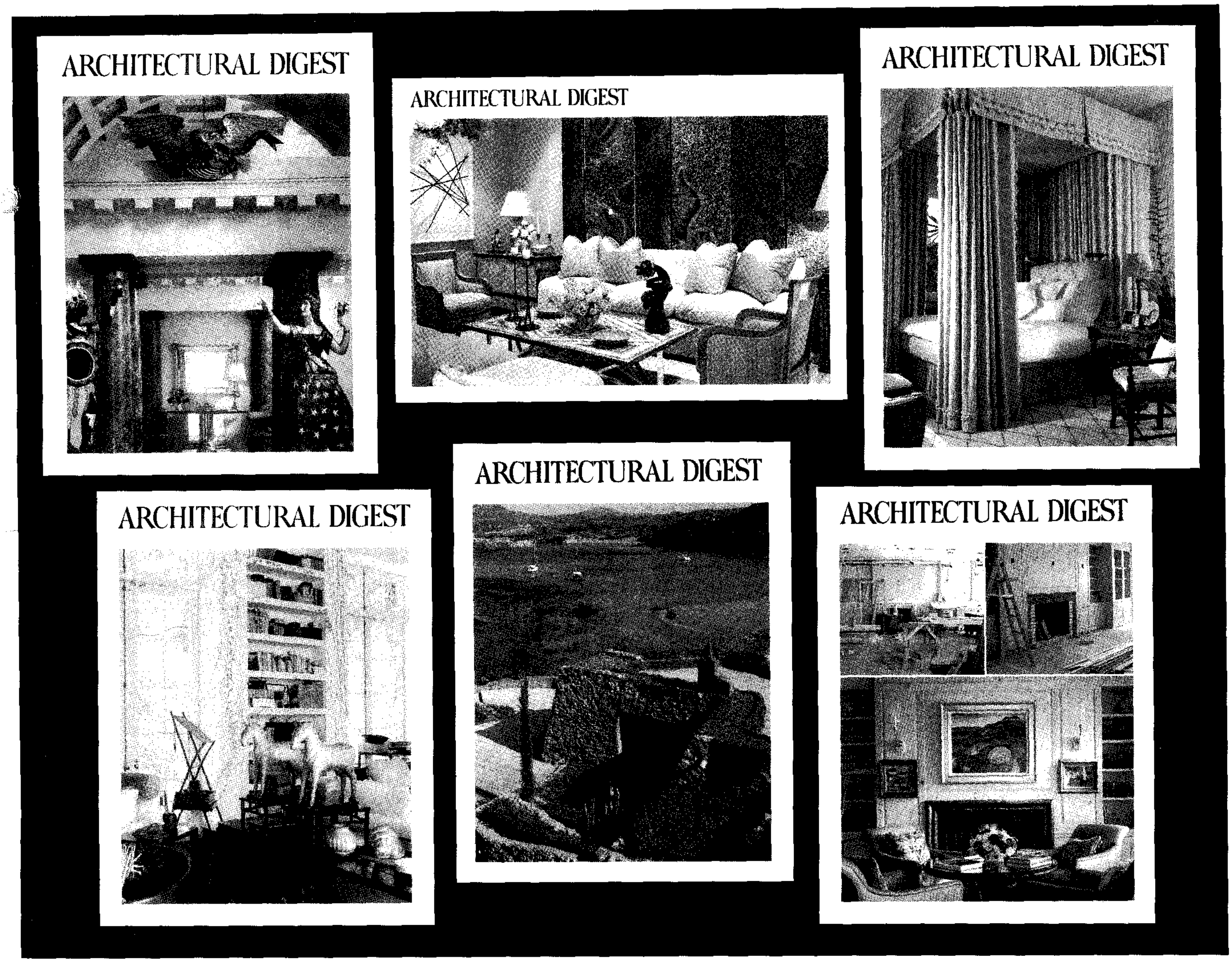

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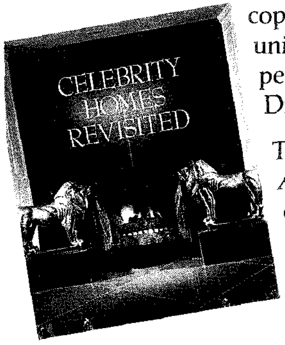

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went to see her, she looked around the visitors' lounge, taking in a set of tiny tables and animal-shaped chairs that prisoners' children use when they visit, and said, "My own childhood in Denver was kind of extreme." She was the oldest daughter of seven children in the kind of Catholic family where, often, the aunts were nuns, the uncles were priests, and all those at home recited rosaries together in the evening. Both parents worked—her mother, Marjorie Power, as a nurse and her father, Winfield Power, as a loan officer in a bank. "I grew up on stories of the saints—the ones who got their heads chopped off for the greater good. I always imagined how glorious that kind of sacrifice would be. My mother would rise at 5 A.M., draw my father's bath, make breakfast, leave for work, ride the bus home, take a fifteen-minute nap, prepare the family dinner, and organize the family workforce to do dishes and laundry, and then she would have a half hour to herself. She would stand behind the living-room chair by the heat register, warming her legs and reading 'Dear Abby.' She never, ever complained."

When Katherine was about fourteen years old, her mother was put on the night shift at the hospital. "I quit Girl Scouts to cook dinner," she told me. "That was fine with me, because I thought Girl Scouts was stupid—a bunch of hoohaws riding horses and not doing much for other people." Her father suffered from untreated depression, and his illness, she said, was a major force in shaping her life. "He had such a feeling of inadequacy that he couldn't support his family by himself. He fought it in the same way I did, with lots of activity—bowling leagues, Toastmasters, various fraternal organizations. I was extremely bright, and they wanted to make a public speaker of me. Every night, I had to stand by the fireplace and recite the Optimist Club creed, promising to look at the sunny side of every situation. He was a loving father, but he demanded that everyone perform perfectly, and he would have these unpredictable rages. When he yelled at me, I thought I was going to die. I had to be perfect, I had to be absolutely good and perfect."

At Marycrest High School, Katherine worked with the poor and elderly, and was a youth columnist for the Denver *Post*, a National Merit Scholarship finalist, and a winner of the Betty Crocker Homemaker Award, for her recipes and her sewing. She graduated from high school with a 4.0 grade average. "My first criterion for college was: How far away from home is it? Then, that it wasn't Catholic. I wanted to get away from this Catholic burden."

In the fall of 1967, Katherine Power made an escape of sorts—landing in another rarefied community, the heavily Jewish intellectual world of Brandeis University, in Waltham, ten miles west of Boston. Brandeis had awarded her a full scholarship. "It was in the days when people dressed in togas and took acid to go to French class," the filmmaker Mickey Lemle recalled. "When Dow Chemical tried to recruit on campus, students responded by planning to napalm a dog. I remember we provided sanctuary to a soldier who was AWOL in the middle of Mailman House. We slept around him, and we all had a number to call if we got busted. A lot of us were there to meet girls. It was the era of free love, and some people were motivated by sex as much as by politics, and everyone knew that radical people tended to do it more."

As for Katherine Power, her prim, wholesome aura made her a walking advertisement of the pious life style she had fled. On her first day at her dormitory, Gordon Hall, while other students were wandering about at a welcome party, "I found her sitting in a corner, crying," recalled Deborah Cotton, who was a freshman from a similarly sheltered Catholic background and is now a doctor conducting AIDS research in Boston. "She was a little fish in a big pond, and she was severely homesick. For a girl used to a strict, structured school life to come in on Day One and see couples openly sleeping together and tripping on LSD and mescaline was too much for her."

By the late fall, Power had found a niche for herself: she had made friends and had become involved in the antiwar movement, though she was far from an extremist; in fact, she was active on the Brandeis Social Committee, in charge of arranging the décor, the food, and the entertainment for school dances and parties. In her sophomore year, she was a part of the Big Brother/Big Sister program for incoming freshmen. Yet she still had an air of not belonging, and she tended to befriend underdogs and misfits. "I even had the wrong kind of pajamas," Power told me. "It was a class thing. I didn't have money. I was overweight." But she easily made the dean's list. Mark Seth Lender, a fellow-student, who is now a writer living in New York, says, "I would even say she had genius. It came right off her."

Power's friends say that her emotional maturity did not keep pace with her intellectual gifts. Madeline Raetz, one of her suitemates during junior year, said that when she looks at her teen-age daughter's friends, she remembers what Kathy was like: "She was doing everything late. I think she was just learning to drive, she was boy crazy." According to Cotton, Kathy was also often depressed. "She would spend an inordinate amount of time sleeping. We would come back from classes and she would be parked there in her bathrobe. She was very sweet and eager to please, and she would make toast and tea on the hot plate and listen to other people's troubles. There was not a lot going on in her life. But I'll never forget a discussion several of us had about abortion. She was adamant that there was never a justification for taking a human life, no matter what the greater good was."

In the spring of 1970, campuses all over the country erupted in outrage over the Cambodia invasion and the Kent State killings. More than four hundred universities and colleges were shut down as students and professors rioted or went on strike. Close to a hundred thousand demonstrators marched on Washington and engulfed the White House. At Brandeis, many students who were merely liberal, such as Katherine Power, became radicalized. "I was a science nerd, not a politico," Cotton recalled. "But we all thought that in fact the older generation was ready to kill their young." The antiwar movement had gradually spread roots to foster an entire "Amerikan" subculture, with a network of underground newspapers (serviced by the Liberation News Service), radio stations, theatre groups, and leftist philosophers and revolutionary theorists, ranging from Herbert Marcuse and Staughton Lynd to Eldridge Cleaver and Abbie Hoffman. Some groups splintered off to advocate violent action.

Power helped set up a National Student Strike Information Center, which had its headquarters at Brandeis, and acted as the strike committee's press secretary. She told me that, as her activism escalated, so did her disillusionment with her professors: "They were teaching us that this was the apocalypse. They were in the car with me, hurling bricks through the windows of firms with Defense Department contracts. But then they went back to their comfortable lives, their security. They didn't take real risks."

"Feel free to loosen your tie, Harrison—the air-conditioning is out."

• •

Allen Grossman, who was an English professor at Brandeis at the time and now teaches at Johns Hopkins University, recalled, "Impossible moral burdens were put on students. They were told that legitimate sources of money for the movement had dried up. Students like Kathy Power, in their enormous desire to be good, took it all as a personal mandate. I am angry at myself, and at others in the college, for not stepping in. Katherine Power became enormously confused. The liberal system and legitimate action within that system were denounced, with no thought about where this could lead."

The choice that Power made in the summer of 1970 was a fateful one. "The Mobe—the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam—wanted me to move into a leadership role, to go to Cuba and meet with the Vietnamese and come back and lecture around the country," she said. "I met David Dellinger and all these male stars, and I shrank back. I mistrusted myself deeply. I ran screaming from that legitimate leadership role, because I thought I would just love its trappings of power and status and that would be a mortal sin. Then what was left was clandestine action. I didn't want to be famous, I just wanted to be effective—to finally make it impossible for the war to go on anymore."

As a result of her connections on campus, Power was able to get keys to administrative offices, and she used them to enter the Student Council office (she had run for president that year and lost) and steal stationery. She printed and distributed a notice saying that classes had been cancelled in protest against the Cambodia bombing, and the notice caused chaos on campus. At the end of the school year, Power, Susan Saxe, and some other students stayed on at Brandeis. The university ordered the strike center shut down, shut off telephone service, and posted guards outside the building. Power and five other students sued the school to keep the center open, and lost.

If she had joined Mobe that summer instead, Katherine probably would never have met Stanley Bond, a clever, articulate, largely self-educated twenty-five-year-old convict. In February, Bond had suddenly found himself plucked from nearby Walpole State Prison and deposited on the campus of Brandeis, courtesy of a group of college-sponsored liberal philanthropists, who thought him a perfect candidate for an experimental parole project they supported. Bond, who grew up in Pasadena, California, had been a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, and after coming home in 1965 he had gone on to commit twenty armed robberies over a three-month period. He was tall and had a thick head of hair, a tight, muscular body, and a cocky swagger. He would tell people right away that he had been in prison, and sometimes he would invite them into his dorm room to see a pistol he kept there. Richard Onorato, then the dean of students, recounted, "I was showing him around, and he said, 'Look at all these young cunts, you can fuck 'em all.' Then he said, 'It's such a beautiful day it makes you want to die—no, it makes you want to kill someone.' " Onorato, who is now an English professor at Brandeis, recalled that he had immediately alerted the dean of faculty and other university officials. "The next thing we knew, Bond was telling people that he had a gun and that a certain dean had better stop criticizing him. I remember one dean said, 'Well, he'd better not come here, because I have a gun in my drawer.' But, of course, I knew I was the one Bond was threatening, and I was shaken up." Bond was reported to have threatened other faculty members during the spring term at Brandeis, but no action was taken against him. "I heard that a very senior person at Brandeis had got this prisoner-release thing to happen and didn't want it to fail," Onorato said.

Gerald Zerkin, who lived across the hall from Bond, and who is now a lawyer in Virginia, commented, "He was a scary guy. I liked Kathy, and I saw Bond's effect on certain kinds of women, who were vulnerable and perhaps a bit lonely. I was concerned

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when I saw her hanging around him."

Lender remembers Power looking that spring like "an escapee from parochial school, damage and all," and explains, "She had gained weight, and her hair was a mess, and there were cigarette ashes on her clothes." Bond, on the other hand, had the quality of a rock star. "He was like Mick Jagger. He gave off this electric and sexual energy, and everyone picked it up—kids, gay men, women. I was just a naïve kid, but it seemed to me he could have any woman he wanted."

The woman he chose, in late July, was Kathy Power. "What I knew was that he was not like the other people," Power told me. "He wasn't about pretending to be radical. The very things that made other people so uncomfortable about him—his intensity, his passion, his commitment, his not-straightness—were what made me aware of him as a possible comrade."

For years afterward Power's family and friends would search for a way to explain what happened to her that summer. Clearly, her particular personality, in those particularly perilous times, had driven her to the edge, but what had pushed her over? Some speculated that drugs were involved, others that she had had a nervous breakdown. Some friends who knew her well, including two of her roommates, felt that she had simply arrived at a political realization that legal protest against the war was futile. But others pointed to Stanley Bond. "In 1969, our daughter told us she was not 'one of those radicals,' " Marjorie Power told me. "In 1970, she disappeared. Kathy was very naïve and open to influence, and it has been said that Bond was a con artist who could talk anybody into anything." Detectives who worked on the case agreed, describing Bond as a Manson-like character who manipulated Power with little effort. Some people believed that she was deeply infatuated, even sexually obsessed, with him.

In our conversations, Power was scornfully dismissive of these speculations. "The sexual part was trivial," she said. "We were soulmates. There was this intense trust, this vision-sharing, life-sharing bond. I will never forget his story of not cutting his wrists—of being in prison and saying either I die now or I make meaning out of my life. At last, I thought—here, at last, in the universe is another person like me. There was a very deep part of me that was alienated and lonely, that I kept hidden at Brandeis, and Stan found that part."

Bond also recruited Susan Saxe, a women's-rights activist who had just graduated, magna cum laude, from Brandeis. Saxe, who was from Albany, New York, was an intellectual with a quick wit, and was as sophisticated as Katherine Power was not. The three teamed up with two other paroled Walpole inmates, Robert Valeri and William Gilday, who had been released to another Boston school a few weeks before on the same prisoner-education project. (Neither attended a single college class.) Valeri was a twenty-one-year-old native of Leominster, Massachusetts, who had joined a travelling circus and been jailed for attempted robbery. William Gilday, forty-one, had been a minor-league pitcher before going to prison for armed robbery. Neither man professed any political beliefs. But Power, Bond, and Saxe wanted to use the money from bank robberies to arm the Black Panthers and to buy thermite to weld military trains to their tracks. The five rented two apartments in Boston, one in Power's name and the other in Bond's, and in August and September they crisscrossed the country, splitting up and regrouping, and receiving help from radical-left contacts in various cities. Saxe bought guns, ammunition, and a "Shooter's Bible" in Portland, Oregon, and joined a gun club. In a rural section of Northern California, Bond taught Power and Saxe how to fire a rifle.

Members of the group robbed banks in Los Angeles, Evanston, Illinois, and Philadelphia; stole cars; held up a motel manager and used his I.D. card to rent a car; transported guns from place to place. Power says she did not participate in most of these actions and is certain that she never went inside a bank. Police reports indicate that Saxe carried a Molotov cocktail that Bond had made out of a Kotex soaked in lighter fluid. In all, forty-five thousand dollars was netted from the robberies. Bond took charge of the money, handing out funds for expenses sparingly.

On September 20th, the group broke into the Newburyport National Guard Armory and stole military equipment, ammunition, two vehicles, and papers that outlined the National Guard's plans for quelling riots in Boston, which they mailed anonymously to the Boston press. They discussed the pros and cons of blowing up the Cambridge police station. And on the night of September 22nd, Bond went out to look for a bank they could rob, while Power went to see her suitemates at Brandeis. "She looked excited, kind of like somebody in love," Madeline Raetz recalled. "She told us that she didn't know if she would be able to make up all her incompletes from junior year, and she didn't know whether she would be rooming with us, or even coming back to school." Then she returned to her Boston apartment and spent the night with Stanley Bond.

The next day, Saxe, Valeri, and Bond entered the Brighton branch of the State Street Bank through the back door while Gilday sat in a car out front. Saxe, wearing a red wig and a long purple dress and carrying a .30-calibre carbine, and Valeri, in a stocking cap and sunglasses, stood watch at the doors while Bond disarmed a guard. When the tellers hesitated in putting cash into bank bags, he fired two shots into the ceiling.

A couple of minutes after Bond, Saxe, and Valeri drove off, Officer Walter Schroeder and his partner arrived in their patrol car. Two years earlier, Schroeder had disarmed robbers at the same bank, and he may have thought he was about to do it again. He drew his gun and ran toward the bank. Gilday, who was still sitting in his car, diagonally across from where Schroeder was approaching the bank, lifted a Thompson submachine gun and sprayed thirty rounds in his direction, also shooting at a moving truck that got in the way. Schroeder turned to run for cover, and a bullet hit him in the back. His partner, Frank Callahan, got him into the cruiser, turned on the siren, and headed for St. Elizabeth's Hospital. On the way, they passed the home of Schroeder's mother, who was sitting on her porch, as she always did, waiting to wave to her son as he drove by. Callahan could not bring himself to wave back. At the hospital, doctors tried to remove the bullet but held out little hope for Schroeder's survival. At Mount St. Joseph's Academy, across the street from the hospital, Clare Schroeder, seventeen, was called out of her classroom. A few minutes later, classmates heard her in the hall, wailing and crying. At ten-twelve the next morning, her father died.

Robert Valeri, who was picked up later that day and swiftly turned state's evidence, said that Gilday had opened fire on Schroeder because "he said he wanted to shoot a cop."

Back at Power's apartment, the group turned on the radio and learned that Gilday had shot a policeman after they drove off. Power and Saxe were upset and irate at Gilday, but Bond reportedly defended him, saying that he had actually committed a very brave act.

"I couldn't believe it," Power told me. "I was saying, 'What? What? How could this have happened?' It was like a world shattering. It was a sharp, intense pain. I had been dissociated, and suddenly I was back." As she said this, she looked at the prison window and bit her lip until her chin turned white. "There was this overwhelming sense of wrongness. This wasn't supposed to be about taking lives—this was about stopping the taking of lives." She began to cry. "I have memorized that moment, replayed it again and again—so many times. I will never in my life ever forget it."

Power said that she still cannot piece together or fully understand the role she played in Bond's group. "I know that I was scared," she said. "I think I was suicidal. I knew how serious this was, because I expected to die for the cause. Me and Susan talked about it. I knew that Gilday and Valeri weren't safe people. They were dangerous, I lived dangerously. But I never imagined they could be dangerous to other people—only to me." Her breath quickened. "I've always been good, like the kind of good that's in quotes. I'm 'nice.' It's like, I'm a joke to the inmates here, because I don't break the rules. I don't do things that are going to make the grownups mad. And there I was feeling morally compelled to break the rules. There was this discomfort—it felt so disturbing, so not *me*. I was violating something but I was feeling that I had to do it, I had to do this to be an O.K. person."

Bond put four thousand dollars in brand-new bills from the State Street robbery into a lens cap. He told Valeri that the bills could be too easily traced for them to spend, and so he was going to send them to the widow of the wounded policeman if he died. He sent

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Power out with cash to buy a used car and the two of them drove it to Philadelphia.

Power cut off most of her hair, dyed what was left of it red, and changed her glasses. A day or two later, she had to change her appearance again. She and Bond had continued to Atlanta and had separated there, arranging to meet again later, and she had flown to St. Louis with a suitcase that Bond had told her to carry. She claims she did not know that a fully cocked shotgun was inside. It exploded on the luggage carousel at the St. Louis airport, injuring two workers. "I was standing at the gate, waiting to be called for standby on a flight to Detroit, and all of a sudden I see all these men in suits running toward me, and an obvious code comes over the P.A. system. I feel this terror returning as I talk about this—I hadn't remembered it until now. I was standing there, and men were converging on me, and all of a sudden it was as if I woke up. I realized that I had yielded all control. Somewhere, I had known all along about Bond's narcissism, his patriarchal arrogance, his lack of sense and attention to other people's safety, but I had only paid attention to his astonishing noble qualities. I knew what to do, I knew how to act, and I gave it away. That's the only time in my life I've ever let somebody else be the leader."

Power recalled that she stood absolutely still as the security men riffled through the stack of tickets. "My ticket stood out. I'd gone a lot of places on standby, and it was marked up in black ink. They stopped at my ticket, looked at it, and kept going. Then they went through the pile again, paused at mine, shook their heads, and kept going. I told myself, 'Don't panic.' Then they returned to my ticket and took it out of the pile. Very slowly, I walked away, and I kept on until I reached the airport door. That's when I heard my alias being paged. I got in a taxi, went to the biggest department store, bought a suitcase, a curly brown prissy old-lady wig, and a double-knit polyester dress, put them on, and went to the bus station. I had to wait there for hours for the right bus, and I remember police strolling through the depot. I have distinctive features, I am barely five feet tall, I should have been captured. They looked right at me but didn't see me. I looked like the woman next door."

Within a week, police had picked up Gilday and Bond. Bond was caught after he charmed a foreign visitor sitting next to him on an airplane, offered to show her America, and, at a hotel that night, bragged to her about the robbery and cop killing. The next morning, the woman told Bond she could not go with him any farther, and as soon as he boarded a plane at the Grand Junction, Colorado, airport she ran to notify officials. Thirty minutes later, the F.B.I. arrived and arrested him; he looked at the woman and told agents that he had been thinking of killing her in the night. (Bond died nineteen months later in prison while making a bomb to use in an escape attempt.) The next day, Massachusetts police, who had got on Gilday's trail when he drunkenly waved money around in a New Hampshire bar, captured him after a wild chase in which he held two people hostage in their car at gunpoint. (Gilday is serving a life sentence for Schroeder's murder.)

MEN
LOOKING
DOWN A
HOLE
Ed Koren

Power, meanwhile, joined up with Saxe in Detroit, and then they moved quietly out of the area; they made contact with members of the antiwar movement, were given false identification, and began living the lives of unobtrusive low-level clerks. The F.B.I. offered rewards, ran down leads, and featured the two women at the close of each episode of the television show "The F.B.I." for about a year, but it apparently did not know where to look for them. They were not part of any known criminal underworld, there were few photographs of them on record, and, according to Power's suitemate Madeline Raetz, the F.B.I. "never even came to the dorm to question us. We had all her books and clothes and stuff, and no one bothered to even look through them."

"The F.B.I. didn't know how to take women seriously," Power told me, with some annoyance. "They never had a clue. We even released antiwar statements to underground papers, and still they never got our trail."

For the next year and a half, Saxe and Power travelled around the Northeast. They usually stayed no longer than four months at a job, because that was how long it took an employer to determine that the Social Security numbers they had given were fabricated. "Moving into a place, getting a job, giving a false address, and then, when it felt unsafe, as if people might be wondering about us, taking other aliases and moving on," she said. "I was used to performing perfectly, being alert and on my toes, as if I were competing in the Olympics. I knew how to choose places that wouldn't ask for references, that would take somebody who was a blank slate." The two women had become strong feminists, and they turned to each other for love and comfort; Saxe thought of herself as gay, and

Power, still reeling from her disastrous liaison with Bond, found it easy to embrace a lesbian affair.

In the spring of 1972, Power and Saxe obtained through underground contacts the most cherished form of false identification—names with valid Social Security numbers. This meant that they could have permanent jobs and a permanent address. They moved to Torrington, Connecticut. "At that point, we were really starved for meaning in our lives," Power said. "We had stopped living as lovers but were still intensely bonded, like a marriage with children. Yet we desperately needed other friendships." Those were the early days of the feminist movement, and women banded together in neighborhood cells with the fierce enthusiasm of resistance fighters. In some places, underground publications like *off our backs* and *Rat* were everywhere, and the community as a whole in any given area was fired by the need to shake off male domination. Saxe, known as Lena Paley, and Power, known as Mae Kelly, plunged happily into the feminist communities in Torrington and Hartford. They went to consciousness-raising groups, danced at a lesbian bar called the Warehouse, and took part in speculum parties—common events in the seventies, where women rebelling against male gynecologists learned how to examine themselves and diagnose their ailments. "These were exciting, vital people, and being one of them was like being inside a large pair of sheltering arms," Power recalled. She worked as a nurse's aide and as a clerk in a health-food store, then apprenticed as a chef in a restaurant.

In the early summer of 1974, Power and Saxe moved to the Kentucky countryside to help build a house for a couple they had met in Connecticut. "We felt it was wise to leave the Northeast, because, at the urging of the F.B.I., newspapers up there were running our pictures," Power said. At the end of the summer, she returned to Hartford, to help a woman friend convalesce after a breast-cancer operation. The woman was the one person to whom Power had confided her real identity. "She was the community's ideological police, and she covered for us, making excuses for why we couldn't appear at public rallies," Power explained. "It seemed right to tell

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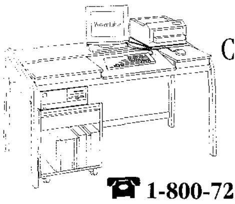

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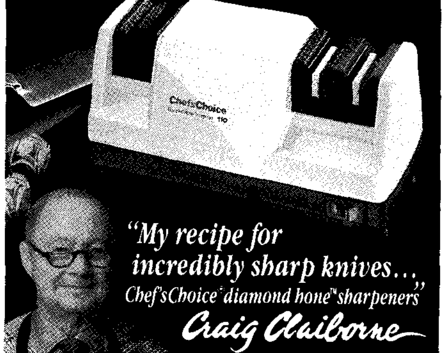

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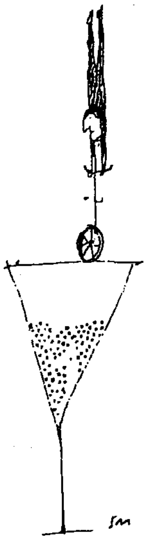
her. She was a dedicated risk-taker.” But apparently the woman eventually decided that Saxe and Power were risks not worth taking. “After about six weeks, I began to get very hostile vibes from this woman, and my instincts told me to get out,” Power recalled. “It was excruciatingly painful. I never told anyone who I was again, until Ron.” She left Hartford in October of 1974, just hours before the F.B.I. swooped down. At the same time, Saxe fled Kentucky, and the two women met up a few days later in a city in the Northeast. They read in the newspapers that swarms of F.B.I. agents were hunting for them. “The Feds had finally figured it out—we were women living among women! About the same time, the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapped Patty Hearst, and some of their members were lesbians, so there were grand juries called all over the nation. They were basically free-for-all witch-hunts. The feds would threaten our lesbian friends with exposing them to their families and employers, and then they would carry out their threats. The woman who betrayed us coöperated with them and urged others to do the same.” Many refused to talk, largely on principle; in any case, by this point none of them had information that could help locate the fugitives. Still, two women went to jail for seven months in Connecticut, and a woman in Kentucky served more than a year, for failing to testify.

In late 1974, Power and Saxe finally decided to split up. Saxe, by now a militant lesbian, wanted to participate openly in feminist activity, and Power knew that such a life would mean capture. When, several months later, Saxe was picked up on a Philadelphia street, Power was shaken but not surprised. “I was so afraid for Susan,” she said. “I became extra vigilant. I lit candles and threw the I Ching, and I packed my things and moved.”



For the next two years, Power did bookkeeping and clerical work in various places in New York and New Jersey. In Atlantic City, in Poughkeepsie, in different boroughs of New York City, she dressed in mousy clothing, lived in furnished apartments, stayed at jobs for short periods. “I lived like an illegal immigrant. It was one grim day after another. I got up, and I went to work, and I came home and I drank. I lived through meaninglessness and aloneness. I think I was an alcoholic for a period of years.”

One time, while working in the office of a meat-packing plant in the Northeast, she helped three other female clerks, none of whom had high-school diplomas and who were working overtime without pay, to join a union. “It was a close call,” she told me, smiling. “About the time they got their first fair paycheck, I got fired. The boss said my references didn’t check out.” Power said that even as she was running from the law, she tried to atone for the damage she had done—for instance, by giving part of her income away. “In Catholicism, the catechism of forgiveness is that if you have done something very, very wrong, you can be forgiven by naming your act, knowing how it came to happen, and removing yourself from the environment that contributed to it. I did that and then I vowed that I would make my life an act of contrition for my wrong to the Schroeder family.”

In 1977, a measure of relief came in the form of the birth certificate of a baby who had been born in Jersey City, less than a year before Katherine, and subsequently died. (She refused to divulge how she obtained the document, but said, “Read Abbie Hoffman’s ‘Steal This Book’ if you want to know how to do it.”) She applied for a Social Security number and went to Maryland to get a driver’s license. With these, she made her way to Portland, Oregon, and started life afresh and, at last, openly, as one Alice Louise Metzinger.

“I was suddenly a real person, a real name, but I had no real history,” she said. “My identity was solid on the outside and totally empty within.” She got a job as a waitress-cook in a working-class warehouse district of Portland and began to hang out with a drinking crowd at a local haunt called the Slammer. “I had been drinking there for weeks and I had never paid a bit of attention to why it was called the Slammer. Then, one night, I looked up from the long-neck Bud I was drinking to stare right into my own picture on a ‘Wanted’ poster on the wall. The place was plastered with ‘Wanted’ posters and jail bars. The customer next to me was a Portland police officer. I had let my hair grow long and it had gone back to its natural color, so I didn’t even look that different from my poster. Now, did I stop going to the Slammer after that? No. Sometimes, in your despair, you invite change. I guess I felt at that point as if some kind of magic was protecting me.”

But change did come. Power felt an intense desire, for the first time since her liaison with Bond, for sexual relations with a man. “I was almost thirty. Clearly, what my body wanted was to get pregnant.” She quit drinking, and she weighed the consequences of what she was planning. “At first, I thought, What a crazy, stupid idea. How can I do this to a kid? Then I looked around me at people who had kids and I said, Fuck it, I couldn’t do worse.”

Two months later, she was pregnant. In January, 1979, a midwife delivered Jaime Lee Metzinger at home. “He was a miracle, like an ongoing love affair,” Power said. “He was my first step in attachment to the world of humanity—a relationship that was permanent, that I couldn’t walk away from.” She was living in a lesbian relationship when her son was born, but it soon broke up. Other liaisons fizzled after that.

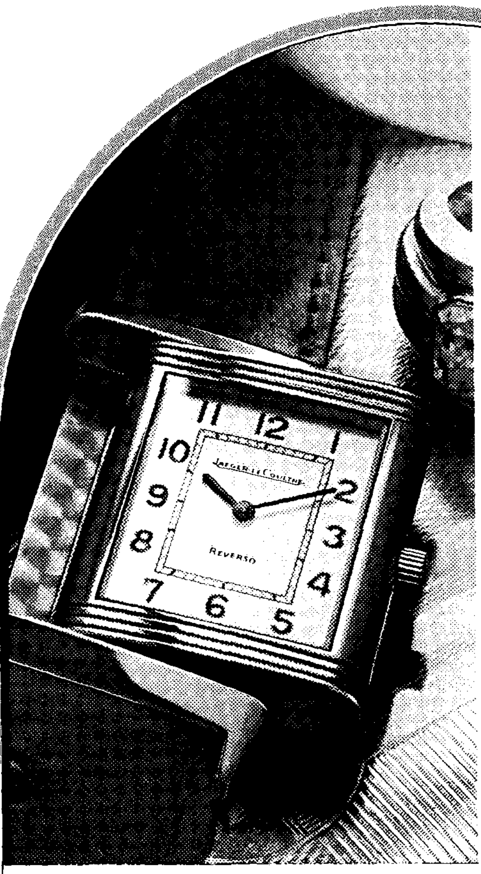
And then, when Jaime was a year old, she met Ronley Duncan. She had got work as a food and nutrition coördinator for a Portland poverty agency, and he worked for it as an accountant. “He had the most incredible soothing voice, the way he would talk to people across his desk, and he was crazy in the same way as me. He burned with this same vision that through his work he was taking care of people. I knew he would be a person that I could tell about myself.”

Duncan remembers the meeting almost wistfully. “I was lost the first time I saw her. I loved the fact that she was small and yet she had such a big, joyful spirit. I loved that dazzling smile of hers. We would take long walks at night, through the ghetto, holding hands. Sometimes I would recite Shakespeare. And then, one night, we had worked for hours on some audits and it was 4 A.M. and we had to get away from the cigarettes and ink odor. So we went down to the Columbia River and walked along the beach until the sun rose. Suddenly, she turned around and said, 'There's something I must tell you. I'm a fugitive.' This may sound strange, but do you know what my reaction was? Elation. This overwhelming feeling of 'She loves me! Because otherwise she would not have trusted me with her secret.' Then, of course, I became alarmed for her safety. I went to the post office and went through the 'Wanted' posters. If the loss of her freedom was imminent, I would have to run with her. Her poster allayed my fears—the pictures were not very good. But one that was taken routinely in a bank while she was cashing a check or something caused me the most concern—it was blurry, but it captured exactly the way she carried her body."

Duncan left his wife and his young daughter. (He says that his efforts to get in touch with his daughter in recent years have failed.) He and Power moved into an apartment in a working-class North Portland district, and worked after-hours building a community garden, planting blueberries and beans and other farm crops for the poor. Later, Duncan found work boning beef, which he describes as an art akin to dancing.

Jaime, now a toddler, had his own opinion about Ron's presence. Having stopped breast-feeding, he demanded to resume. "I guess it was a dimension of closeness with his mother that I could not achieve," Ron said. "I remember he would trundle into our bed and just stare at me. He would push me away to sit on his mother's lap. I would hold him and walk him for hours, but he was very willful, like his mother, and he would not turn to me for anything. One day—and I can remember this so clearly—we were standing by the street and something scared him, and he swung around and buried his face in my pant leg. For me, it was like a graduation present."

For Power, having a family again was an unexpected bounty. "God, we were just like people in love, you know? We were just like this family, living, reading, gardening, fishing, swimming. I was very overprotective of my son at first. If Ron raised his voice to Jaime, I went crazy. But then I gave Jaime enormous



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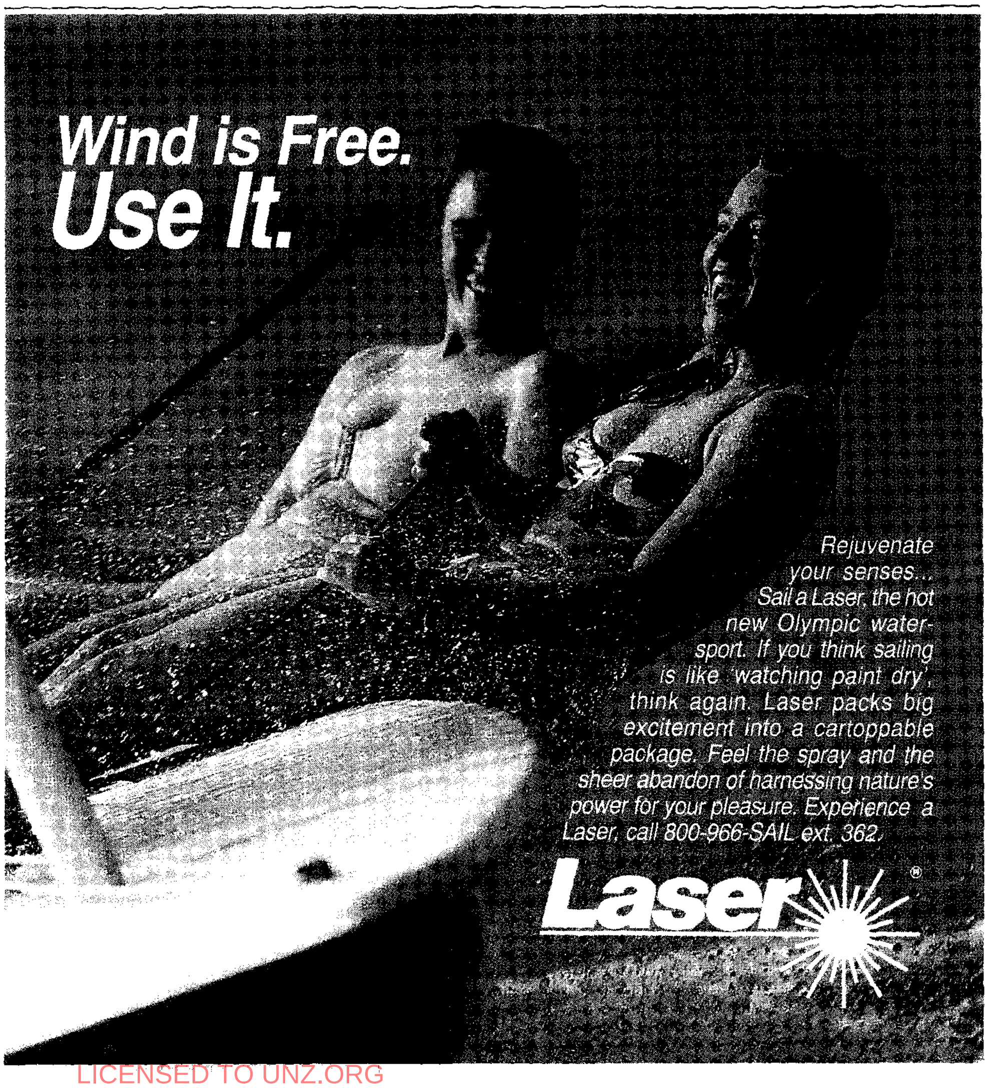
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freedom. I wanted him to become self-reliant.”

“One night, we were driving and the speedometer cable broke and we had to get under the truck,” Duncan recalled. “We enlisted him to hold the flashlight, and it was wavering, and we yelled at him, and he said, ‘But I’m only three years old! This is the best I can do.’ ”

By all accounts, Jaime is a surprisingly well adjusted boy. In his opinion, his parenting was just fine. “They were not strict, like my friends’ parents—they didn’t believe in hitting. They didn’t believe in a lot of rules. It was good. It made me independent. My mother was real caring about me and my well-being.”

The family did not stay long in Portland, nor, for the next several years, did they stay very long anywhere else. Power kept her secret from the outside world with such ferocity that it pervaded life within. “There was a dual reality in our family,” she told me, almost angrily. “Feelings were talked about as long as they didn’t have anything to do with my past. Ron and Jaime *knew not to* ask about it—it was a barrier they could not cross.”

They had few friends, except for people they met in the workplace. “Alice wouldn’t go beyond that,” Duncan told me. “I loved her very much, and I was willing to allow this constant moving to happen, to give her what she wanted. I kept thinking it would help. I would withdraw along with her. She would look around and see the clutter of our house, and things would seem hopeless to her. She would let the dishes pile up, the dust collect. Meals would be junk food. We wouldn’t go hiking or to the beach. If I had difficulty in the job, her tolerance for discussing it was thin. The quality of our dreams would go.”

“The depression robbed me of so much energy and order,” Power recalled. “There are parts of my life that I remember, for instance, only because there is an electric bill.” Over the years, Jaime protected himself from his mother’s moods, partly by turning to his friends and partly through a stoicism that echoes his mother’s. “I’m a private person, like my mom,” he explained. “I have a way of zoning out, of listening and watching, without responding.” He said that sometimes the only way he knew that his mother was depressed was that “she would let the house go for two weeks and then, for no apparent reason, she would clean it top to bottom.”

The healthiest period of Power’s exile was in 1983, when they moved to a tiny house in Halsey, Oregon. Duncan remembers that they turned the six hundred square feet of back yard into a garden full of herbs, vegetables, and exotic greens in raised beds. “Neighbors would come and weed and pick, and we would all prepare big salads and pasta primavera and eat by candlelight out in the garden. We developed our own ecosystem and added to the garden until it produced crops year-round.”

Kathy Bethel, a produce buyer, remembers four-year-old Jaime “jumping over the beds in his Wellingtons, looking like Christopher Robin lost in his own adventure of discovery,” and she goes on to say, “Alice was such a loving mother. I remember he pulled up this baby carrot and ran over to her all excited, and she was so childlike, and told him this story about a little, bitty baby carrot seed and how it grew. For a wanted woman, she was amazingly calm.”

In 1984, Power got a job cooking at Linn-Benton Community College, near Corvallis, and was quickly promoted to culinary-arts instructor. “She was so excited,” Bethel recalls. “It was a huge upward career move to be teaching in her trade. She was shouting, ‘Out of the pizza parlors and into fine dining!’ ”

Power and Duncan also learned that, after fourteen years, the F.B.I. had finally dropped Katherine Ann Power from the “Most Wanted” list. They bought a small house in Lebanon, near Corvallis, for thirty thousand dollars. When, in a few years, Power started talking about moving again, it was Jaime’s self-protective instincts that stopped her. “He was just so deeply attached to his friends—fierce, really fierce,” Power told me. “He said, ‘If you move away from here, you will have to leave me behind, because this is my home town and I’m going to stay here.’ And, through some wonderful grace, we were able to hear him.”

Meanwhile, Power had impressed her bosses at Linn-Benton. “This was just a college cafeteria, but she brought exotic ethnic dishes, like South American albondigas soup,” her supervisor, Scott Anselm, recalls. “She was really

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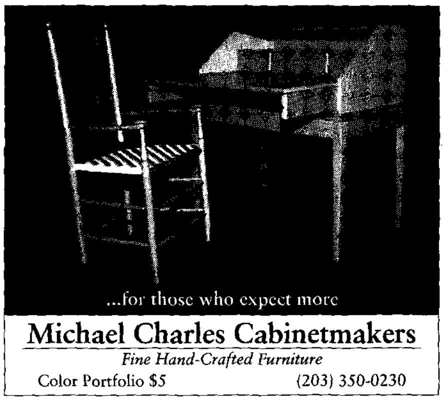
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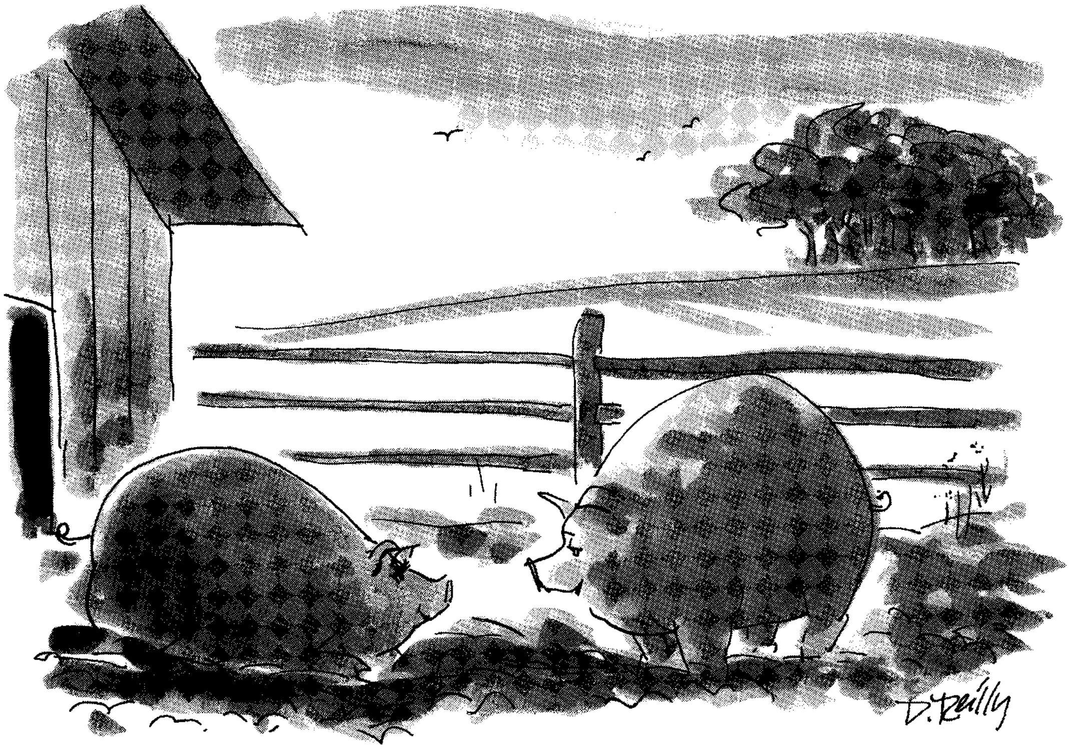
extraordinary, with her passion for excellence." In 1989, Power took a daring plunge and, with another cooking teacher, Paula Scharf, opened a restaurant where bosses and employees were theoretically equal. Power was worried about the amount of time she would have to spend away from her son, who was then ten, but Jaime, reared to stand up on his own, now returned the favor. "He was vehement," Power recalled. "He said, 'Mom, you've wanted to own your own restaurant for your whole life. We'll be O.K.' "

Power put together a partnership of six investors to launch Napoli, an airy, plant-filled café and bakery with sloping glass walls and classical music wafting through the booths. Very soon, they had a solid group of regulars. They also donated food to soup kitchens. Paula Scharf recalled, "She would greet people with this incredible smile. She made a rule. You never say no—you figure out a way to give the customers what they want." Technically, there was no hierarchy, but some employees describe Power as a formidable boss, someone you wanted to be sure was on your side. "You didn't want to tick Alice off. She wouldn't yell, but she would take an onion right out of your hands if you weren't peeling it right," Mary Kroeker, a former employee, commented. Scharf remembers that Power wanted to do everything by the book, obeying every health-department code that many establishments ignore.



"You'll always be much more than a commodity to me."

Success was making Alice Metzinger nervous. Napoli was in Eugene, forty-five miles from Lebanon, so she left home at sunup, worked herself ragged, and came home late. Scharf remembers Power telling her, "I can't do this any longer, this is a crazy life." To Ron, her growing dissatisfaction was part of a pattern he had come to recognize: "She would expand and expand on a job until it ate her up, and then she would give it up and get a new one and start expanding all over again." Scharf said she had begun to understand that Power was suffering from some underlying pain, "because I watched her over and over get what she wanted—her own restaurant, consulting positions, commendations—and, whatever she was doing, she was not happy."

In 1991, Power quit working at Napoli and concentrated on her family, organizing Ron and Jaime to renovate their white clapboard house. They had kept to themselves, and some neighbors were complaining about the slovenly state of their lawn. But the Lindgrens, an elderly couple who live next door, were devoted to them. "They were all out there on the roof putting shingles on," Darlene Lindgren recalls. "Jaime and his friends would throw the shingles up in the air, and, of course, where would they land? In our yard. I took him in hand. Alice got me to walk for my health. She gave my daughter her car, and she wouldn't take a penny. Whatever Alice had, you were welcome to it. She was the best neighbor we ever had. I can see her now, at 6 A.M., running out of the house with a piece of toast in her mouth. My daughter was in a terrible car crash—that was just before Alice surrendered—and her only thought was to be over here holding and comforting me. I cannot believe that she ever hurt anyone. You see, I *knew* her. For nine years, I watched her chase flies out of her house rather than kill them!"

Duncan, in the winter of 1991-92, watched helplessly as his wife once again started working manically—seventy hours a week this time. She was managing one Corvallis restaurant, consulting at three others, and leading a consortium of friends to buy yet another. "I was in crazy motion," Power told me. "It was the most frantic, workaholic phase of my entire life. I was flying to Seattle to negotiate everything, and then I would go call people at two or three in the morning and say, 'Let's go for coffee.' " She became obsessed with the idea that she was putting her associates in danger and their assets at risk, and she pulled out of the consortium. And then, in the spring of 1992, she collapsed.

"I was really this hidden, broken person, and I just couldn't go on," Power said. Medication and intense psychotherapy made a dramatic difference. She experienced a blossoming of interests. She read voraciously—everything from fractal geometry to herbalism and earth religions. She ventured out and began to form new friendships. She startled

Duncan by suggesting, after thirteen years, that they get married, and that he adopt Jaime. Ensconced in group therapy, she felt, for the first time, "such a sense of unconditional love—no matter what I said, I was supported." Nevertheless, since she could not tell the group members, or her new friends, who she really was, Duncan said, "ultimately she could not see their acceptance as sufficient to validate her."

Duncan saw her decision to surrender coming. "I initially tried to talk her out of it. I talked of the cost to Jaime, the fact that she might not find the reconnection with her family and her old self that she wanted, her naïveté about prison. I tried very hard to be all things to her, but I just couldn't," he said sadly. "I just wasn't enough. You have to know Alice to know that once she gets on a track no one can get her off."

When Power talked in prison about the impact of her absence on her husband, she became teary. "One of the hardest and saddest things in a committed relationship is when one of the people has to leave," she said. "It's not for ego, it's not for money or greed or status. It's not because you want to spend more time with somebody else. It's because you have to do it to be alive—you have to quit living this sick-making life. And it's horrible to the other person, because he feels in the end, How could somebody who loves me have to leave me?"

Several times, Power had panicked doubts about surrendering. In the end, she said, the decision had a great deal to do with her son. "We were on the couch, and I was lecturing him about his low grades and the fact that the teacher wrote that he was not living up to his capacity. He knew that I had been a straight-A student and had dropped out of college, and he looked at me and he smirked and he pointed to the line that said 'not working to capacity.' I took that as the accusation that it was. He was asking me, 'What happened to you?' I knew I couldn't parent him if he did not know what had happened to me."

In September of 1992, while her lawyers were negotiating her surrender, Power sold her interest in Napoli for twenty thousand dollars and gave five thousand dollars to Oxfam America, the international hunger-relief agency. That same month, she married Duncan. "We all said, 'What? Alice, getting married?' She had always said she didn't believe in it," remarked Scharf, who made her endure an old-fashioned bridal shower, with clothespin games, balloons, and streamers. Another friend also loaned her a white silk suit and helped prepare an "autumnal wedding feast," whose centerpiece included a sweet-potato cake with praline butter.

In the spring of 1993, when the negotiations had faltered, an F.B.I. agent walked into Rikki Klieman's office with a plastic envelope containing a letter to Katherine that the agency had obtained from her family, in Colorado. It included photographs and messages from members of the Power family, and it urged Katherine to "come home quick." Klieman, fearful that the ink or the paper might have been treated with some tracing device, sent copies, not the originals, to Oregon. Though Power was suspicious that the F.B.I. was attempting to manipulate her, she was thrilled by the letter. "In an instant, I was lifted of so much deep psychic shame. I thought they had written me off, condemned me. But even my uncle Ted, the priest, forgave me."

"Isn't there a way you can achieve authenticity without leaving us?" Duncan pleaded. By then, however, it was too late; word of Alice Metzinger's true identity had leaked out. "I couldn't have continued to live in Oregon, or as Alice," Power told me. "You cannot take a school-age child underground, so I would have had to go underground by myself and abandon Ron and Jaime forever."

Power sat down to tell her son she was not the person she had pretended to be. "It was so hard for me. I began talking in euphemisms. Ron had to prod me. I think what disturbed Jaime the most was that Alice Metzinger was not my real name. I could see something pass over his face, like a small earthquake inside him. You see, he is Jaime Metzinger. I knew he was thinking, Am *I real if you are not?* And then the alarm was gone, as though he had shaken it out of his head. He asked 'Can I go play now?' I know that he is angry at me, but he doesn't acknowledge it. There was the modelling of my own life, of course. Did I miss my mommy? It was never a question—you don't even ask it. You don't acknowledge the feelings that are the most dangerous. He is so sensibly protective of his internal space. He was furious at the suggestion that he see a therapist to help him deal with all this." Wiping her eyes, Power went on, "I had this deep, deep feeling that he needed to know his roots, to have a tribe. And he is in love with my family in Denver—he loves being there."

In March, just before Ron and Jaime were to leave for a visit East, Jaime asked Ron, "How much do you love me?" Ron replied, "Quite a lot. Why?" Jaime said, "You know how it disturbs me to see my mom in prison. I want to go to Denver instead." Ron agreed reluctantly, for he was afraid of the rejection his wife would suffer. She took it surprisingly well. "I miss him with all my heart," Power told me. "But I really understand his need to shape this. At least now he is beginning to talk about his feelings—about how disturbed he is, for instance, when he sees all these women locked up. We have been very close, but I understand that he doesn't need me just now, and it feels right. In a sense, I have always been absent. I feel guilty for under-parenting, and he feels guilty for being the unneedy child. In truth, we are both resilient." Recently, Power asked to talk to Jaime's current girlfriend, who, at eighteen, is three years older than he. "Alice liked her," Ron said. "She cracked up when this young woman told her she wanted to be a corrections officer."

During her first five months in prison, Power spent three or four hours a day making collect calls to the friends and colleagues she had left behind in Oregon. Then the phone calls dropped off. She has asked that everyone there refer to her as Kathy. Most people do not. Some, like Tom Mathews, a big, strapping man who was for a time the dining-hall manager at Napoli, speak of her tearfully: "Something's gone from the restaurant. They hired me to try to put it back, but I'm no damn Alice."

EVERY time Power tells her story, her guilt and remorse for Officer Schroeder's death are real, and so is her conviction that she did what she did for the cause. After many hours of talking to her, one is left with the impression that she needs to justify not only her own life but the lives that others have projected upon her. Certainly she has become the repository of unexpiated guilt over the tragedy in Vietnam. She has received more than five hundred letters from people thanking her for standing up for the antiwar values that they merely mouthed. Priests have given homilies in which they evoke Power as the embodiment of sacrifice and atonement. A policeman who wrote that he once carried a picture of her in the hope that he could someday arrest her ended up sending her the Purple Heart he was awarded in Vietnam. She is gratified, and torn, by it all.

"I'm tired of being made into a symbol. Here I am, with the real anger I have over the pain and disruption of this in my life, and here these people are, in love with me—they can't wait to talk to me," she said. "I hate it, because I'm tired of the pain, because I believe that what's true of my life, what makes me so special and all this blah blah blah, is true of everyone's life, and because I want to be just one of the folks."

And yet, already, Power has singled herself out at Framingham. Since June 1st, Duncan has not been able to speak to her—she is refusing to telephone anyone, save her lawyer, in protest against a new prison practice of tape-recording all personal calls made by inmates. "It's so like Alice—the degree of suffering she needs to experience in order to give her act of principle value," Duncan says, sighing.

He is trying his best to maintain a semblance of normal life in his wife's absence. Every night, when he finishes cutting his quota of meat he drives back to Lebanon, through miles of flooded grasslands that sweep into the circular boundary of the Coast Ranges and the Cascade Range. Looking at the blue bowl of sky above, a driver might imagine he is a fish swimming into mirrors. That is rather how Duncan feels about his life these days: "I'm buffeted by so many unexpected currents." At home, he is fiddling with a stove that doesn't work properly, because his wife gave their other, better stove away. "Since the surrender, we have been off track," he says. "Alice knows now that she can expect no mercy. To think, if she had acted dishonorably and stood trial, she might be sitting with me now. I'm not really blaming our lawyers, but what has happened is not acceptable, it is not humane." Duncan has run out of money to travel to the East Coast to visit his wife. Recently, he temporarily left his job to organize a request that the governor of Oregon ask Massachusetts to transfer her. He has also become a surrogate for Power, conscientiously seeing her friends, who, for their part, offer him a way of feeling closer to her. He has stepped into her place in her therapy group. "Actually," he says, heaving another sigh, "I've got my own place now, and Alice is still officially a member—and until last week she checked in like everybody else, at the beginning of each session, via me or others she had been in touch with."

Neighbors have helped with Jaime, driving him to school and getting his lunch, but Duncan says he is "afraid that one day he will really need his mother and then what he has lost will hit him," and points out, "You know he will have to graduate from high school without her." When he talks of how Jaime appreciates his more relaxed attitude toward discipline, however, he manages a smile. "Alice says I should ground him for missing classes, but I would rather that he willingly comply," Duncan says placidly. "I like to give him an equal voice in the making of his rules. I used to threaten him with leaving Lebanon and moving to Framingham, but he knows that my threats are empty. I do still make him mop the kitchen and bathroom floors, but that is because his friends are not as fastidious as he is, and they make a huge mess."

Sometimes Jaime stops to look at a large color photograph of his mother, smiling, on a card table in the living room. "It's hard not having her here, but I'm just glad she did it now instead of five years from now, when I'll really need her," he says. He pushes away a newspaper article someone had sent him about Katherine Power. "She'll always be Alice to me in my heart. I never met Kathy Power. The way I like to remember her is when she took me and my friends swimming. She was great with my friends, and she would sit on the edge of the river in her little straw hat, smiling at us, smiling at all of us while we swam." ♦

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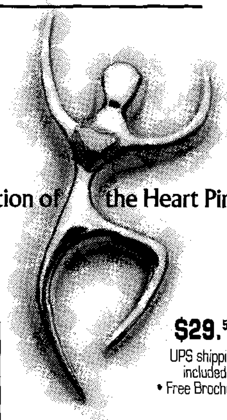

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VILLE ET VILLAGE

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

BETTING ON BROADWAY

When Tony Kushner was looking for someone to bring "Angels in America" to Broadway, he chose Rocco Landesman, an entrepreneur who has a taste for the new—and who likes to gamble. Now, as Broadway struggles to move into the future, the entire theatre community has its eyes on him.

BY DAVID OWEN

"I AM fundamentally a dilettante," Rocco Landesman says. "My attention span is too short for me to do anything for very long, and I have done a bunch of quite different things in my life. But I am not one of these people who say, 'Well, that's best for me, and maybe other people should just become corporate lawyers for the rest of their lives.' No. I think that what's best for me is also best for everyone else."

Here are some of the things that Rocco—almost no one ever calls him anything else—has done in his life: he has been a co-owner of two minor-league baseball teams; he has managed a very successful mutual fund; he has been a professional gambler; he has edited a scholarly magazine; he has been an assistant professor of dramatic literature and criticism at the Yale School of Drama; he has helped to write two novels by Jerzy Kosinski; he has owned a string of racehorses; he has written book reviews for the *Wall Street Journal;* he has produced Broadway musicals. At the moment, he is mainly the president of Jujamcyn Theatres, a company that owns five Broadway playhouses. (He also still gambles and owns the baseball teams.) Jujamcyn is the third of the big three of Broadway theatre companies, the others being the Shubert Organization, which owns sixteen theatres, and the Nederlander Organization, which owns or operates ten. When Rocco took over Jujamcyn, in 1987, four of its five theatres were dark, and the company was losing money at the rate of a couple of million dollars a year; since Rocco took over, Jujamcyn has not had an unprofitable quarter.

Jujamcyn's most notable play during the past year or so has been "Angels in America," Tony Kushner's two-part "gay fantasia on national themes." The first part of "Angels," called "Millennium Approaches," last year won the Tony Award for best play, the Pulitzer Prize for drama, and a long list of other awards. The second part, "Perestroika," is up for six Tonys this year. When "Angels," after successful runs in California and London, was ready to move to Broadway, almost everyone in the theatre world assumed that it would play in a Shubert house. The Shubert Organization owns some of the biggest and most distinguished theatres in New York, and for many years it had had its choice of shows. But Kushner, after meeting with Rocco, chose Jujamcyn instead.

Not long ago, I asked Kushner why he had turned down the Shuberts. He said, " 'Angels' was going to be seven hours long, and it was going to be released in two parts, and I knew it was going to be expensive. It was just going to be nuts, in terms of the economics of Broadway. I didn't really see immediately how it was going to make its money back, and I felt that it was going to require producers who really understood that, and embraced that, and saw it as a kind of adventure—and who were also gamblers, in a way. And Rocco is all those things. I think he's kind of amazing. A lot of the other people I talked to—without naming names—were convinced that 'Millennium' was the only part that should be on Broadway, and that 'Perestroika' would not be a safe bet. It was my first time working in the commercial theatre, and I was very, very nervous about that. When Rocco promised me that he would get them both onstage, I believed him. And he did it."

Rocco's impact on Broadway has gone far beyond the snatching of an occasional hot play. Last year, in a long article on the front page of the Arts & Leisure section of the *Times*, Frank Rich—who was then the *Times'* principal theatre critic and now writes a non-theatre column on the Op-Ed page—said that Rocco had "defined the Broadway landscape for two seasons running." Rich focussed on two Jujamcyn shows—"Angels" and "The Who's Tommy," both of which have attracted young, nontraditional audiences—and called them "radical challenges to Broadway establishment thinking." Not long ago, Rich told me, "As a figure in the theatre, Rocco is anomalous. He's in his mid-forties, which is young by the standards of the theatre, where the median age of the executives seems to be somewhere around seventy. He is energetic, and he asks questions about arrangements that have existed in the business since before we were all born. He is very smart. He actually reads, which is as rare in theatre management as it is in any other part of show business. And he is getting results—all the more amazingly so, since he has only five theatres and for the most part they are not the more desirable ones. The key to his success is that he thinks of Broadway as a place of excitement that might actually attract a new audience, and he has found ways of doing that. His ability to win 'Angels in America' over the Shuberts has to be considered one of the landmark changes in the history of Broadway producing."

Margo Lion, a producer who has an office at Jujamcyn and has worked with Rocco on several shows, including "Angels in America" and "Jelly's Last Jam"—which reached Broadway only because Jujamcyn invested a million dollars in it at a crucial moment, and which went on to win three Tonys—says, "The reason Rocco has been such an influential force is that he takes risks for new talent. Before he came along, there were individual producers who would take a risk on a given playwright, or a given play, or a given director, but there wasn't an institutional acknowledgment of the importance of that element in the commercial world. Right now, the exciting part of Broadway is all Rocco's doing. He's the most important thing that's happened to the commercial theatre in years."

Not everyone in the theatre world thinks Rocco is so great. When I asked one of his competitors whether Rocco had had a positive effect on Broadway, or had influenced the way other theatre owners viewed their business, or had helped to attract a new audience to Broadway, or had in any other way affected Broadway or the commercial theatre in general, the competitor, without hesitation, said, "No."

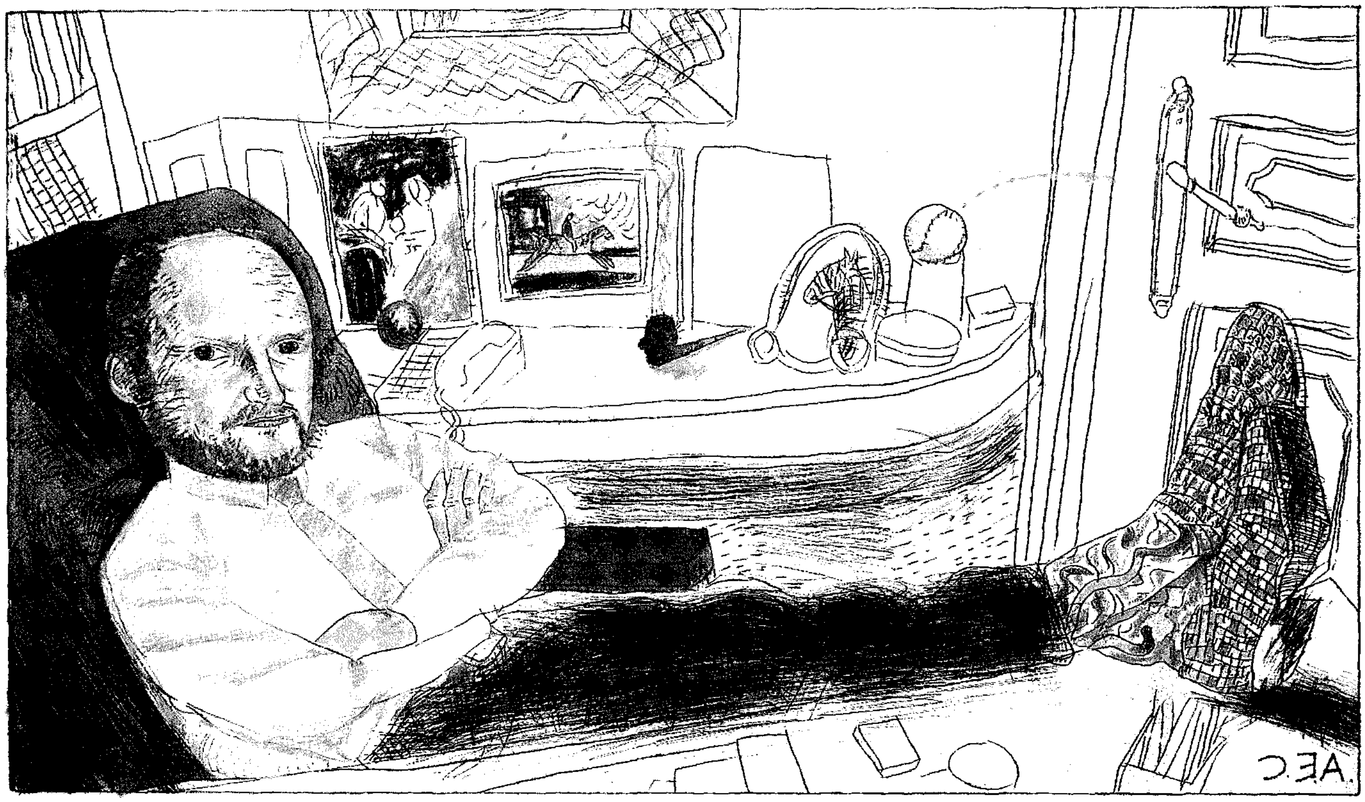
EVERY now and then, Gerald Schoenfeld, who, with Bernard Jacobs, runs the Shubert Organization, tries to persuade Rocco to engage a car and driver. Rocco politely deflects the suggestion. He prefers the subway and, in fact, he may be metabolically unsuited to surface transportation. He speaks in short, discreet bursts, like automatic-weapons fire. When he is excited, he can make a word like "of" or "in" seem polysyllabic. He tidies his desk by taking all the papers from the top of it and stuffing them into the single drawer. He annoys his assistant by never throwing away the slips of paper on which she writes his telephone messages, saying that he likes to leave them lying around so that he will appear to be very busy.

Unlike many high-energy people, though, Rocco is easy to get along with and fun to be around. When his telephone rings, the caller is often either his principal gambling partner—an unkempt and almost entirely unsocialized habitué of the racetrack called Mr. Dirt—or his stockbroker. (Rocco is a shrewd stock picker, and he has improved Jujamcyn's financial situation in part by aggressively investing the advance money for its shows.) He has little patience for the ordinary trappings of business, including business lunches. If his schedule permits, he eats by himself, usually at Roy Rogers, Wendy's, or Pizza Hut.

Rocco has red hair and a red beard; over the last decade or so, the balance of power between the hair and the beard has shifted gradually in favor of the beard. He is forty-six years old. His standard work outfit is a tweed sports coat, a nondescript tie, dark jeans, and cowboy boots. He has lots of cowboy boots. The ones that are not on his feet he keeps on the floor in a corner of his bedroom, where they look like a small forest of dark tree stumps.

For seventeen years, Rocco has been married to Heidi Landesman, who is a Tony-winning set designer and a granddaughter of one of the founders of Prentice-Hall publishers. Heidi Landesman is strikingly attractive, and also has red hair. She is quiet and reserved to almost exactly the same degree that Rocco is not. They met at Yale, when he was a teacher and she was a student, though not one of his. ("Not that it would have stopped me," he says.) They live in Brooklyn, and they have three young sons—North, Nash, and Dodge. Unusual names run in Rocco's family. He has brothers named Knight, Wyatt Wabash, and Cliff. His uncle Jay has sons named Cosmo and Miles Davis.

When Rocco was hired as the president of Jujamcyn, he had never run a theatre company. He had produced just one Broadway play—the 1985 musical "Big River"—and he viewed that project not as a career move but as a labor of love. (He is a devoted fan of Roger Miller, whom he persuaded to write the songs after an intense courtship that lasted several years.) He was in the process of co-



"The most important thing in life is a sense of possibility," Landesman says, "and you simply can't have it with less than ten thousand dollars in your pocket."

ALAN E. COBER

producing—with Heidi and some other people—the Stephen Sondheim musical "Into the Woods." But Rocco's limited experience on Broadway was not the only thing that attracted the attention of James H. Binger, who, with his wife, Virginia, owns Jujamcyn. (The company is named for their three children, Judith, James, and Cynthia.) Binger was also impressed by Rocco's extensive experience at the racetrack.

Jim Binger is a former chairman of the board of Honeywell. Virginia Binger is the daughter and sole heir of the late William McKnight, who founded the 3M corporation. The Bingers acquired Jujamcyn from McKnight in a friendly deal in the mid-seventies, and Virginia Binger also owned Tartan Farms, which for many years was one of the country's most prestigious horse-breeding and racing operations. (She has since sold most of her interest.) "I used to see Jim at the track," Rocco told me. "We would watch those expensive horses run, and I would bet on them." Rocco won a lot of money, and Binger admired his confident gambling style. One day in 1987, Binger invited Rocco to lunch. Jujamcyn was in serious financial trouble, and it had just lost "The Phantom of the Opera" to the Shuberts. Binger asked Rocco if he would like to try to turn the company around. Rocco said he would. He liquidated his mutual fund—which he had begun while teaching at Yale, partly as a favor to his semi-impoverished colleagues—and went to work.

Rocco's love of wagering is widely believed to be the key to understanding both his personality and his style of doing business. It may be, but probably not in the way that most people think. Rocco is not a compulsive gambler. He is a very businesslike bettor, and he usually gambles only when he believes that he has a substantial edge. For example, he seldom bets at racetracks in the New York area anymore, because he no longer feels that his information is better than everyone else's. Instead, he favors relatively obscure tracks in distant parts of the country, where sophisticated computer-assisted handicapping of racehorses is less common than it is in New York. In Rocco's view, betting on horses the way he does it is a long-term sure thing, even though the odds of losing money on any particular race may be very high.

"I consider myself an informed investor," he told me one day as we were getting ready to go to lunch, at Roy Rogers. "I have a person—Mr. Dirt—who works for me full time and does nothing but get information about trainers, information about pedigree and breeding, information about the horses. We also use computer sheets. Dirt's real name is Marty Wallach, and he graduated from Columbia, but everyone calls him Dirt, because, in fact, he is not a clean individual. You will see him at the track wearing tattered clothes with thousands and thousands of dollars hanging out of his pockets. We don't always win, but over time we are enormously successful. Now, it's true that we're taking a risk. But we are doing it in the most conservative way possible. I would never dream of going into a casino and playing roulette or craps or any of that. That would be crazy. That would be irrational. I go to Las Vegas only to bet on baseball teams. The same is true on Broadway. As far as I'm concerned, it's all the other people in this business who are wild gamblers and speculators. Producing shows the way the other people do it is a wild, reckless act."

Rocco hates it when the only thing that people want to talk about is his gambling. I consider myself to be no better than other people, so now that he had mentioned Broadway I asked him what his single best day at the track had been.

"Well," he said, "in 1993 at the Belmont Stakes I made a hundred and thirty-eight thousand on one race. You should ask Jerry Schoenfeld about it. He had called me and asked me which horse to bet on, and I said Colonial Affair. I think he bet twenty dollars, and he got fourteen-to-one, and he was awed. He was also shocked by how well I did. I had everything on that horse—about fifteen thousand dollars altogether, in exactas and win, place, and show bets. That was the single biggest score. Of course, you lose more often than you win, so when you win you try to win big."

"What about your biggest loss?" I asked.

RAIN IN CHILDHOOD

This was the feeling that the dark rain gave
on school days when the windows of the bus
dimmed with all our breath and we pressed close
in jostling slickers, knowing the pleasure of
being a body with other bodies, we children
a flotilla of little ducks, paddling together
on the wet ride to the schoolhouse door.
Once there, we peered outside appraisingly,
beyond the windows and the balustrades
to where the rain came down outrageously
and made the trees and signposts and the light
at the intersection swoop and toss
and fizz with gritty torrents to the curb.

That steamy, tar-damp smell of morning rain,
its secret smokiness upon our mouths,
surprised us with some sorrow of nostalgia.
Our past already had such distances!
Already in that fragrance we could sense
the end of childhood, where remembrance stands.

And when thunder pummelled the embrittled clouds—
concussive ricochets that made the teacher
hover with the chalk held in her hand—
we saw the lightning lace the school's façade
with instantaneous traceries and hairline fires,
like a road map glimpsed by flashlight in a car.

—ERIC ORMSBY

"Oh, there have been days when I've lost fifteen, sixteen thousand. No question. And very often I'll lose somewhere between five and ten thousand. That happens quite frequently."

"When you lose that much money at the track, it must seem like losing real money, since it's all in cash," I said.

"Right, cash," Rocco said. "You should never carry less than ten thousand dollars in cash at any time."

I laughed.

"No, it's true," he said. He reached into his inside jacket pocket and pulled out a bundle of bills held together with a rubber band. "You've got to have cash, because you never know where you're going to be," he said. "You know, you might meet someone and decide you want to spend the rest of your life in Argentina." He handed me the money. "I've got more over here." He reached into another pocket, and pulled out another bundle.

I hefted both bundles, and fanned the bills with my thumbs, like playing cards. They were all hundreds, and there were perhaps a hundred and fifty of them. It was the most hundred-dollar bills I had ever held at one time.

"Walking around with anything less than ten thousand dollars is completely unacceptable," Rocco went on. "It's a necessity of life. It gives you freedom. The most important thing in life is a sense of possibility, and you simply can't have it with less than ten thousand dollars in your pocket."

IT'S easy for me to understand why people want to be in plays. I was in a couple of plays myself, in high school, and I loved it. I wanted to be in every scene, and I was sad when the curtain came down, and I didn't want to go home.

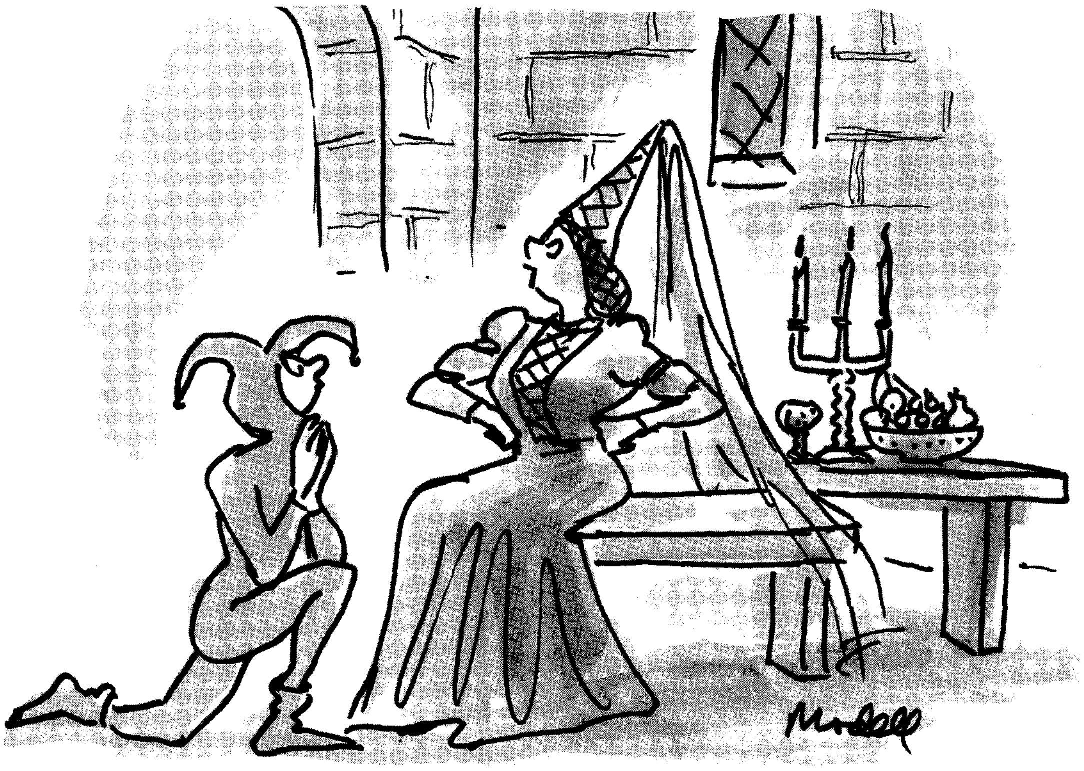
However, it's hard for me to understand why people want to go to plays. I have never seen a Broadway show that I truly liked, and I have seldom felt any emotion while sitting in a theatre except a kind of gut-clenching embarrassment. The main problem, for me, is everything: I don't like the way dramatic actors sound when they try to project their voices to the last row, I don't like the things they do with their arms when they talk, I don't like their larger-than-life gestures, I don't like the way they throw back their heads and thrust out their legs when they dance, I don't like their fakey makeup. People speaking in plays almost invariably sound to me like people speaking in plays, and not like people living in the world.

Television and, especially, the movies undoubtedly have a lot to do with my problem. Once you get used to the sort of elliptical, naturalistic acting that is made possible by closeups and quick cuts, it's hard to suspend disbelief while watching a guy stride sidewise across a stage waving his arms and shouting. At least, it is for me. A stage is a blunt instrument in comparison with a television or a movie screen. Every gesture, every emotion, every subtlety has to be big enough to be visible without binoculars from a couple of hundred feet away. My favorite Shakespeare performances are on film.

I bring this up not because I'm eager to make a show of my philistinism but because I think my feelings are pretty common. When I mentioned this to Rocco one day, he shook his head. "That's the problem we face," he said. The core audience for Broadway, which even during the theatre's halcyon years was never gigantic, is dying off. If tourists from Kansas City and older, well-to-do, Jewish New Yorkers suddenly stopped going to plays, Broadway would disappear tomorrow. If Broadway is to survive, people who are more or less like me have to begin to want to go—and not just once every few years, when they decide their kids might get a kick out of "Cats."

One of the difficulties is that Broadway's management has been aging along with its principal audience. Jerry Schoenfeld and Bernie Jacobs—who are invariably referred to in theatre circles as "the Shuberts"—are both in their seventies, and Jacobs is ill. Jimmy Nederlander is in his seventies and is ill; his brother Bob is now sporadically involved in running the company but has other pressing business obligations, including the New York Yankees, of which he is a part owner. Neither company has a reputation for bold innovation; both companies act essentially as landlords.

"When I started here," Rocco told me one day in his office, "I felt that we couldn't simply do what we had been doing in the past, which was to sit around waiting for the phone to ring for bookings, or to bid on shows that were a hit somewhere else. I felt that we had to develop our own shows in-house, and also



"Surely you jest."

form strong bonds with producers who were developing shows. We weren't going to survive otherwise. We couldn't compete with the Shuberts on their terms. We didn't have the financial resources to bid millions and millions of dollars for the big shows, and we didn't have the contacts with people like Cameron Mackintosh and Andrew Lloyd Webber, and we didn't have the theatrical facilities. The St. James is our biggest house, and it's too small for musicals. The only way we were going to make it was to start forming alliances with a new generation of playwrights and producers."

One of the first things Rocco did was to hire Jack Viertel, whose title at Jujamcyn is creative director. Like Rocco, Viertel is in his mid-forties. He graduated from Harvard, won a fellowship to study in England, shared an apartment in London with his Harvard classmate Frank Rich, wrote a novel, and then moved to California and became a theatre critic for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. Three years before going to work at Jujamcyn, he attracted Rocco's attention by writing a sharply negative review of an early version of "Big River." Rocco incorporated some of the changes Viertel suggested in his review, and later sought Viertel's advice on "Into the Woods." By then, Viertel had become the dramaturge at the Mark Taper Forum, a nonprofit theatre in Los Angeles. When Rocco took over Jujamcyn, he offered Viertel a job. Viertel is now Jujamcyn's principal scout for new work. Rocco, by hiring him, made Jujamcyn the only Broadway theatre-owning organization that was also, in effect, its own production company.

Over the next few years, Rocco also hired Paul Libin, who is Jujamcyn's producing director, and Jerry Zaks, whose title is director-in-residence. Libin had worked at the nonprofit Circle in the Square for nearly forty years. He attracted Rocco's attention by sending an angry letter to the *Times* in response to a critical article about Lincoln Center Theatre that Rocco had written for the Arts & Leisure section. (It is sometimes said that the way to get a job at Jujamcyn is to publish something nasty about Rocco.) Zaks is a highly regarded director who, when Rocco hired him, had been working at Lincoln Center. Jujamcyn was the first Broadway theatre company to have a resident director. Since that time, the Shuberts and the Nederlanders have felt compelled to hire their own.

Virtually every move Rocco makes sends ripples throughout the New York theatre community. Not long after he beat out the Shuberts for "Angels in America," he began quietly courting George C. Wolfe, whom he had hired as the director of "Angels," to work at Jujamcyn. While the courtship was going on, the board of the New York Shakespeare Festival abruptly fired the festival's director, JoAnne Akalaitis, and hired Wolfe to take her place. Akalaitis had had her detractors, but she hadn't recently done anything in particular to arouse the board's ire (although, like the Shuberts, she had failed to win "Angels" for her organization). Some theatre insiders suspect that the board suddenly realized that it had better take the opportunity to snatch Wolfe before he made a commitment to Rocco. "It's an example of Rocco having a huge impact without doing anything directly," an observer told me.

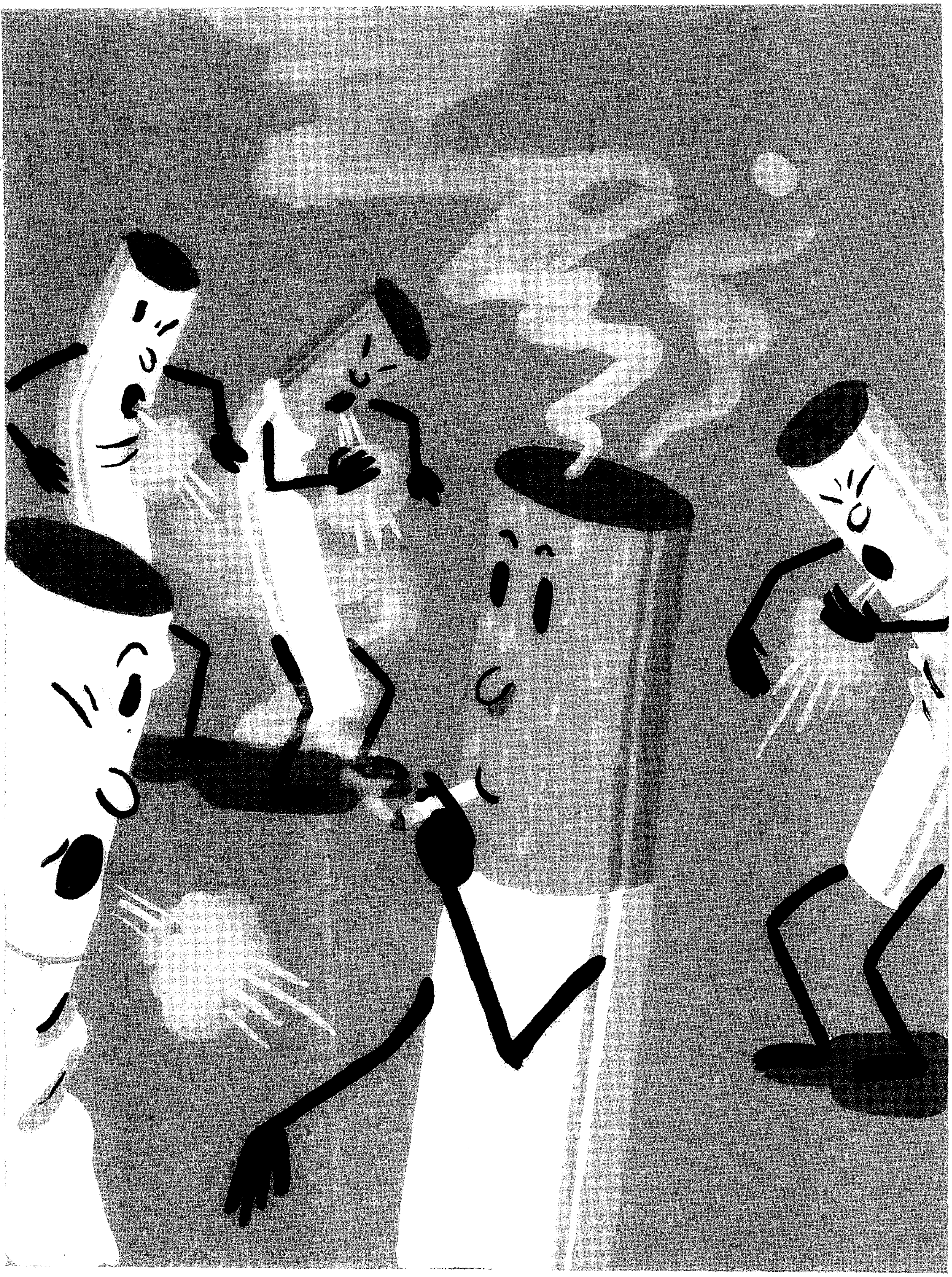
Rocco's impact on the Shuberts, many people believe, has been especially intense. Rocco has an easy working relationship with Jerry Schoenfeld, whom he views as a friend and a mentor, yet it's clear that Rocco has made Schoenfeld's life harder. The loss of "Angels" was a public humiliation for the Shuberts. Shortly before the play opened, the *Times Magazine* ran a long article, by Bruce Weber, that treated the staging of "Angels" as a drama in itself, made the Shuberts sound like fuddy-duddies, and called Rocco "a kind of upstart entrepreneur bent on forcing the commercial theater to acknowledge the late 20th century." More bad news followed. The Shuberts booked "The Kentucky Cycle"—a six-hour, two-part epic, which had won the Pulitzer the year before "Angels" did—into their flagship straight-play theatre, the Royale. While "Angels" played to raves and full houses, "The Kentucky Cycle" quickly flopped. For a bleak period, all three of the Shuberts' prime straight-play theatres on West Forty-fifth Street were dark. It suddenly appeared that Rocco knew how to sell a serious play on Broadway, while the Shuberts did not. What's more, Rocco built the audience for "Angels" in part by emphasizing the very aspects of the play that had struck the Shuberts and other old Broadway hands as particularly problematic. Rocco had initially wanted to drop Kushner's subtitle—"A Gay Fantasia on National Themes"—but after Kushner insisted on keeping it, Rocco used it prominently in advertisements, and worked hard to build a gay constituency for the show. In fact, all the advertising for "Angels" reflects Jujamcyn's enormous confidence in the play. Rocco's favorite ad—which he has insisted on using on billboards and elsewhere—doesn't even contain the show's name. It consists of a large capital "A" with a wing superimposed on it (a design by Milton Glaser) and the words "The Best Play on Broadway." People who don't get the ads, Rocco figures, deserve to feel that they are out of it.

Rocco's office—which is above the St. James Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street—used to belong to David Merrick, the legendary Broadway producer. Merrick was a type that no longer exists. (Merrick himself is still alive, although for some time he has been suffering from the effects of a stroke.) He didn't own any theatres, but he dominated Broadway as though he owned the street itself. He typically had several shows running simultaneously, and he called all the shots. "In a very real sense, Merrick tries to almost panic people into changing a show to fit his vision of it," William Goldman wrote in "The Season," his encyclopedic account of the 1967-68 Broadway season. Merrick was also a feared business adversary, and a fabled deal-maker.

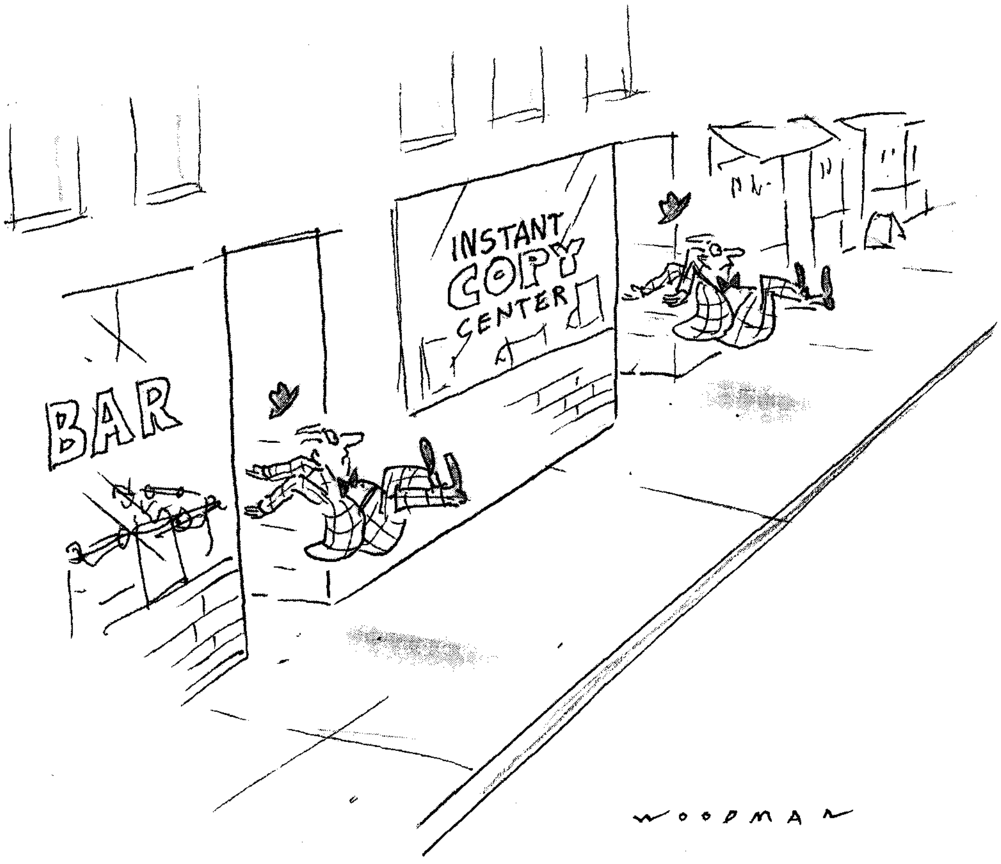
Rocco is nothing like Merrick (although both men were born in St. Louis). By his own admission, he is a terrible negotiator. In virtually any situation, he is inclined to say exactly what he thinks—a tendency that makes it hard for him to bluff. If you ask him what he wants, he will usually tell you. Still, he has a long history of coming out on top in all sorts of business transactions—at the racetrack, in the stock market, on Broadway, and elsewhere. One reason may be that people who do business with Rocco occasionally mistake his frankness for disingenuousness, and worry that he is up to something sneaky, and decide that they had better give him what he says he wants, out of fear that he will trick them into giving him what he really wants, which they figure

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK • BY HA

FIRSTHAND COUGHING



A WINK AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO GARRY TRUDEAU'S MR. BUTTS.



will be worse. Or maybe Rocco is just lucky.

Dissimilarities aside, Rocco loves the idea of occupying Merrick's office. When he moved in, he made certain that his desk was placed in precisely the same spot where Merrick had placed his. The rest of the furnishings are pure Rocco. There are baseball trophies on a radiator, along with several Tonys. There is a picture of a horse in a horseshoe-shaped frame. On top of the television is a cap bearing the insignia of the Kenosha Twins (now the Fort Wayne Wizards), one of the baseball teams of which he is a part owner. There is a sign that says "This Performance of 'Big River' Is Sold Out." There are photographs of ballparks. On the wall near Rocco's desk is a broom that represents Jujamcyn's sweep of the major Tonys in 1990—best revival ("Gypsy"), best musical ("City of Angels"), and best play ("The Grapes of Wrath"). On the desk is a real Tiffany lamp, which Rocco inherited from his father.

"My training is in the nonprofit theatre," Rocco told me one day. "And I brought some of that outlook to the company. What we have here at Jujamcyn is as close as you're going to get on Broadway to a resident nonprofit theatre—what's called an institutional theatre. We are developing new work, just as the institutional theatres do. For example, we were part of a group that *commissioned* a dozen plays from a dozen young playwrights. We have also taken nonconventional approaches to production. I was the first guy to originate a Broadway musical at a nonprofit theatre. We did that with 'Big River,' which began at the American Repertory Theatre, at Harvard."

"Big River" predates Rocco's presidency at Jujamcyn, but the story of how it came to Broadway provides a good example of the sort of creative energy and intelligent risk-taking that he thinks has been largely missing from the commercial theatre for many years. The show began in Rocco's passion for the music of Roger Miller, whom Rocco views as a songwriting genius. (Miller, who died in 1992, had a handful of Top Forty hits in the sixties, among them "King of the Road" and "England Swings.") One night in the early eighties, Rocco and Heidi went to hear Miller perform at the Lone Star Cafe, in New York. "Heidi and I got to talking," Rocco recalls, "and she said we ought to have him do a Broadway show. We had never produced a show, so we didn't know any better. And it was immediately obvious to me that the show ought to be a musical based on 'Huckleberry Finn,' which is my favorite novel." Rocco and Heidi went backstage and explained their idea. Miller was skeptical. He had never even seen a play on Broadway. He also had serious drug and alcohol problems. But Miller's wife seemed somewhat interested in Rocco's idea. She suggested that Rocco write a letter explaining what he wanted to do.

"I began a letter-writing campaign," Rocco recalls. "Never got any answers. Then I began to call, and I never got a return call. But I kept at it, and one day I heard from one of his managers, who said, 'You seem very determined. If you're really serious about this, you can go out and talk to Roger in Reno, where he's going to be playing next week.' So I did that. Roger was very stoned, and after the concert he got higher and higher, but it was still a big thrill for me. I was really nervous, because I thought, My God, this guy is so out of his mind—how is he going to have the discipline to write a show? But he was very hospitable, and in his dressing room he gave me a kind of private concert, which is still one of the great thrills of my life. Of course, he couldn't remember half the words to his own songs. But I knew all the words, so whenever he missed a verse I would correct him."

With five thousand dollars of his own money, Rocco commissioned a book based on "Huck Finn" from William Hauptman, who had been a classmate of his in the drama school at Yale. Rocco showed the book to Robert Brustein, who had taught both him and Hauptman at Yale. Brustein loved the book, and wanted to do the show at the American Repertory Theatre, where he was the artistic director. Rocco flew out to see Miller and, after a great deal of discussion, cajoled him into agreeing in principle to write the music.

"Getting him to agree was not the same thing as getting him to do it," Rocco recalls, "because it turned out that he hadn't written a song in ten years. But over the next couple of years I spent about half my time at his house, in Santa Fe, and after an incredible struggle he finally wrote some new music, which I put on tape. It took an ungodly amount of coaxing. One time, we literally locked him in a room and wouldn't let him come out until he had written a song. God, he was steamed! But the song he wrote in that room was 'Guv'ment,' which John Goodman sang on Broadway, and which was one of the great songs in the show."

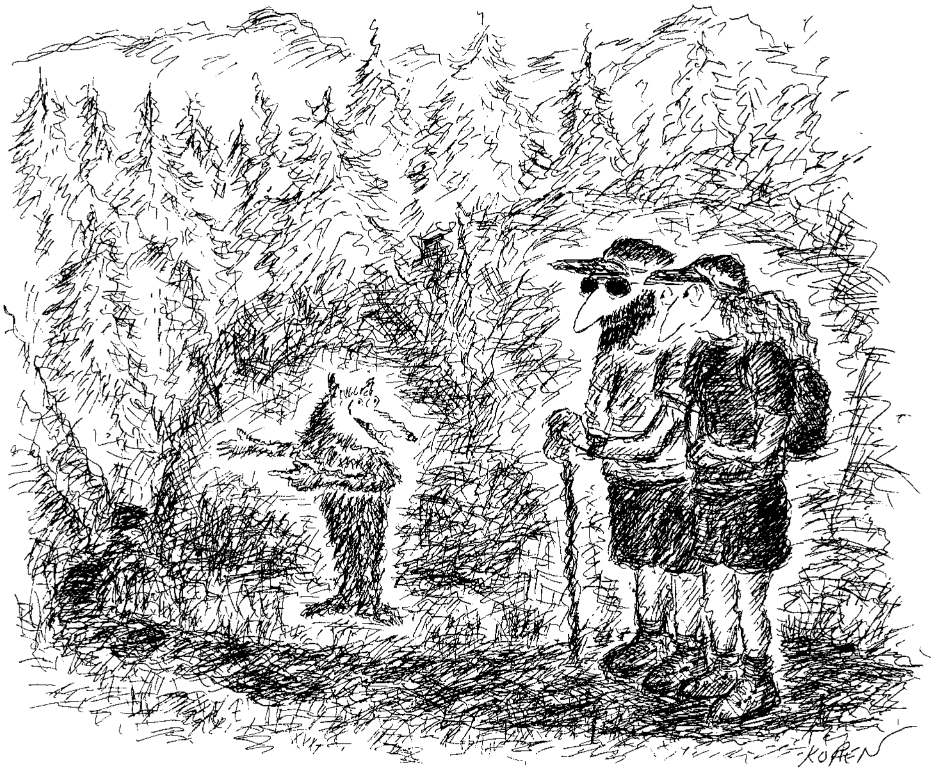
"Big River" had a successful run at the American Repertory Theatre in 1984. Then Rocco produced a version of the show at the La Jolla Playhouse, in California. Rocco viewed both productions as workshops for an eventual Broadway production, and the show changed substantially as various problems emerged. Staging separate productions (with separate casts) in institutional theatres in order to work out the bugs in a Broadway-bound show is one of Rocco's signature innovations, and it became a big part of his strategy in reviving Jujamcyn. Using institutional theatres in this way is different from the common practice of opening a Broadway show, complete with its Broadway cast and Broadway set, in a commercial theatre in Boston or some other city a few weeks before opening it in New York. In fact, Rocco views the traditional out-of-town opening as a terrible idea, primarily because the scheduling seldom leaves enough time for solving the problems that inevitably emerge.

"It's a suicidal way to operate," Rocco told me. "Time is the most precious thing you have as a producer. If you are opening in New York in three weeks, you don't have the time to sit down at your leisure and make the changes that need to be made. In addition, institutional productions are less expensive, partly because the theatres themselves help to finance the show. And it's good for the theatres, too, because we contribute money to their productions, and they stand to make more money if the shows are successful on Broadway. All the musicals that Heidi and I and our partners have produced ourselves have been done that way."

Back in the eighties, conventional theatrical wisdom said that "Big River" ought to bomb when it got to Broadway. It had a composer who had not previously written, or even seen, a Broadway show. It had a director—Des McAnuff—who had never directed on Broadway. It had a book by a writer who had never written a musical. It had producers who had never before produced a show of any kind. And it had actors who were, for the most part, new to Broadway. "A Broadway pro would have handicapped the thing at a million to one, or worse," Rocco says. But "Big River" ran for a thousand performances over two and a half years. It won seven Tonys, including the one for best musical—the Broadway equivalent of hitting the superfecta. Most important, it taught Rocco that there is nothing sacred about Broadway conventional wisdom.

JIM BINGER would like to own more than five Broadway theatres, but attractive houses at attractive prices have not been on the market. Jujamcyn has therefore begun to expand westward, into the hinterland. Recently, it bought a theatre in Chicago called the Royal George. Rocco plans to operate the Royal George almost as though it were an institutional theatre. It will function both as a second home for touring Broadway hits and as a laboratory for shows that aren't yet ready for New York. The Royal George is now selling subscriptions to a four-play series that will consist of travelling productions of "Angels" and "Tommy," "Forever Plaid," and a revue of music by the fifties songwriting team of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller (whose numerous hits include "Hound Dog" and "Yakety Yak"). The revue will be directed by Otis Sallid, a successful black director who has made television commercials and music videos but is new to Broadway. In the fall, in all probability, the Leiber and Stoller show will move to a Jujamcyn house on Broadway.

Quite a few details concerning the Leiber and Stoller revue are still unsettled. The show didn't even have a name until recently. Rocco originally wanted to call it "Smokey Joe's Cafe"—the title of one of the songs. Then he began to like the name "Some Cats Know"—also the title of a song. But no one was wild about either name. Not long ago, Rocco, Jack Viertel, and Paul Libin had a meeting with Jack's brother Tom, who is one of the producers of the show, and with Tom's partner, Richard



"Go straight until you get to the Body Shop. Then there's a path to the right that leads to the Gap. A little farther along, just past the Limited, there's a clearing. Victoria's Secret is right there."

Frankel, for the purpose of deciding on a title.

Frankel said, "I like the gist of the title. It's the sound that really bothers me. It's harder to say, isn't it? What is it?"

Rocco said, " 'Some Cats Know.' "

"Snow. Snow. 'Some Cat Snow.' "

"I'm not getting a favorable response," Jack said.

"Heidi didn't give me a favorable response, either," Rocco said. "I like the idea, though."

"Yes," Frankel said. "It has time period. It has Beatness. It refers to them. But it's difficult to say. 'Some Cat Snow.' You know? It's not euphonious."

"What's more," Jack said, "as my daughter pointed out, when you shorten it—as you do with all show titles—what are you going to shorten it to?"

Everyone: " 'Cats.' "

"No, I agree," Tom said.

"Are there other song titles?" Rocco asked. "Or maybe even phrases in some of the songs?"

Jack said, "We could call it 'Stand By Me' and wait for the movie company to sue us between the time we announce the show and the time we decide what the title is really going to be."

"Why do we dislike 'Yakety Yak'?" Rocco asked.

"Because to me that song and 'Charlie Brown' and all the Coasters songs are just novelty songs," Frankel said. "They're disposable. I hope they're all in a medley in the show."

" 'Yakety Yak' is evocative, though," Rocco said. "I think it's the best title we've heard yet."

"The English Leiber and Stoller show was called 'Yakety Yak,' " Jack said.

"It conveys something fun and hip that you might want to bring your date to," Rocco said. "I don't think it's bad at all."

"It's certainly a title for Chicago," Tom said. "I could live with it easily. For New York, though, I would love something better."

"I think 'Yakety Yak' is as good as we can do," Rocco said.

A few days later, another problem arose. Sallid, who was still negotiating his contract with Jujamcyn, had asked for more money than Rocco and Jack felt was reasonable for a first-time director, and Sallid had said that he would walk away from the project if he didn't get it.

"Do you think there's something inherent in my personality that creates this situation?" Rocco asked Jack.

"There's a rush," Viertel said. "There's a rush, in both meanings of the word. We rush, and we get a rush."

"I do think we should look at the option of letting him go," Rocco said. "Tell me if you disagree. I mean, he's asking for an outrageous amount of money."

"Yes, he is," Viertel said. "In fact, when Jerry Leiber recommended him the first thing I said was that we wouldn't be able to make a deal with him. We couldn't do it the last time, and Margo couldn't do it on 'Jelly.' We knew that going in. But then he does his stuff, and his stuff is terrific, and you say, 'All right, we'll do it.' And not only will we do it, we'll do it Tuesday."

"He wants *MTV* wages," Rocco said.

"He probably makes a great deal of money doing what he does. He would love to direct on Broadway, but he's not going to do it for the going rate."

"Don't you feel like we're losing ground through our own lack of will power and spine?" Rocco asked.

"No, I don't," Viertel said. "I feel like we're losing ground because we need to completely reorganize the way that these shows pay back."

"Doesn't Otis's agent to some degree have the responsibility to explain to his client what the deal is?"

"Yes," Viertel said. "He explained, and his client said, 'I quit.' And you can't really lay it on the agent, because Otis has quit two other times, when he was represented by other people."

There was a long pause.

"Meanwhile," Viertel continued, "we've got to go into rehearsal in three and a half weeks, and we haven't started casting yet."

"Scary," Rocco said. "Scary, scary stuff."

Later, Rocco and I talked on the phone, and I asked him whether he and Viertel had told Sallid to take a hike.

"No," he said. "We caved in."

"How about the title?" I asked. "Did you finally settle on one?"

"Yes," he said.

" 'Yakety Yak'?"

"No," he said, "it changed a little. The new title is 'D. W. Washburn's All-Singin', All-Dancin', Black-and-White, Jive-Ass Rock-'n'-Roll Revue.' " (It has since changed again, to "Baby That's Rock 'n' Roll.")

On the wall behind Rocco's desk is a picture that his father painted. It is called "Julius," and it depicts a tubby man holding a trumpet, the tubing of which is red and looks like an enormous inflamed intestine. Rocco's father was, among other things, a painter, an antique dealer, a successful stock-market investor, a professional poker player, a philosopher, and the co-owner, with his two brothers, of a St. Louis cabaret called the Crystal Palace, which he himself designed. The cabaret became the hub of a then lively but now devastated neighborhood called Gaslight Square. Lenny Bruce and Paul Mazursky played the Crystal Palace, and the second American production of "Waiting for Godot" was staged there. Rocco grew up nearby, in a ramshackle house across the street from T. S. Eliot's childhood home. The Landesman house was shared for a time by all three brothers and their families. Connected to the house was an apartment where performers from the Crystal Palace would sometimes stay. Mike Nichols and Elaine May lived there for a while; so did Tom and Dick Smothers.

Rocco's father was named Alfred and called Fred. He had no middle name but adopted North—after his favorite philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead. (Hence the first name of Rocco's eldest son; the two other boys, Nash and Dodge, were named partly after cars.) Fred believed in lively dinner-table conversation, and he carried note cards on which he wrote provocative philosophical questions, like "Can an emotion be in error?" Rocco told me, "My father was a very thoughtful person. He was absolutely without any artificial quality at all. And he had no interest in what anyone thought of him. Didn't care. Didn't care. My mother cared, but he didn't." Rocco's mother had a somewhat more conventional outlook than her husband, but she was still an independent thinker. As a young woman, she was thrown out of Wellesley for various curfew and discipline infractions, and she attended the University of Wisconsin before graduating from Washington University.

Shortly before Rocco turned three, his father was found to have thyroid cancer, and he spent roughly the next twenty-five years slowly dying from the disease. (Rocco's mother now lives in New York; she has an apartment not far from his office.) Rocco's memories of his father's glacial decline, and of innumerable visits to hospitals, have colored his views of life and working. He believes that most people conduct their lives without any real sense that their time on earth is limited. His palpable awareness of his mortality also contributes to what he views as one of the most important elements of his personality—an abiding attachment to old friends. Most of the important friendships in his current life date back to high school or junior high school. Every Thanksgiving, he and the children get together with a number of old friends and their families. Once or twice each year, he and a couple of childhood friends travel to a city where the St. Louis Cardinals are playing an away series, and pass the time between games by finding an empty schoolyard and playing fuzzball—a variant of stickball which they used to play as kids.

Rocco inherited from his father a penchant for asking provocative questions. A few years ago, at a drama workshop that Jujamcyn used to hold in Saratoga—which, not coincidentally, is the site of a famous racetrack—Rocco said to Jack Viertel, "Jack, I've been curious. What is it, exactly, that you do?"

Viertel had been creative director at Jujamcyn for quite a while by that point, and the question momentarily stopped his heart. "I couldn't answer—I had no answer," he told me one recent afternoon as he, Rocco, and I were standing around talking in front of Viertel's office door. Standing around talking in front of Viertel's office door is a common activity at Jujamcyn, especially during periods when the company's theatres are safely booked with successful shows. (At the time we spoke, "Angels" was at the Walter Kerr, "Tommy" was at the St. James, "Guys and Dolls" was at the Martin Beck, "My Fair Lady" was at the Virginia, and the Eugene O'Neill was being restored. Since then, "My Fair Lady" has closed, and "Grease!" has opened at the O'Neill.)

"He got very upset about it," Rocco said.

"I now have an answer," Viertel said. "What I do is arrange situations that appear to be work, so that Rocco can go to the races. I'm kind of a work beard, I guess."

"I believe that if you have something on your mind, you should just express it," Rocco said. "That same evening, I said to Paul Libin, 'Paul, every time I turn around, you've hired some new person to work for you at Jujamcyn. Every month, it seems, you've hired a new person. I would like to know who these people are. I walk around the halls and see these strange people. Why are you doing this?' "

"When 'Face Value' flopped," Viertel said, "Rocco came into my office and said, 'Jack, I've been thinking about this, and I have decided it's entirely your fault. Why did I listen to you?' "

"Yes," Rocco said. "I still think it was your fault."

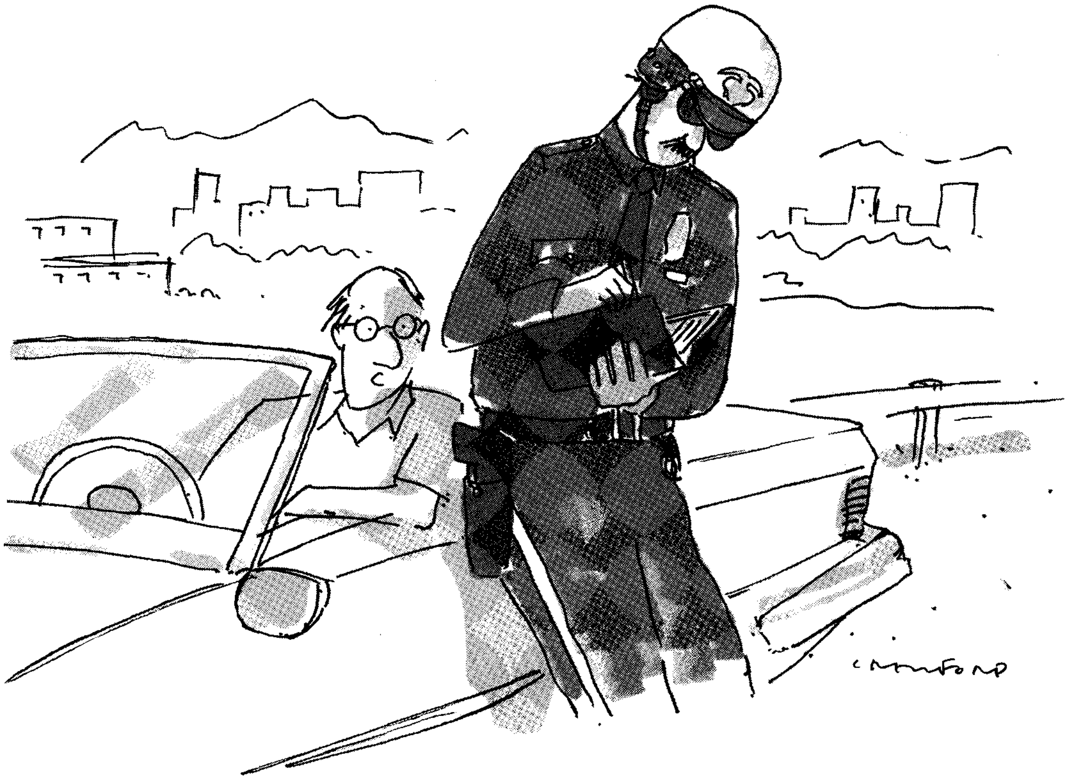
"I feel that this elevates me, in a way," Viertel said. "It shows that you have no more confidence in your ability to read a play than Jerry Schoenfeld or Jimmy Nederlander."

"The problem is, I have some confidence in Heidi's ability to read a play. I have confidence in yours, too, Jack, but I figure that if both of you like a play there may be something in it."

"He also once asked me if I thought he paid me too much," Viertel said.

"That was more recently. I had had some conversation with Schoenfeld, and we were talking about salary and money and what people do, and I walked into the office and said, 'Jack, do you think you're overpaid?' To his credit, he didn't just say, 'No, no, I work hard, I earn every penny.' He brooded about it for a time, as he does, and talked to his wife about it. I have this image of you going home to Linda and saying, 'Rocco said something really horrible today,' and then I picture the two of you talking about how mean I am to you."

"That never happened," Viertel said. "But I do sit around and try to figure out what you really want to know when you ask a question like that. And I



"Officer, shouldn't this be a time for healing?"

never come up with a good answer."

"What I want is to have a moment of interchange that has genuineness, authenticity, and electricity," Rocco said.

"Moments that I try to avoid at all costs," Viertel said.

"Right," Rocco said. "We have different personalities. I'm an excitement junkie, or something."

"I have finally come to the point where if you ask a question like that I don't immediately think I'm about to be fired."

"You used to think that?" Rocco asked, genuinely surprised.

"I used to think that right away."

"But, knowing me, how could you think that?" Rocco said.

"Because I always think like that," Viertel said. "I always think I'm about to flunk. I always think I'm about to die of cancer."

"We really do have different personalities. You're much more insecure."

I asked Viertel, "And Rocco's not insecure at all?"

"Not as far as I can tell," Viertel said. "I think Rocco is death-obsessed, but not insecure."

Rocco nodded. "I had too much love as a child."

ROCCO attended Colby College, in Maine. "I chose Colby because they put me on their waiting list, so I figured that it must be a better school than the ones that accepted me outright," he told me. He later transferred to the University of Wisconsin, a school that was attended by a friend named Rick Steiner. Rocco and Steiner had been best friends since meeting at summer camp, in northern Minnesota, during junior high school. They are still best friends today, and they are partners in many business ventures, including the two minor-league baseball teams and various Jujamcyn plays.

Steiner is, among other things, a highly accomplished poker player. I called him not long ago, while he was on a break from competing in the World Series of Poker, in Las Vegas, and asked him about Rocco's college days.

"Up until my senior year, I didn't think of Rocco as anything other than just a great guy," he said. "Then, that year, he told me to enroll in a creative-writing course that was taught by Isaac Bashevis Singer. He said it would be easy, and I would get a good grade, so I enrolled. I figured he was there for the same reason. In one class, though, Singer stood in the front of the room and asked, in his heavily accented way, 'Who is Mr. Landesman? Would he please stand up?' Rocco stood up. And Singer turned to the class and said, 'This man has talent.' And at that moment there was a fundamental change in my view of Rocco. I suddenly realized that he knew what he was doing in some way that others didn't, and I knew that I would always follow his lead in whatever direction he wanted to go. I trust him more than a brother. And I believe that he has genius in him."

At Wisconsin, Rocco was deeply involved in drama. He wrote extensively for the student newspaper, and became the fine-arts editor. His predecessor had been a dazzlingly erudite student, whom Rocco idolized. When the friend decided to apply to a new graduate program in theatre criticism at Yale, Rocco did, too. Much to the surprise of both, Rocco got in and his friend did not.

The director of the program was Robert Brustein, who had just moved to Yale from Columbia, where he had been a protégé of Lionel Trilling. Rocco later asked Brustein why he had admitted him and not his friend, and Brustein said that he had been struck by the quality of Rocco's writing. Rocco became a star student. At the end of the program, Brustein hired him as an assistant professor, and Rocco found himself lecturing to students who had been his classmates the year before. Rocco also edited the quarterly *Yale Theatre* (now called *Theatre*). He taught for three years, but eventually he decided that the pace of academic life was too slow—even though he had arranged his teaching schedule so that all his classes were on one day, enabling him to spend the rest of his time gambling, managing his mutual fund, and looking after a racehorse that he had just bought. Rocco and Brustein are still very close. "I love Rocco like a son," Brustein told me.

While Rocco was a student at Yale, Brustein hired the novelist Jerzy Kosinski to teach in the program. Kosinski said later that he accepted the job because Rocco was in the program, and both Rocco and Brustein believe that may have been at least partly true. Rocco, while he was a student at Wisconsin, had written a glowing review of Kosinski's novels "Steps" and "The Painted Bird," and the two had met and become friends. (Rocco's review subsequently won a college essay contest sponsored by *Harper's*.) At Yale, Rocco wrote a stage adaptation of "Steps," and Richard Gilman directed it at the University Theatre. One night not long ago, Rocco, Brustein, and I went to dinner at Frankie and Johnny's, a steak house on West Forty-fifth Street. I asked about Kosinski.

"Jerzy had the ultimate hypochondriac suicide," Rocco said. "He had a heart problem, and he thought that he was going to end up paralyzed and in a vegetable condition, and he kept worrying that that was going to happen, and so, finally—and this is the ultimate hypochondriac move—in order to keep from getting sick he killed himself."

"He was a very poignant man," Brustein said.

"You never knew if he was telling the truth," Rocco said. "I once interviewed him for the Writers at Work series in *The Paris Review*, and I brought along a wonderful woman I was seeing at the time. After the last interview, Kosinski asked me for her address, saying he wanted to send her some books. I found out later—not from him but from her—that they went on to have an incredible affair, totally behind my back, that went on for years and years."

"There was the time when he was pretending to go blind," Brustein said.

"He would sit in a dark closet and type, so that he would know how to write when he became blind," Rocco said. "He would say that he was going up to Mass. General, in Boston, to try to cure his blindness, when what we think he was really doing was going up to see this woman friend of mine."

"And then he went to Switzerland to have an operation on his eyes, and what he was really doing was skiing."

"Never a boring moment," Rocco said.

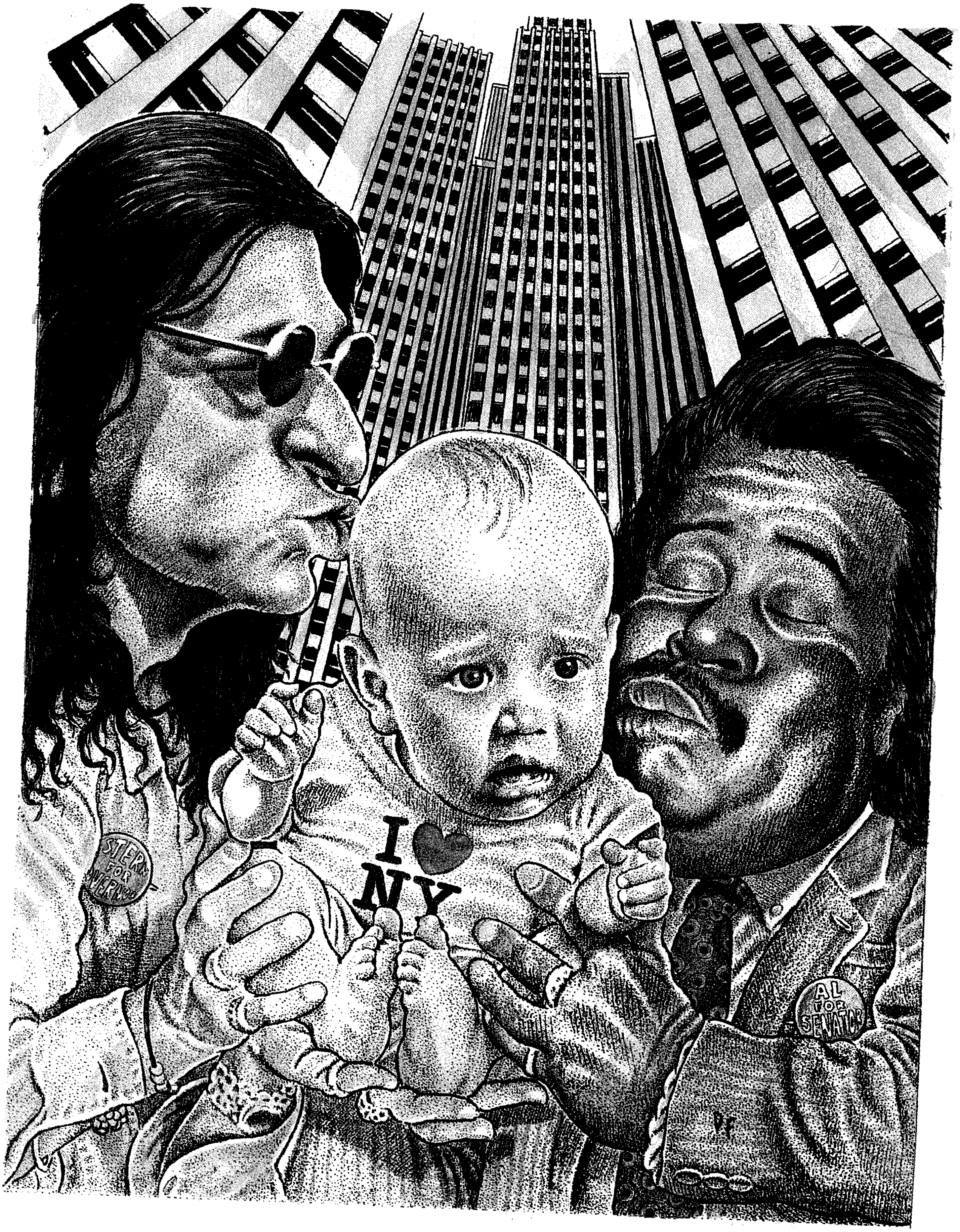
"He was fascinating."

"I do think, though," Rocco said, "that his books started deteriorating once I stopped writing them."

In 1982, an article in the *Village Voice* accused Kosinski of, among other things, using uncredited collaborators to help him write his novels. Later, John Corry, in a long article in the *Times*, defended Kosinski and dismissed the *Voice's* charges as left-wing propaganda—a

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK · BY DREW FRIEDMAN

ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL


STERN FOR GOVERNOR
I ♥ NY
AL FOR SENATOR
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story that Corry recounts in his recent memoir, "My Times." The fact is, though, that Kosinski did have collaborators, and Rocco was one of them.

"I worked on 'Being There' and 'The Devil Tree,' " Rocco said as we attacked our big, rare steaks. "I worked with Barbara Mackay, who was my girlfriend at the time, and she later also worked on 'Cockpit' and, I believe, one other. We edited his manuscripts and sometimes rewrote them."

"Were your revisions extensive?" I asked.

"Sometimes," Rocco said. "We never thought of any of the ideas or scenes, but English wasn't Jerzy's first language. He didn't have the most facile English writing style. We would reshape paragraphs, and rewrite and reorder sentences. I would call it heavy editing. For example, he had the whole idea of 'Being There'—he had the whole thing set up. But he did it in this very matter-of-fact, totally declarative prose. It was a wonderful idea for a story—one of his best ones. Did you like the book?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good," Rocco said. "Barbara and I wrote a lot of it. Or I guess I should say we edited a lot of it."

While we drank coffee, I asked Brustein whether Rocco had changed since graduate school.

"I see no change," Brustein said. "He is completely consistent with the personality I first met in 1966. I think his politics have changed. I think his aesthetic has probably changed. But he hasn't changed. The character—the nature—is the same."

"I had much more radical political views then than I have now," Rocco said. "Bob has this essentially gloomy, Freudian, deterministic view of the world, and I resist that. Did then. Do now."

"Right," Brustein said. "You are a very sunny, positive person."

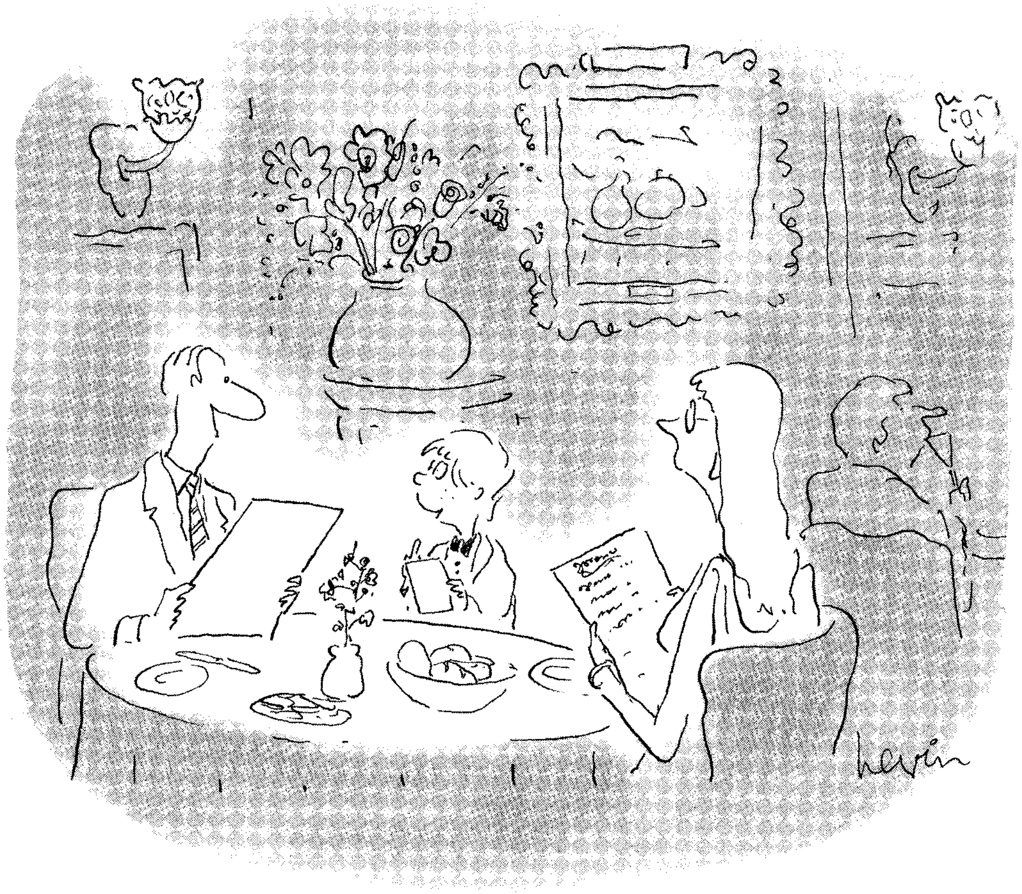
"I believe in possibility," Rocco said. "I think people can change. The world can get better. There's a better way of doing things. Bob—along with Trilling and all those people—grew up with a strong Freudian bias in his outlook on the world. He believes that we can make a little bit of incremental progress, but essentially we're neurotic, doomed creatures. We have different personalities."

"I'm actually a short-term optimist," Brustein said. "I'm very optimistic in the short term, or else I wouldn't go to work every day. I think we probably reverse positions. I suspect that you are a short-term pessimist."

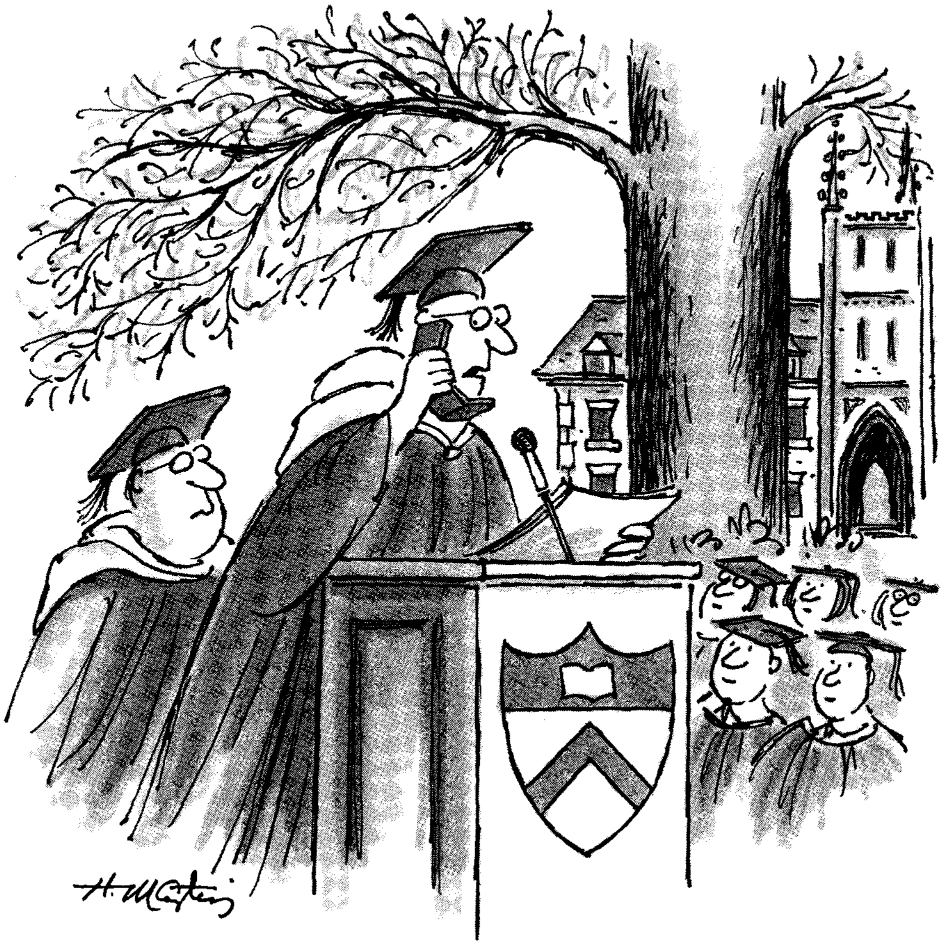
"That's probably true," Rocco said. "I always think the show that's about to open is going to be a flop."

THE very nature of the Broadway theatre business would make almost anyone a pessimist, short-term and long-term. Broadway plays are not financed from the same bottomless bag of money that funds the movie business. Producers have to scrape together their financing from individual investors, sometimes dollar by dollar. Getting "Jelly's Last Jam" to the stage took ten years, and at one point Margo Lion, who was the originating producer, had to pledge as security a Matisse sculpture that she had inherited from her parents. Even after all the sweat and anxiety, only one show in four recoups its investment. Investors in "Angels in America"—one of Broadway's most distinguished hits of the last few years—may end up losing money. There are so many uncertainties that the whole thing can begin to seem harebrained. Once a movie's on film, it can play forever, all over the world, everywhere at once. A play, in contrast, has to be pulled out of the hat every night, and before an audience that could easily fit inside a cineplex. It's anything but a sure thing.

Despite the long odds, Rocco has managed to turn Jujamcyn into a thriving business and a center of creative excitement. In doing so, he has improved the outlook of a lot of people who used to feel very gloomy about the future of Broadway. Rocco represents energy and innovation in an industry that for a long time has lived mostly on its memories. Several people I talked to pointed out to me that the Shubert and Nederlander Organizations are aging and some of their theatres could come on the market during the next few years. Maybe Jujamcyn will buy them, giving Rocco a



"I can highly recommend the peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, served with a chilled glass of milk."



"May I call you back? I'm right in the middle of a commencement address."

• •

chance to remake Broadway from top to bottom. That prospect turns a lot of theatre people into long-term optimists.

"It's a point of pride with me that we are trying to reach new and different audiences," Rocco told me. "If the only audience for the theatre is the audience for 'Guys and Dolls,' then we're going to be out of business. If I had one dream for what we are doing here, it would be to get conversation about the theatre back into the intellectual mainstream. *The New York Review of Books* doesn't have anyone writing about theatre. People who are serious writers or thinkers—people who are interested in ideas—generally are not engaged by the theatre. And they used to be. Forty or fifty years ago, they would have routinely been interested in what was playing. Part of our mission at Jujamcyn is to get the theatre back into serious discourse. I don't know if it can be done, but it's worth trying."

Still, Rocco doesn't necessarily plan to stick around to see this transformation take place. When he went to work for Jujamcyn, he told Binger that he would stay in the job for about ten years. That was nearly seven years ago. One evening, I asked Rocco whether he intended to keep to his timetable.

"That seems about right to me," he said.

Many of his friends and associates in the theatre don't believe that he will really abandon Broadway in 1997. For one thing, he has an option to buy Jujamcyn when Binger dies (or earlier, if Binger chooses). But even if he does buy the company, he may not be interested in running it. Rocco has always been restless. He would love to be the general manager of a major-league baseball team. He would love to throw a hundred thousand dollars in the trunk of his car and head out West in search of racetracks filled with pigeons. (Incidentally, he won a little more than sixty-seven thousand dollars betting on Go for Gin, the winner of the Kentucky Derby, last month, after I forgot to call him to ask him which horse to bet on.) He is somewhat interested in politics, and Margo Lion believes that he would make a great campaign manager. (He has bet a fair bit of money on Kathleen Brown, who is running for governor of California, because he believes that someday she will be President or Vice-President.) He worries that if he stays in one place very long today will begin to seem exactly the same as yesterday, and his life will slip through his fingers.

A couple of years ago, Rocco was briefly captivated by the idea of temporarily switching jobs with Frank Rich. Rocco had mentioned the idea to Rich, who found it interesting, and Rocco followed up with a letter to Joe Lelyveld, Rich's boss at the *Times*. For three months, Rocco would review plays for the *Times*, and Rich would make all executive decisions concerning the shows in Jujamcyn theatres. Each man would earn the other's salary. At the end of three months, they would switch back. Jim Binger didn't object, but Lelyveld said no. Rocco was disappointed, yet he was later pleased when Rich decided to stop reviewing plays. He doesn't think anyone should do anything for too long.

"Habit is the enemy of experience," he told me. "There's no question. We get into habits with our families, with our wives, with our friendships, with our work. We have to avoid being deadened by the simple routine of our existence. That's one of the reasons I try to keep things freewheeling here. I don't want to get so settled into something that I begin doing it by rote. And isn't that, frankly, what most people do?"

Margo Lion dropped by, and one topic led to another, and we began to talk about a certain movie critic.

"He must be on some kind of drug," Lion said. "He's giving everything good reviews."

"He's aged," Rocco said. "I just hope I get to that point when I'm old. I have a friend whose grandmother got to the point where all she said was 'Love everybody. Love all the good people.' That's all she said. She was as happy as a clam. 'Love everybody. Love all the good people.' The world was exactly the way she wanted it to be. *Finally.* Don't you think we should all get to that point? That's my goal. I'm going to get there. I just want everything to be the way I would imagine it." ♦

ANNALS OF LAW

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

In Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, Dan Miller had finally found contentment in his work as a financial manager and in his personal life as a gay man. He never believed that his sexual orientation would cost him his job, or that the legal system would turn against him.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

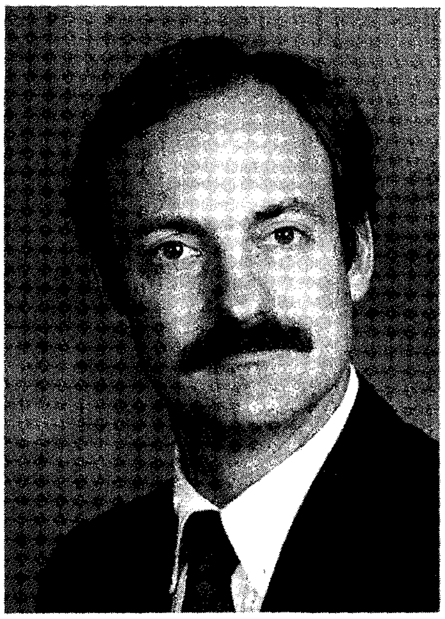
ON the morning of October 17, 1990, Donald L. DeMuth, of Donald L. DeMuth Professional Management Consultants, asked one of his employees, Daniel C. Miller, to step into his office. Miller wondered if DeMuth was going to raise the possibility of Miller's becoming a partner in the business, which specializes in financial matters for the medical and dental professions. DeMuth had never actually promised Miller a partnership, but he'd recently asked him if he wanted to invest with him in a new office building for the business, which is situated in Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, just across the Susquehanna River from Harrisburg. The two men had worked together for five years, and, as professional relationships go, they had become close. DeMuth occasionally asked Miller to join him at the Harrisburg Senators' baseball games (DeMuth is a baseball fan and used to be a co-owner of the Spartanburg, South Carolina, Phillies); they sometimes travelled together to professional conferences; and Miller often joined DeMuth and his wife for dinner. Over some fifteen years, DeMuth had had other employees who were candidates for partnership, but, according to someone who worked in the office, none had established the good rapport he had with Miller.

DeMuth's tone that morning indicated that something was wrong. "I'm sorry to have to do this," DeMuth began. Then he said, "I am terminating you."

"Why?"

"You know why," DeMuth replied. He said that Miller would get no severance pay and that his medical benefits were ended. He had to remove his belongings from the office before the end of the day.

Six weeks later, Dan Miller, after absorbing the shock—he had never got so much as a bad grade, let alone a summary discharge—opened his own office, across the river in Harrisburg. Several of his clients, baffled by his sudden departure, continued to send work his way. Some of them soon received a letter from DeMuth that said, in part, "Right now Dan is on his own. If he ever wants to grow, I question who he will be able to attract as an associate. While there may be other homosexual practice management consultants and C.P.A.s, to the best of my knowledge I've never met one." The letter continued, "It's well known that homosexuals are significantly at risk for AIDS. While I have no knowledge of Dan's medical condition, consider getting the results of a blood test from him, if you are considering using his services on a long-term basis."



Don DeMuth, Miller's former boss, says his beliefs stem not from prejudice but from principle.

COURTESY OF DONALD DEMUTH

WHEN Dan Miller, a twenty-nine-year-old accountant, showed up in Don DeMuth's office in 1985, he seemed like a godsend. DeMuth's practice was flourishing, and the principal accountant who worked for him had just quit. Miller was not only a C.P.A., with experience at an important international firm in Harrisburg and several other companies, but also had an M.B.A. from Penn State. He made a good impression on DeMuth: thin, sandy-haired, and fair, and a tennis and basketball player, he is perhaps best described as "clean-cut." His hair is kept short and neatly parted and he always wears a white dress shirt to work. He keeps his desk immaculate. His parents and three sisters live in the Harrisburg area; his father, a former professional baseball player with Chicago White Sox farm teams, was an administrator at a local college, and his mother worked at Sears. He and his family regularly attend the Calgary United Methodist Church. There weren't a great many candidates for the job in central Pennsylvania who had Miller's credentials, especially the M.B.A.

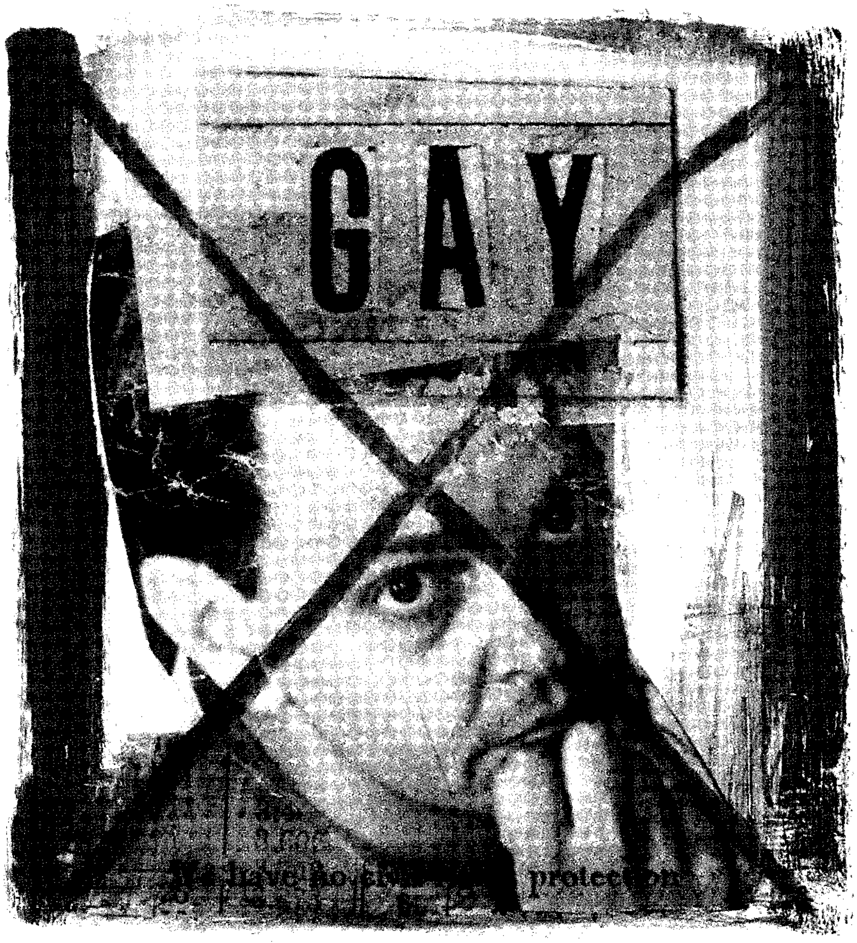
DeMuth himself had an M.B.A. from Wharton, and he felt that the degree was a distinct advantage in attracting the kind of professionals, many of them doctors from the distinguished Hershey Medical Center, who were the mainstay of his practice. After graduating from Wharton, in 1976, DeMuth, too, had returned to the Harrisburg area, to be near his family and the business opportunity he saw there. His father is a retired surgeon—a dean of the local medical establishment who seems to be revered both for professional competence and a kindly, gregarious personality. One of Don's younger brothers is also a highly regarded local practitioner.

Like his father and brother, DeMuth is generally described as pleasant and outgoing. An ardent jogger, he is trim and fit and looks a bit younger than his age, which is forty-three. His wife, Nancy, is a psychologist, and they have two sons, thirteen and eleven. In December, the DeMuths sometimes send Christmas cards showing photographs of the family posed before the fireplace, with the boys dressed in baseball uniforms. Baseball is DeMuth's passion. Not only was he part owner of a farm team but as a hobby he runs a mail-order business in minor-league baseball cards and plays catcher in the local over-thirty league. DeMuth attends the Second Presbyterian Church, in nearby Carlisle, and participates in adult Sunday-school classes there, but says he wouldn't describe himself as particularly religious. He is a Republican, as are many of his clients, and describes himself as conservative, though he has never been involved in any political activism or particular conservative causes.

Miller began working for DeMuth part time, but was soon doing so much work that he was billing more than forty hours a week, whereupon DeMuth offered to hire him full time, at a salary of $32,500. DeMuth asked Miller, as he asked all his employees, to sign an employment agreement that, among other things, would penalize Miller for leaving the firm and starting a competing practice. While this seemed reasonable to Miller if he quit voluntarily, it bothered him that he might not be able to earn a living in the area if he was fired—especially if he was fired unjustly. As he recalls it, he asked DeMuth, "What if you fire me and there's no valid reason?" DeMuth hadn't really pondered that, but agreed that the bar would take effect only if Miller should be fired "for cause." Still concerned, Miller asked him to spell out what he meant by "cause."

That evening, DeMuth wrote down what he deemed to be grounds for dismissal—something he says he'd never done before. He says he didn't consult his lawyer, because he didn't believe that he would ever need to enforce such a provision—especially with Miller, to whom it was most unlikely that any of DeMuth's objections would apply. "I listed about a dozen things, both personal and professional—things that I wouldn't want to be associated with," he recalls. In the agreement he finally offered Miller, he included the provision "Cause shall include, but is not limited to, moral turpitude, being charged with a felony, use of illicit drugs, intoxication while working, insulting Employer's family and clients, not working, intentionally working slowly, intentionally losing clients, engaging in sexual activities in the office, and homosexuality."

Outside the United States military, where homosexuality is specifically cited as a ground for discharge, that last provision appears to be exceedingly rare, and has rarely, if ever, been an issue in legal cases. But to DeMuth the logic of it seems so self-evident as hardly to call for explanation. "Homosexuality is not a big thing in my life," he says. "I'm not out stomping out homosexuality at every turn. I'm not a gay-basher." He included the provision partly out of concern for his business and partly out of his own repugnance. "Sodomy is what we're talking about," he says. "This is offensive. Why should I have to defend myself? My views are normal in America."



Dan Miller told his clients why he had been dismissed, and many chose to take their business to him.

STEPHEN DANA/PHOTO: JEFFREY LOWE/PATRIOT NEWS CO.

Miller was astounded when he saw DeMuth's clarification of the contract. He had been dating women, and had never had sex with a man. When he was in business school, he had spent a summer working in Manhattan, living in the East Village, yet had never set foot in a gay bar. Indeed, he'd come back to the Harrisburg area partly because he was dating a local woman and he thought there was a good chance they'd get married. There had been times when he questioned his sexuality. While studying for his M.B.A. at Penn State, he realized that he'd fallen in love with a male classmate who had become his best friend and had visited him during his summer in New York. That fall, hoping his feelings might be reciprocated, Miller mustered the courage to tell his friend that he "might" be gay. "I never want to speak to you again," his friend replied—and didn't. Miller seriously considered suicide, going as far as to buy razor blades and lock himself in his room. Another friend knocked on the door at that moment, reminding him that they had an intramural basketball game. He didn't

A COMMON

He is crisp, hard from a mold, a Romanesque
Peering from his low-arched niche
Like a Coptic clerk behind his desk
In a grave relief. Pop-eyed, suppressing an itch

To move but smiling, he is thinking about
Retreating once more inside his little friary.
Staring from the couch of fever along his bones,
Perhaps he will read "An Account of My Hut"

Or the fiercely Bostonian "Inman Diary."
He will walk instead: bravely—the lightly shaken hand—
By the iron fence, committed to getting there alone
Across the park, alert for the first last stand.

Down the walk from the children who misbehave,
The generosity of the trees. These answer
The shouting with shade; they offer bandanna waves
Above her there, quick as a dancer, a dancer

Always a dancer, mother of sixth-grade-bold
And balky boys. Heeled with renunciations
She talks with him, single and single; old,
Conversing above the feverfew and lupines.

—STEPHEN SANDY

want to let down the team, so he went. And he started dating a female friend who was in the stands watching the game.

Having asked for and got the clarification, Miller says, he felt he had no choice but to sign the employment agreement. When Susan Davis, DeMuth's secretary, typed the contract, she was surprised by the language, since no one else's contract had contained anything like it. "Doesn't this offend you?" she asked Miller.

"Yeah, it upsets me," he said.

"Is this legal?" Davis asked rhetorically. "I didn't know people could do this."

IN Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, as in most of the country, there isn't any law protecting gays and lesbians from discrimination. Several large cities, including New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, have such ordinances. So does Harrisburg, but it doesn't extend across the river to Camp Hill. Eight states and the District of Columbia have enacted statutes forbidding employment discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation: California, Connecticut, Hawaii, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Vermont, and Wisconsin. Senator Edward Kennedy is currently preparing to sponsor similar federal legislation. To gain political support, the proposed bill is far less sweeping than similar statutes forbidding race discrimination; for example, it would exempt all religious organizations, and it would apply only to large businesses (and thus would not have had any effect on DeMuth and Miller). Nevertheless, it is given scant chance of passage. Indeed, the most heated recent battles have focussed on efforts to roll back those laws that already exist, on the ground that homosexuals shouldn't be given "special treatment." Miller therefore made no effort to protest the contract.

By the standards of the DeMuth office, which had seen several of Miller's predecessors leave or get fired, Miller and DeMuth seemed to get on famously. Miller was so eager to make a good impression that DeMuth's quirks, some of which drove others in the office crazy, didn't bother him. For a while, DeMuth drove a '64 Cadillac, in part because he wanted a car so big that in the event of a collision he wouldn't get hurt. Then he bought a used Cadillac limousine, which was even bigger, and drove it. Though his wife wore fashionable, expensive clothes, DeMuth boasted that one of his suits retailed for eighty-nine dollars and that he'd got it on sale at half price. He wore the same raincoat he'd had in high school. One Christmas, Miller and Davis bought DeMuth a new overcoat, but he didn't wear it. Finally, just before a client's funeral, Miller told DeMuth that he wouldn't ride in the car with him or stand near him if he wore the old coat. DeMuth broke down and wore the new coat.

At the office, Miller urged DeMuth to computerize their operations, something that most accountants had already done. DeMuth resisted. Finally, he said that if Miller bought the computer and proved that it was cost-effective he'd lease the computer back from him. Miller did, using his own money. To save money while travelling to professional meetings, DeMuth encouraged Miller to share a room with him.

DeMuth was fond of organizing a skit once a year at the Hershey Medical Center. Each spring, the graduating class of medical students attended presentations aimed at preparing them for life after graduation, and DeMuth, partly as a bid to attract future clients, lectured for about half an hour on taxes and financial matters, concluding with a skit. In the skit, DeMuth played the lead role, that of an I.R.S. auditor in the guise of a Gestapo agent. Miller was cast as a terrified taxpayer undergoing an audit. In an exaggerated German accent, DeMuth made comments like "We have ways to make you talk!" Under interrogation, Miller was forced to admit that he had donated to a sperm bank and failed to disclose the payment as income. A cigarette figured prominently as a prop. "He got a cigarette out, he lit it, walked around in a very threatening manner. He'd bang the cigarette on the table, hold it in front of you, light it very slowly," Miller recalls. "Threat was the theme. I hated doing the skit. It was Don's thing. He wanted to perform. Sometimes they laughed, sometimes they didn't." But Miller acted his part without complaint.

After signing the contract, Miller heard nothing further from DeMuth on the subject of homosexuality. Except for telling the odd joke based on sexist or ethnic stereotypes, DeMuth didn't offer many opinions on politics and social issues at the office. For four years, Miller was asked to renew his contract, with a salary increase each time, and each contract contained the homosexuality clause. Then, as Miller began his fifth year, no contract materialized. Either DeMuth had forgotten or he no longer cared, Miller figured. Either way, it was a good sign.

In January of 1986, after Miller began working for DeMuth but before he signed the contract, he and his girlfriend were at a supermarket, buying taco ingredients for a Mexican dinner, when Miller, flipping through an issue of *Newsweek* displayed at the checkout counter, was startled by a photograph of two young men of about his age, one with his arm around the other. They seemed like regular guys; they even looked a lot like him, he thought. The headline was "GROWING UP GAY."

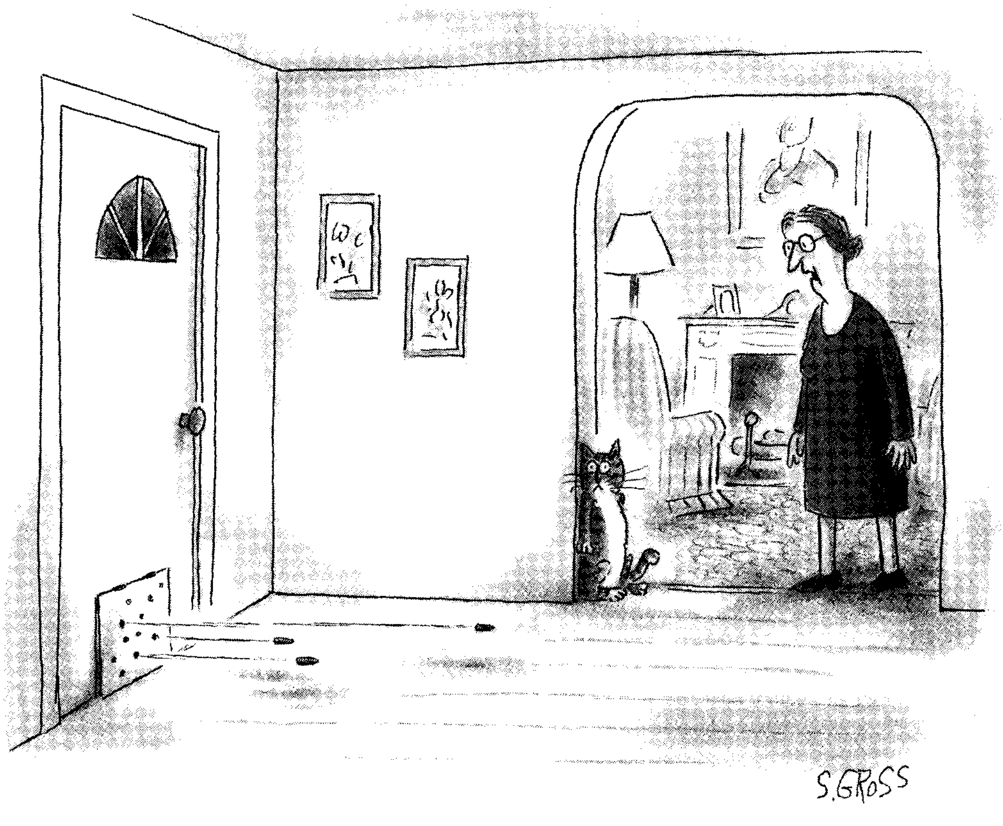
Miller's relationship with his girlfriend had reached a plateau short of marriage. They had vacationed together in Colorado and, though they had had a good time, something romantic seemed to be missing, at least for Miller. They continued to date steadily, but they didn't move in together. When Miller asked himself if she was the person he wanted to spend the rest of his life with, he began to think that the answer was no. It took the magazine article—which, among other things, described a quasi-marital relationship between the men in the picture—to crystallize his thinking. "That's what I wanted," Miller says.

In the phone book, Miller found a number for a gay-and-lesbian switchboard. He called it, and learned that there was a gay volleyball game in Harrisburg every Tuesday and Friday. He was nervous, but on Friday he went. It was a revelation. He met dozens of gay men at the game. Afterward, they took him to a gay bar. He arranged to go out with a man he met there that night.

The next evening, he told his girlfriend. She seemed hurt and angry, and told their mutual friends what had happened. Miller felt that they were giving him the cold shoulder. Several weeks later, he told one of his sisters, and she said she couldn't keep it a secret from their family. Two nights later, he went to his parents' house, and found them watching an episode of "Dynasty." Miller joined them in front of the TV just as one of the show's characters, Steve Carrington, confronted his father with the fact that he was gay. "I'm here to tell you the same thing," Miller burst out. His parents, astonished, looked at him and said nothing. "Turn the TV off," he urged, and then his confession poured out. When he was done, his mother hugged him. "We still love you," she said. Two days later, his three sisters joined his parents to discuss his being gay, and everyone cried.

Eventually, Miller did get the relationship he'd begun dreaming about when he read the issue of *Newsweek.* During the summer of 1990, at a pool party given by a high-school classmate, he met Carl Bechdel, a lawyer who worked for a large bank and who was recently divorced, with two children. Since 1991, they have lived together in a Victorian house they restored in central Harrisburg. Carl attends all the Miller family gatherings, and Miller has pictures of Carl's children on his desk.

As Miller widened the circle of people who knew he was gay, he gained confidence. He thought less and less of the employment agreement. While he was circumspect at the office—DeMuth remained oblivious of the transformation in Miller's personal circumstances—on some level Miller seems to have wanted the truth to emerge. Over the years he worked there, he and Susan Davis had become close friends, and she often shared with him details of her life outside the office. Davis is attractive and soft-spoken, and at the time she was divorced, with two children. "He listened to all my troubles," she says of Miller. "We were best friends." But they had been working together for three years before Davis, one Monday, asked Miller how he'd spent the weekend. Miller figured that she had guessed. They got coffee and sat down in his office, and Miller told her he was gay. She seemed to take the news in stride. It was only on the following Friday that she really reacted, pulling him aside to say, "When you told me, I was floored. I've been



"What kind of mischief are you into now?"

thinking about it all week." She seemed worried, anxious. "Don't ever tell Don," she said. "He'll fire *you*."

Davis says that the warning was prompted as much by her intuition about DeMuth as by the contract. "He'd say 'That queer got bashed' after seeing something in the paper or on the news," she says of DeMuth. "The tone suggested that the person deserved to be bashed." But Miller didn't pay much attention to her warning. "I thought, I've been here five years," he says. "I could do everything. I was a second DeMuth. He knew me. What difference did it make if I was gay?"

Miller had grown up in a Republican family and had twice voted for Ronald Reagan, but otherwise had given almost no thought to politics, let alone social causes. In college, he had been elected a student senator on a nonpartisan platform. But now his personal situation took on a political dimension. He had become a regular player in the gay volleyball league, and at a volleyball fund-raiser the co-chairman of the switchboard asked if he'd like to volunteer. Pleased to have been asked, and having benefitted from the switchboard's existence himself, he agreed. A year later, when a chairman died of AIDS, Miller, something of a natural administrator, thanks to his financial skills, was elected to the position.

During the summer of 1990, with public awareness of the AIDS crisis building, there were several gay-bashings in Harrisburg. Angry calls came in to the switchboard, complaining about the atmosphere of violence and inadequate police investigation. A "town meeting" was convened at a local gay bar to discuss the situation, and Miller, in his capacity as chairman of the switchboard, felt obliged to attend. He and about ten other people showed up early to organize the meeting and discovered that someone had alerted the local press. Though activists might have been expected to welcome press attention, the fledgling gay community in Harrisburg was hardly ready for it. None of the organizers, including Miller, wanted to be identified by name or to appear on television. Not one person was willing to speak out publicly. "We were afraid," Miller says. "We were asking victims"—of gay-bashings—"to go to the police and speak out, but we couldn't even speak to the media." Finally, Miller stepped forward. Though he wasn't willing to be filmed, he made a statement. He was quoted by name in the next day's issue of the Harrisburg *Patriot-News*.

Miller was extremely nervous at the office that week. How would DeMuth react? But nothing happened. DeMuth gave no sign of having read the paper.

A month later, on September 25th, the Harrisburg City Council was scheduled to take up the issue of the outbreak of violence against gays and lesbians, but dropped the matter from its agenda. A friend from the switchboard asked Miller to meet her by the council chamber that evening to find out what was going on. When he arrived, television crews were standing outside the meeting. Miller spoke to an arriving council member, unaware at first that their conversation was being taped by the media.

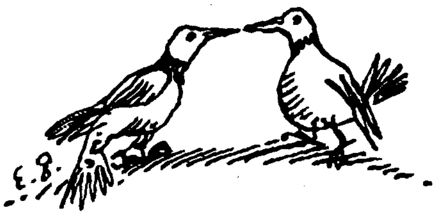
Then everything happened so fast that he couldn't think about the consequences. With microphones suddenly thrust before him, and told he was already on videotape, Miller spoke out, advocating more police protection for gays and lesbians. It didn't seem a very radical thing to say, and he was careful not to say that he himself was gay.

Still, it was with considerable trepidation that he returned home and, with Bechdel beside him, tuned in the local eleven-o'clock news. He was appalled. He was on every local telecast, including public television. Worse, he was identified as "Daniel Miller, gay-rights activist."

"It was done, it was over," Miller says. "Carl was holding me. I was afraid of what would happen the next day. I was scared."

As before, nothing happened. This time, Miller thought, DeMuth had to know. Perhaps his silence meant that he didn't care.

THE day after the television broadcasts, DeMuth was on the phone with a client. "I saw Dan on TV last night," the client remarked. DeMuth said he hadn't seen any of the news programs. "He was on as a spokesman for the gay-lesbian coalition, or something," the client continued matter-of-factly, and went on to other topics.



"I nearly dropped my socks," DeMuth says. "I was shocked and stunned." As the week went on, several other clients and friends mentioned having seen Miller on TV. But no one seemed particularly concerned, or even interested. "Nobody said, 'Why are you foisting off a homosexual on us?' " DeMuth says. "They just happened to bring it up. A couple of people asked, 'Did you know?' Others just mentioned that they happened to see it."

But DeMuth himself was reeling: "We were close. In this office, with four full-time employees, it would be hard not to be close. I considered him as much a friend as any employee I've had. But I knew what I had in the contract. I knew I had to act." DeMuth says that he was especially concerned about what others might think of *him*. "I thought to have a homosexual in my firm would imply an acquiescence, an acceptance." After all, he and Miller had often shared a room while travelling. "There was absolutely nothing sexual. Separate beds," he says. "But the appearance would not look good. I was sharing a room with a homosexual who decided to proclaim this to the world. How did it look?" Similarly, he says he once spent the night at Miller's house, purely for logistical reasons. "That didn't bolster my reputation. Had I known he was a homosexual, I wouldn't have shared his room or stayed in his house." And the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that his practice hadn't been growing as fast as it had grown before Miller joined him. Were people hesitant to refer business because they believed Miller to be homosexual? DeMuth wasn't sure. No one had ever expressed any concern. But DeMuth considered it a distinct possibility. And, on another level, DeMuth was angry and felt defrauded because Miller didn't conform to any gay stereotypes. "I felt duped, used," he says. "There were at least three women he appeared to be dating. I thought he was a regular single guy."

DeMuth called his lawyer, Samuel L. Andes, and together they worked out a strategy for firing Miller. On Andes' advice, DeMuth said only that he was firing Miller for "going public on a controversial issue that reflected poorly on the firm," even though DeMuth freely concedes that that wasn't the issue—that "his being a homosexual was the issue." But DeMuth didn't act immediately on his decision to fire Miller. One of the things about the affair that most irked him was the timing—just when a number of retirement-plan tax returns were due. Miller had worked on many of those and was, DeMuth had to concede, indispensable. "As soon as those were out the door," DeMuth says, "he'd be gone, too."

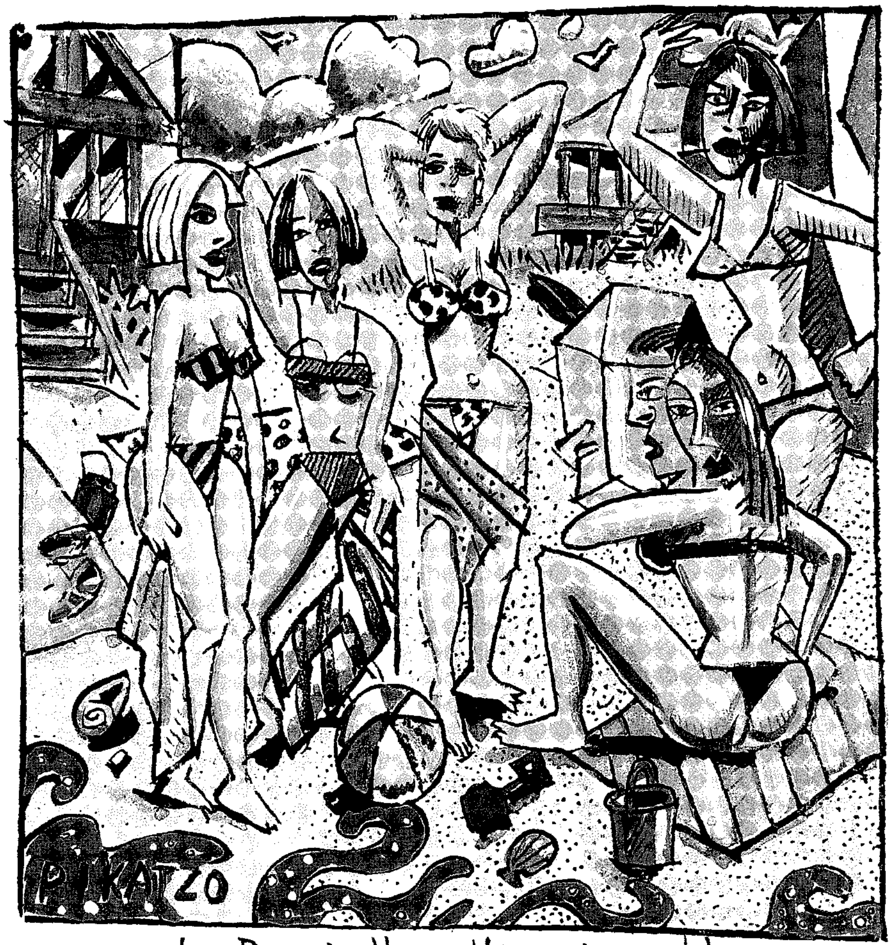
Thus it wasn't until October 17th, three weeks after the broadcast, that DeMuth called Miller into his office. After breaking the news that Miller was fired, DeMuth asked Miller what he wanted him to tell the clients. DeMuth says he was just trying to be helpful, since he assumed that the last thing Miller wanted was any mention of homosexuality. But DeMuth's attempt to render what he considered a kindness seemed to trigger an explosion in the hitherto composed Miller. "Tell them I was dismissed because you're a bigot!" Miller yelled. "Tell them the truth! Tell them you fired me because I'm gay!" As the other employees sat in astonished silence, Miller walked out and slammed the door.

Bechdel was at work in Harrisburg when Miller arrived at his office that morning. He looked shaken. He had never come to Bechdel's office before. Miller told him that he'd been fired and that DeMuth wouldn't tell him why. Miller didn't know how he'd support himself.

Susan Davis was at home on maternity leave when she got a call from DeMuth. He said he wanted her to know that he'd fired Miller.

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't think he was a good asset for us," he replied. "He's no longer an asset to the business." She pressed him for more, but he said they'd have to discuss it when she returned to work. A few minutes later, Miller arrived at her front door. When he told her what had happened, Davis said she was so angry that she would start looking for a new job herself. She didn't want to work for DeMuth if Miller wasn't going to be there.

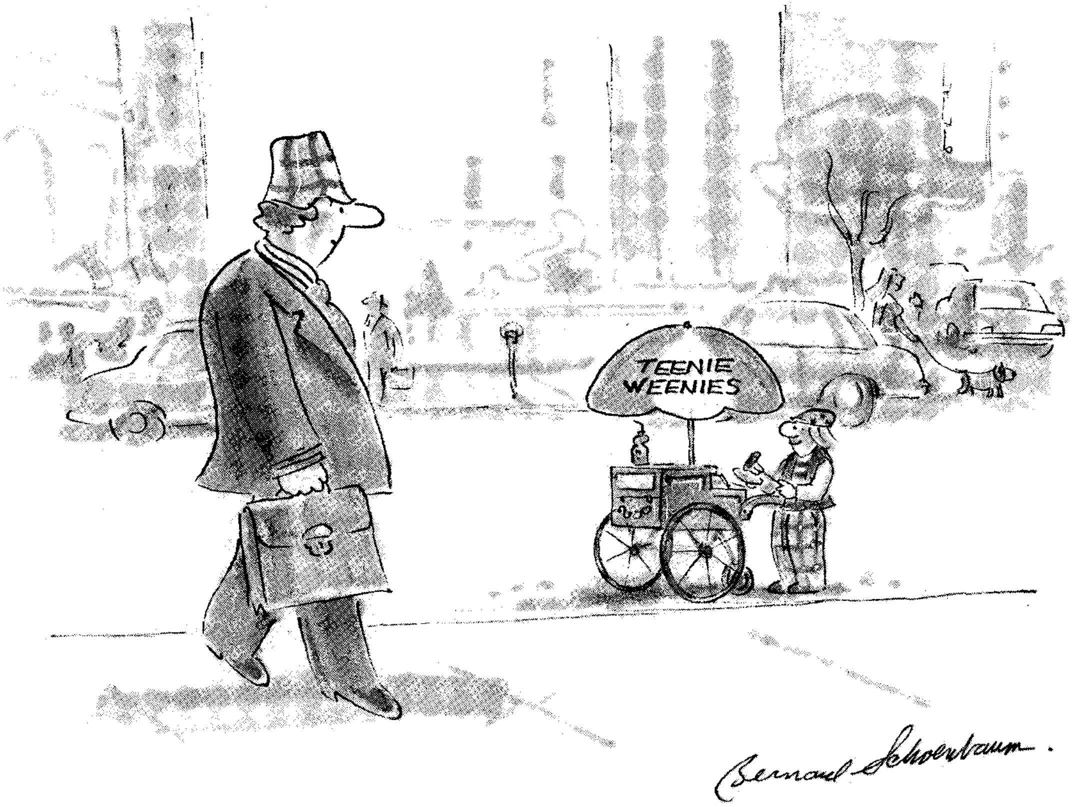


Les Demoiselles d'Amagansett

MILLER decided to start his own practice, and rented some space in Harrisburg. Because he had trouble sleeping, he'd get up at 2 A.M. and type letters to prospective clients. He had filed for unemployment insurance, but DeMuth had challenged that move, arguing that Miller had been fired for misconduct and thus didn't merit any benefits. (The board ruled against DeMuth, but delayed Miller's payments for weeks while the matter was being resolved.) Once, Miller wouldn't have dreamed of mentioning his personal life to clients. Now he told them point blank that he had been fired because he was gay. He saw no reason to mince words. He didn't worry much about the non-compete clause in his contract with DeMuth, since a similar provision had been ruled not to apply when DeMuth sued one of his predecessors who had left. In any event, Miller didn't see any choice short of leaving the Harrisburg area.

DeMuth had assumed Miller would go to work for the state government in Harrisburg, "where they tolerate that sort of thing," he says. He had not expected Miller to solicit potential clients in what he deemed to be blatant disregard of their agreement. And he certainly hadn't expected some of his clients to take Miller's side in the affair. "If you asked me, 'Name one thing you could do or say that would destroy your business in a day,' I'd say, 'Come out and say you're a homosexual,' " DeMuth says. But the first client who called, the same day DeMuth fired Miller, told DeMuth he wanted Miller to take his files with him, because Miller would be doing his firm's work in the future. "Wait a minute," DeMuth countered. "Let's talk. We don't just hand out client files." DeMuth says he tried to explain the situation, but the client insisted on taking his work to Miller.

Within a matter of days, the business manager for one of DeMuth's largest clients, a medical group, called to say that he, too, wanted to follow Miller. Miller had visited him personally, explaining why he'd been fired. Like many of DeMuth's clients, he sought to follow Miller for reasons having little or nothing to do with why Miller had been fired. "I wanted Dan to succeed for selfish reasons," he says. "We rely on Dan on an almost daily basis. He was, in fact, doing almost all our work. He understood the



technology, the computer system. Don didn't even have a fax. We'd grown quite a bit since we started using Don, and a lot had changed. I didn't want to go back to Don."

DeMuth "didn't take this lying down," the client says, and went directly to the group's doctors. One of the senior practitioners, in particular, who was a close friend of DeMuth's father, demanded an explanation from the business manager, but he seemed satisfied when he learned of Miller's automation skills. "Dan's preference—is that the word?—didn't come up then," the business manager says, adding that the only time it did was when Miller sent clients a newsletter mentioning tax planning for same-sex couples. The manager says he asked Miller not to mention homosexual issues in future newsletters—at least, not if he was sending them to clients' home addresses.

DeMuth's letter to clients disclosing Miller's homosexuality and raising the possibility that he might have AIDS seems to have been prompted by such defections. Of the letter, DeMuth says, "I decided I would be more active when I was in a situation with somebody out there trying to take my clients. He knew who the good clients were. I think Dan wanted to take business to get at me." Copies of the letter were soon circulating among the local medical profession, and some were sent on to Miller. "I would have thought they would keep it in confidence," DeMuth says. "I regret the way the letter sounds. I made a number of true statements in a colorful manner that certainly didn't make him look good." Nor, apparently, did it make DeMuth look good. The letter was "the nail in DeMuth's coffin, as far as we were concerned," the business manager who followed Miller says. DeMuth's views on homosexuality were his own business. But now "it began to seem like some kind of phobia," this man says.

Miller might have been more upset by the letter if it had seemed to have any effect. But, somewhat to his surprise, the client defections accelerated. Eventually, nearly a third of DeMuth's practice, accounting for about a hundred thousand dollars a year in billings, followed Miller. He felt confident enough to buy a vintage office building in downtown Harrisburg, to begin renovating it, and to hire an associate of his own. He also hired Susan Davis, who was still working with DeMuth, to do some typing during the evenings. One Sunday afternoon, DeMuth called her at home. "I don't want you coming back to work," he said, and fired her.

"Why?" she asked.

"You know why," DeMuth said. The only explanation Davis received came when she applied for unemployment insurance, and DeMuth lodged his opposition on the basis of "inability to separate business and personal life."

In the summer of 1991, Miller applied for membership in the Society of Medical-Dental Management Consultants, which was having its annual meeting in Chicago. DeMuth attended the meeting and succeeded in getting the issue of Miller's membership on the agenda. He made an impassioned speech arguing that homosexuals—and Miller specifically—should be barred from membership. "I feel our clients have a right to know the moral character of people coming to them," DeMuth says. Someone in the audience asked if a client had ever complained about Miller's sexual orientation. DeMuth said no. Another asked if Miller's sexuality had ever affected his work. Again, DeMuth said no. Miller was admitted to membership with only one dissenting vote—DeMuth's.

Soon after being fired, Miller had consulted a lawyer, James W. Evans, about the possibility of suing DeMuth. Discussions of the subject had continued, but as the anniversary of Miller's discharge neared, and his practice seemed to be taking off, he decided he wanted to put the whole affair behind him. On Monday, November 25th, he called his lawyer and said he'd decided to let the matter drop. Then, just two days later, he arrived at his office to find a summons and complaint taped to the door. DeMuth had sued *him.*

THE trial of DeMuth v. Miller began on Monday, June 21, 1993, before Judge Kevin A. Hess of the Cumberland County Court of Common Pleas, in Carlisle. DeMuth was suing for breach of contract—specifically, breach of the non-compete prohibition. By this time, Miller had countersued for wrongful discharge, defamation, and interference with his efforts to earn a living. The jury consisted of ten men and two women, among them a truck driver, an office supervisor, a retired military man, and a reporter for the *Patriot-News*.

As jury trials go, it was remarkably straightforward and to the point. DeMuth, conservatively dressed in a tan suit and seeming self-assured, was the first witness. His wife, Nancy, sat in the courtroom, avoiding Miller's gaze. (Indeed, she never spoke to him after his dismissal, even though Miller had considered her a friend.) A fair amount of time was spent establishing that there was no signed contract at the time Miller was fired, and why, and also establishing the client billings that DeMuth had lost to Miller's new firm. The earlier employment agreements had called for Miller to pay DeMuth a hundred and twenty-five per cent of the amount of any client billings obtained in violation of the noncompete clause. Then DeMuth's lawyer, Samuel Andes, asked him to describe Miller's termination.

"I indicated that I was sorry that things hadn't worked out, that I was terminating his employment, that he knew why I was doing this, and I remember Dan objecting to my use of the term sexual preference. He indicated that it was a sexual orientation of his that he could no more change than the color of his eyes."

"Did you tell him at that time that he was fired because he was homosexual?"

"In so many words, no. I indicated to him that he knew why, and I think that it was obvious from the nature of our conversation that he knew why."

DeMuth testified several times that Miller's work was satisfactory and that he was on track to becoming a partner, culminating in this exchange with Miller's lawyer, Dan Sullivan:

"Now, as of October 17, 1990, Mr. Miller was properly discharging his duties?"

"I consider homosexuality as cause that incapacitated him from properly discharging his duties."

"Was he properly discharging his duties with respect to his services as a professional financial consultant as of October 17, 1990?"

"Not if he's a homosexual, as far as I'm concerned."

The next day, Miller took the stand. His testimony paralleled DeMuth's, for there had never been any serious disagreement over the facts. On being asked why he had signed the employment agreement after DeMuth inserted the homosexuality clause, Miller explained, "I felt I didn't have much of a choice."

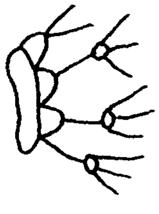
Sullivan asked Miller for his version of his termination.

"I went to work like I regularly went to work," Miller said. "And Don called me into his office. And I went over. It was not unusual. And he said sit down. And he said, 'I am terminating you.' It was just, it was very, you know, just very blunt."

Under further questioning, Miller testified, "Well, as I said, I was very stunned about this. We had a good relationship professionally and personally. The thing I remember most vividly is we were having this discussion, and finally Don says to me, he says, 'Well, Dan, what do you want me to tell the clients?'

"And I said, Don, just tell them the truth. I said, tell them that I am gay. At that point Don responded, 'No, no, no! It is not that. It is that you appeared on television. And you made your sexual preference known there.' And, you know, I remember that just like it was yesterday, because I was so angry at him, and him trying to insinuate that I was embarrassed about who I was."

BEFORE the jury could consider Miller's counterclaim of wrongful discharge, Judge Hess dismissed it. "The argument that a person is protected in Pennsylvania from either being a homosexual and announcing it in public, that may be the law someday," the judge announced. "Someday the legislature may create such a set of legal principles. But as I understand the law to be at this point in time there is no such protection." He then granted the motion by DeMuth's lawyer to dismiss Miller's claim.



That narrowed the case to three points: whether Miller breached a contract that was in effect; whether Miller misappropriated confidential information from DeMuth; and whether DeMuth defamed Miller by raising the issue of AIDS in his letter. The judge said in his charge to the jury, "Mr. Miller cannot avoid the consequences of a contract between himself and Mr. DeMuth simply by claiming that he did not intend to be bound by it. An agreement need not be reduced to writing to be enforceable. Oral or verbal agreements between the parties are valid. And the law will enforce them."

The jurors deliberated a day and a half. "The gay issue was discussed," recalls Mary Warner, the reporter for the Harrisburg *Patriot-News* who was on the jury. "People were concerned about the contract, more than I would have expected. I heard concerns expressed about the unfairness of the contract. I feel some people would have liked to take steps to come out on Miller's side. But they didn't feel they could, because of the structure of the case. Some people were quiet. No one said, as I expected someone might, that a person has a right to keep those kind of people out."

Warner herself felt "a certain amount of outrage about the nature of that contract," she says. "I can remember feeling physically sick when DeMuth was asked what was the problem, and he said, 'Just his being gay was enough.' I wasn't the only one who felt that way." But in the end Warner's was the lone vote in Miller's favor. (In Pennsylvania, civil cases do not require unanimous verdicts.) Once the jurors had narrowed the issue in accordance with the judge's instructions, they concluded that there was a contract providing that homosexuality was cause for firing, that Miller was a homosexual and thus was in breach of the contract, and that he had taken clients from DeMuth—all facts that really weren't at issue. Little time was spent on either the misappropriation claim—it was moot given the jury's view that the contract had been breached—or the defamation claim, since DeMuth had never actually said that Miller had AIDS. The damages were just a matter of mathematics. As Warner later wrote in the *Patriot-News*, explaining the result, "I know that the jurors whose votes prevailed deliberated carefully, even agonizingly, and concluded with good reason that their verdict followed from the law they were given."

Warner was watching DeMuth as the verdict was read; it awarded him $126,648. A triumphant smile spread across his face.

Before the judge released the jury, he

thanked them for their efforts. "This could prove to be a significant case," he told them. He said he hoped they understood that he could not let them consider whether the contract was fair, or whether DeMuth should have been allowed to fire Miller for being gay. "If we'd done that, we would have been making law," he said. "It is not for this court to make law."

AFTER the verdict, Miller borrowed most of the money for his bond—a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars (the amount of the verdict plus interest)—from Bechdel, his family, and his friends. He sold all his personal assets except his real estate, which was heavily mortgaged. He couldn't afford to keep paying his lawyers, whom he owed forty-four thousand dollars, and had to negotiate a reduction in their fees for the trial. At first, he felt like giving up. "He was so wrung out he just wanted to pay and get on with his life," Bechdel says. "But I knew that eventually he'd be ready for a good fight."

A group of people in Harrisburg organized a defense fund to raise money for an appeal, and at the same time Miller got in touch with both the American Civil Liberties Union and the Lambda Legal Defense Fund, asking for help. The A.C.L.U. turned down the request. At first, Lambda refused to help, but then, somewhat to Miller's surprise, Lambda agreed to take the case.

Beatrice Dohrn, Lambda's legal director, who is one of the lawyers representing Miller in the appeal, says that Lambda rarely accepts cases at the trial level. Lambda is now convinced, however, that Miller's case has far-reaching significance. Reasoning from Shelley v. Kraemer, a famous Supreme Court case, which held that a court cannot enforce a racially discriminatory agreement, she says, "Basic fairness suggests that a court should not enforce such a blatantly discriminatory contract," and she goes on, "Even if we lose—and we shouldn't lose—this should highlight the fact that gays and lesbians need protection. People should wake up."

The appeal, which is scheduled for June 21st, is taking a narrower approach than Miller's lawyers did at the trial. Miller is no longer arguing that it was unlawful to fire him simply because he is gay. "I'm sorry to say that there is no remedy in Pennsylvania law for that," Dohrn concedes. "If DeMuth had stopped at that, we wouldn't have a case." But DeMuth went several steps further, invoking the state court system to enforce the contract and extract damages. That, Dohrn will argue, involves state, rather than private, action. Ultimately, the case could wind up in the Supreme Court.

"I EXPECTED to be vindicated, and I was," DeMuth says now of the verdict. "It was gratifying." But he's not entirely satisfied. "I'm still waiting to see the first cent" of the damages, he complains. "I'd be better off financially if this matter had never come up," what with attorneys' fees and lost client revenues. "But I said at the time, 'If I knew that every client would leave me, would I still fire Dan?' The answer is yes."

DeMuth's convictions on the subject of homosexuality, reinforced by his victory in the lawsuit, seem to have deepened. He consulted his minister about the lawsuit and the Presbyterian Church's stand on homosexuality, and the minister told him, "The church welcomes homosexuals as well as everyone else." But, DeMuth points out, "it does not ordain homosexuals as ministers. What does that tell you?" (In fact, the Presbyterian Church will not accept gays as elders, or even deacons.)

Recently, DeMuth read about a so-called "gay gene" and has been pondering the implications. "Could this be biological?" he wonders. "Wouldn't it be good if we could test for this in utero, like Down's syndrome? There aren't many parents who'd be happy knowing they had a fetus they had reason to believe would be a homosexual, any more than they'd be happy to know it would have Down's syndrome."

It is impossible to know how DeMuth came to feel about these questions as strongly as he does. His demeanor as he expounds his views remains eminently calm and reasonable, as though he were patiently explaining the fine points of the tax code to one of his doctor clients. And, given the surge in violence against gays and lesbians, the public outcry about gays in the military, and the vehement rhetoric of recent voter initiatives against gay rights, his views hardly seem isolated.

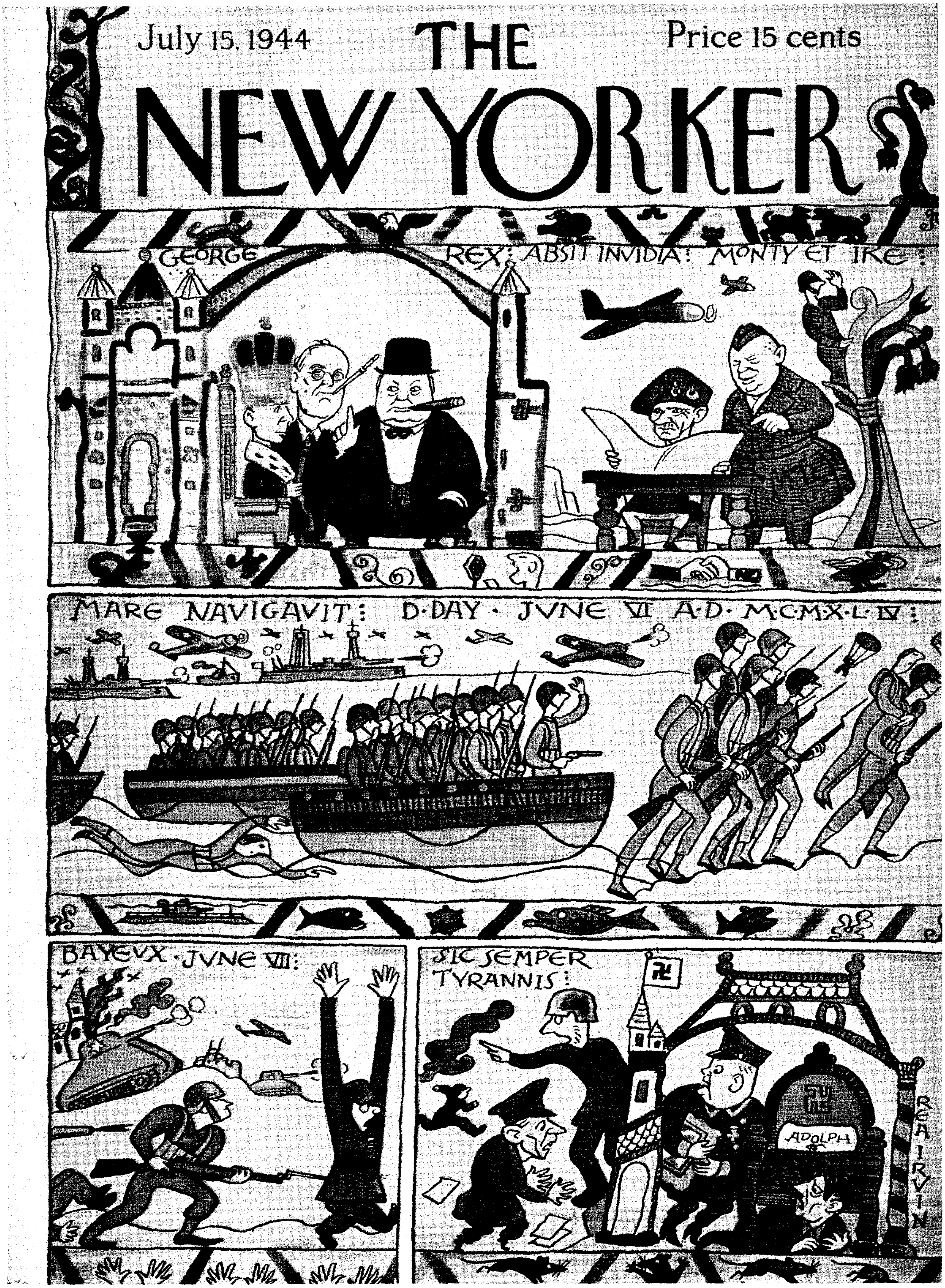
But why would DeMuth fire and pursue Miller to the point that his own business has suffered? DeMuth seems puzzled by such a question. As he sees it, his beliefs stem not from prejudice but from principle: he stands in a long line of Americans who have stood up for what they believed in, however harshly history may ultimately have judged many of their causes. DeMuth is a man of conviction, and he is proud of that.

MILLER, once afraid to phone the gay switchboard, is now a leader of the gay community in Harrisburg. During the summer of 1991, the *Patriot-News* did a Sunday feature headlined "GAY IN THE '90S." On the paper's front page, in a one-column photograph, are Miller and Bechdel, smiling, dressed in shirts and ties, with Bechdel's hand resting on Miller's atop a desk. Like the issue of *Newsweek* that had once inspired Miller, the Sunday paper was displayed at the supermarket checkout counter.

That same summer, Miller organized a Gay and Lesbian Pride festival in Harrisburg—a picnic with live entertainment in a local park—to mark the June anniversary of the Stonewall riots in New York. About a thousand people showed up. The following year, the crowd doubled. Miller has also organized a Harrisburg chapter of the Pennsylvania Justice Campaign, a statewide organization that has as its goal extending Pennsylvania's human-rights law to cover sexual orientation. (Prospects do not look favorable.) Last year, Miller co-wrote a guide for gay and lesbian voters in Harrisburg, which got him the attention of local Democratic Party officials. His local state representative, Ron Buxton, and his councilwoman, Peggy Grove, encouraged him to run for the post of ward committeeman. This spring, Miller, the former Republican, ran as a Democrat and was elected.

But Miller is ambivalent about his transformation into an activist. He feels that his new role has been thrust upon him. "Once I had a normal life," he says, almost wistfully. "I went to a job, I went home, I had friends and a social life. There are days when I feel like I don't want to be gay anymore. I just want to go back to living the way I did. Now I have a business I have to keep afloat. I have to work continuously. I'm the most visible gay person in Harrisburg. That's a heavy responsibility." But, he says, "I'm free. I can be myself." ♦

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN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FICTION

PARIS

BY LORRIE MOORE

WEEK ONE

•

IN Paris we eat brains every night. My husband, Daniel, likes the vaporous, fishy mousse of them. They are a kind of seafood, he thinks, locked tightly in the skull, like shelled creatures in the dark caves of the ocean, sprung suddenly free and killed by light; they've grown clammy with shelter, fortressed vulnerability, dreamy nights. Me, I'm eating for a flashback.

"The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence," says Daniel, finger raised, as if the thought had just come to him via the *cervelles.* "Remember the beast you eat. And it will remember you."

I'm hoping for something Proustian, all that forgotten childhood. I mash them against the roof of my mouth, melt them, waiting for something to be triggered in my head, in empathy or chemistry or some other rush of protein. The tempest in the teacup, the typhoon in the trout; there is wine, and we drink lots of it.

We sit beside people who show us wallet pictures of their children. *"Sont-ils si mignons!"* I say. My husband constructs remarks in his own patois. *We, us, have no little ones.* He doesn't know French. But he studied Spanish once, and now, with a sad robustness, speaks of our childlessness to the couple next to us. "But," he adds, thinking fondly of our cat, "we do have a large *gato* at home."

"Gâteau means cake," I whisper. "You've just told them we have a large cake at home." I don't know why he always strikes up conversations with the people next to us. But he does strike them up, thinking it friendly and polite rather than oafish and irritating, which is what I think.

Afterward, we always go to the same *chocolatier* for whiskey truffles. One feels the captured storm in these, a warm storm under the tongue.

"What aggrandizement are we in, again?" my husband asks.

"What *aggrandizement*?" I say. "I don't know, but I think we're in *one of the biggies.*" My husband pronounces *tirez* as if it were Spanish, *père* as if it were "pier." The affectionate farce I make of him ignores the ways I feel his lack of love for me. But we are managing. We touch each other's sleeves. We say, "Look at that!" wanting our eyes to merge, our minds to be one. We are in Paris, with its impeccable marzipan and light, its whiffs of sewage and police state. With my sore hip and his fallen arches ("fallen archness," Daniel says), we walk the quais, stand on all the bridges in the misty rain, and look out on this pretty place, secretly imagining being married to other people—right here in River City!—and sometimes not, sometimes simply wondering, silently or aloud, what will become of the world.

WEEK TWO

•

THERE is a joke about a middle-aged woman who happens upon a frog in the woods. "Kiss me! Kiss me," says the frog, "and I'll turn into a handsome prince!"

The woman stares, entranced, but doesn't move.

"What's the matter?" asks the frog, growing impatient. "Don't you want a handsome prince?"

"I'm sorry," says the woman, "but at this point in my life I'm actually more interested in a talking frog."

"I get it," says Daniel. "That's funny. That's good." I take his hand, lay it across my mouth, press it there. In travel, your husband's body becomes yours; you become united, fused, and you have the same arguments with it that you would with your own. Travel, at those times, becomes love, possession, the second wedding—not just an excuse an unhappy person can use to wear the same clothes every day. Which is what it could be, otherwise.

The gurgling coo of pigeons awakens us each morning. "Wake up and eat the daisies," Daniel whispers to me. We watch the pigeons leap winglessly from the ledges, as if in sailor dives, only spreading their wings at the last minute.

"Is that for aerodynamics?" I ask. "Is that to work up momentum?"

"It's laziness," says Daniel. "They're just being lazy."

Here in the Marais, we wake early in the mornings and are in bed early at night. We miss National Public Radio. We miss recycling, as silly or meagre as that sounds. Everything we use here must be thrown away, and it bothers us, robbed of our rituals of composting and reclamation, our daily treks out back to the rot heap, where we offer the earth scraps of itself, returning nature to nature!, defying time!, expediting the global Easter, when all shall rise again! Though we mean to, we've never actually used the compost: it is merely an act of apology.

While here for three weeks, we live in unapologetic sin. Touristic waste, native presumption. The Parisian meanness makes us despair, grounded in opinion as it is—unlike the meanness of Americans, which is all careless ego, selfishness, the stuff of spoiled, stupid children.

At night, Daniel is tired from the medical conference at the Institut de Génétique he is here to attend. As a researcher he is mostly, recently, interested in the Tay-Sachs gene we both carry—what Jews and French Canadians have in common. ("We'll simply tell our daughter we got her retail rather than wholesale," said Daniel, after we investigated the difficult procedures of adoption, the empty room upstairs we call the Maybe's Room still empty, our desires becoming courteous, less determined, discerning the hoops and circumstances.) Now this conference seems to him bogged down with squabbles about who should be in charge of the institute itself, research ownership, other such infighting. "All the lying and coffee it takes to get anything done at all," he says, have exhausted him. "Quick, a bonbon!" he exclaims.

"Well, you're fighting the good fight," I say.

"I'm crying the good cry." He sighs.

"You're doing fine."

I teach him a version of Honeymoon Bridge. We don't keep score, but we each try to win. When Daniel gets a bad hand, he falls forward, groaning. "This hand is a foot!," a line from some dissolute uncle of his. That—along with our Chez Stadium, *mais oui*–may we jokes, and Pépé le Pew imitations—somehow keeps us amused, a brief contentment; it is a respite from our petty quarrels and brittle looks, arguing, as tourists do, about where we're going, where we are, the questions no longer just metaphorical but literal, replete with angry pointing and some disgusted grabbing of maps, right out of the other's hands.

By Wednesday morning, Daniel decides to go to a *gymnase* club before his meeting. He's up promptly, with the throaty rumble of the pigeons, the sky-whitening sun, the garbage trucks trolling along the curbs and the Siamese cat on the roof of the neighboring building, the slight honk of baby in its cry, scratching at a window to be let in. Daniel's grown restless and irritable. "This would be a great town," he says at breakfast over *café crème,* "if only everyone spoke Spanish." His voice is full of rue. "Also, why does everyone in the whole city have to touch the bread? You go to buy bread, and the baker touches it, the cashier touches it, the assistant hands it over to you, then finally you yourself just tuck it under your armpit and go out and bump into other people with it. How can we have a medical conference in a town with such unsanitary bread?"

This is not simple, jokey Ugly Americana. This is Daniel's way. It is like at home when he complains about emptying the dishwasher: "This is not a time-saving device. Why has no one invented something that will just wash these things right in the cupboard?" It is his habit to locate all the lapses and betrayals of the modern world. Yet it is also his habit to want to believe what he reads. He heads for places with signs that say "*Ici on parle anglais.*" "But *on* is never there. Have you ever noticed that?"

"You're doing fine here," I say. "Think of it this way: The French love Jerry Lewis. They probably *adore* you." The world is in italics. "Think of this as a kind of *Doctors in Paris* thing. A musical." But even the italics, it seems, are losing their italics: standing tall, passing themselves off as literal and real. Straight shooters.

He gives me a look, then turns. "I like the weather," he adds enthusiastically. "You need a jacket, but you don't have to zip it!" Then he adds darkly, "It's that deportation monument. That tells you who the Parisians really are." The Deportation Memorial, in the shadow of Notre-Dame, is something we stumbled upon two days before, and it left us dumbstruck. "And another thing—you ever notice what the supreme Parisian compliment is? 'Oh, you speak French so well, without any *accent!*'"

"It's horrible," I agree. "It's rude."

"It's more than rude," he says. "It's genocidal." And he is right, I think. He is right.

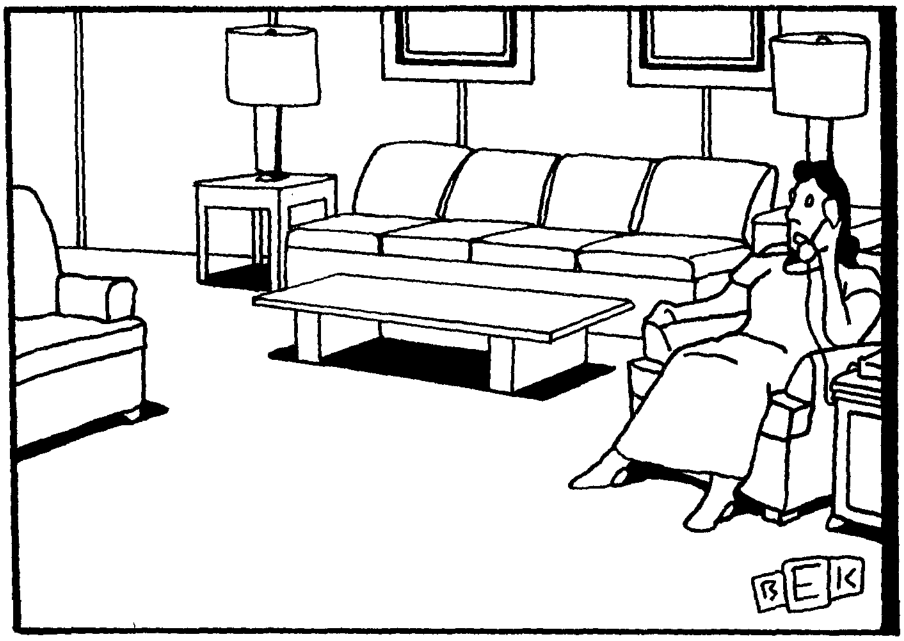
WITH my middling French and leather jacket—unzipped!—trying to seem residential, I go with him to the gym, to get him settled there. We pay the money, and I ask the woman at the desk if there is anything else, any rule or requirement. She smiles. She looks at Daniel. "The only requirements is that you be happy man," she says. She is tan from sunlamps and is wearing an orange leotard.

"Bye," I say to him. "*Au revoir.*" I leave to make my way alone along the ankle-twisting stones of the smaller crowded streets, my leather jacket squeaking like a chair. Perhaps I should go shopping—a married person's version of dating. Perhaps I should ditch the jacket and float around in the museums like a sylph, or a balloon.

People bump into me, and I say, "Whoops" or "Wope"—not words that translate into any Parisian comprehensibility, though they're the first sounds to my lips. Almost always. With everything.

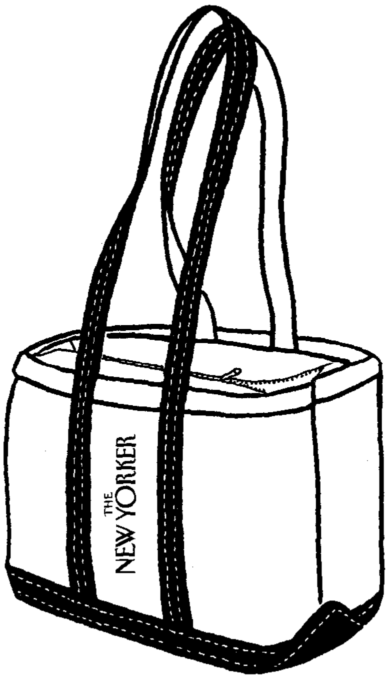
Passing cafés and restaurants, I walk through the bright glances of men in love, who, looking briefly away from their lovers in order to more perfectly form a sentence, unwittingly cast their gaze across my path like a light. And so, to have accidentally caught their desire, swimming across the current of it like that, passing through, I feel loved, in a warm and random way, wandering through it as if it were a rainbow, that old trick of light, or a place in a pool where someone has peed. There is a sweet, silent rot to it.

Otherwise, it is hard, galumphing along through a sea of French women who have exquisite shoes and haircuts, overbites unruined by orthodontia, faces unbedecked by optometry, a great, nearsighted, chomping faith in their own beauty that makes them, perhaps, seem prettier than they are. It is hard to find



"No, last year he went to summer camp. This year he went to prison."

SMART DUCK!



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a place for yourself in a city like this.

The trees are like candelabras. The pastries like art.

There is a smell one begins to exude here: something old-mannish and acrid, the smell of the cabbie we had coming in, something to do with the food, the wines and chèvres. My body fights travel, sends up the weapons of a homeless person, the boundaries thinly drawn, the body with its own knowledge, disorientations, defenses: the winey sweat, the cheesy shit. It takes me walking, then sits me down again, over and over, with its own rhythms and wants.

My hip still aches from my fall last December, the cracked bone moody and susceptible to weather, but if I need to I limp. Perhaps somewhere I'll just stand against a wall and ask for coins.

"Paris," I hear a passing tourist remark. "It's one big StairMaster."

There is an Audrey Hepburn festival at one of the revival theatres on the Left Bank, and everywhere I see posters for it: Hepburn's wide eyes and mouth. "Have you ever noticed," Daniel has said, "that she looks like Anne Frank?" Now I feel as if I'm seeing pictures of Anne Frank all over town: Anne Frank in a black turtleneck. Anne Frank in an evening gown. The essence of Paris, Daniel might say. There you go: Anne Frank in an evening gown.

The italics are losing their italics.

The flower beds are full of pansies whose triangular, black centers are like the mustache of Hitler himself.

I stop at pâtisseries and get the ones with funny names: Divorce, Religieuse, Gland. I like the Divorce ones—half coffee, half chocolate—and I sit in the Luxembourg Gardens, eating my various Divorces, watching the children throw things into the pond. Planted in large, gorgeous ovals are tulips so big they look as if they'd steal your jewelry. There are school groups here on tour, the girls giddy and tired and falling into one another's laps, playing with one another's hair. The boys stand around looking exiled and sad.

I get up and walk some more, back across the river: the views of the city up and down dazzle and console. Near the Louvre, which is being cleaned, always being cleaned, two angels and some cherubs have been removed, set in locked crates at the edge of the Tuileries, and one can walk by and look at them through the slats, see them regally sitting there, a zoo of pagan saints, their winged and caged condition like the aftermath of some palace revolt in Heaven. *Aw*, I find myself thinking. *Aw*.

I go into the Louvre, but I don't stay long. It's too different now. I've lived long enough to see great museums change: their annexes and entrances, the location and arrangement of the art. My own memory, from a trip ten years ago, is a tired, old coin. Who will house that? Who will house the Museum of Museums, in order to show us how museums once were?

I decide to get on the Métro and go visit my friend Marguerite, who is a painter and printmaker, half-French, half-American, with an apartment near the Bois de Vincennes. I phone her from Châtelet. "*Allô, oui*?" she answers, which sounds to my bad ear like *à lui*, to him, to God, some religious utterance, a curse, or something to safeguard the speaker, but she explains later, "Oh, no. It's said that way just in case the caller hasn't heard the '*allô*.' It's a French distrust of technology."

"In a country *farci* with nuclear power plants?"

"*Ah, oui*," she says. "*Les contradictions*." Marguerite is a woman I met in college, and though we were not that close, we always remained interested in each other and in touch. She is the sort of woman about whom others ask "Oh, how is she? Is she still beautiful?"—she is tall and dazzling like that. And so I bring her my crush, inappropriate but useful between adult women, who need desperately to be liked and amused, and will make great use of any silent ceremony of affection. For the time being, Marguerite is on Parisian welfare, which, I'm told, is so civilized as to provide tickets to such French necessities as movies and restaurants, and though she is loath to admit it, she is half looking for a rich husband. In her, I excuse everything I wouldn't like in anyone else.

"I'll be the one in the pith helmet," I say before I hang up, wondering what that even means.

At her Métro stop I get off and walk the three blocks to where she lives. She is sitting on the curb outside her building, like a kid rather than the forty-year-old woman she is. She has cut her hair off, shaved her head on one side, and with big, antique earrings she manages to make all long hair seem a slatternly, inelegant bore. "*Bonjour, Mademoiselle!*" I call in greeting, and when I get close go suddenly formal; I stick my hand out, and my fingers lock and go stiff, like a fistful of knives and forks. Luckily, she leaps up and hugs me, does the one kiss on the cheek, then two, three, four. "Four is chic now," she says.

"I need Dramamine for four," I say.

"It's French love!" she says and takes my arm, steers me through the locked gates and doors.

Inside, she offers me water, shows me her work, her serigraphs, her latest culinary effort (*terrine de lapin*—bowl of bunny), and even her new makeup, expensive and Japanese. There is only one remnant from college on display here, a blue-matted "Desiderata" hung discreetly on a wall, and it seems odd to see it. *Go placidly amid the noise and haste.*

What a crock.

Nonetheless, it troubles and haunts me.

"Great," I say loudly, idiotically, to everything. "Great!" She waves the makeup brushes around, the lipsticks and bottles, shouting, "Get out of my way, French women!" Which makes me laugh, because she is so beautiful already and because I have always thought of *her* as French. She points at her short skirt. "I will not cut my fashion to fit this year's conscience."

I smile. She has good legs. "Don't," I advise.

She wants to show me the galleries in her neighborhood, to demonstrate what, in a curatorial culture, "now constitutes the dynamic."

"Great," I say. So we leave the apartment, lock the door, tramp around the neighborhood. We visit an exhibit called, "What Else Is There But Narcissism, I Often Ask Myself"—a collection of strangely silvered mirrors. We see another that is simply an arrangement of hundreds of dead pigeons. The artist, the gallery says in its writeup, was a homeless person, and this is his revenge on the pigeons who used to steal bread from his hands. After this installation opened, the gallery brochure informs us reassuringly, the artist received a grant.

"Are you O.K.?" asks Marguerite, noticing my walk. "You have a tourist's blister? You have one of those *underwear* blisters?"

"It's an old injury from the winter." I begin to lie. "I slipped down the icy stairs at work."

"At the Historical Society?"

"Yes," I say. I cannot tell her the truth. Or can I?

Can I tell you the truth? I might begin. And she might say, *Bien sûr.* And I would explain that, well, after weeks of fighting and months of boisterous door-slamming straight out of an old farce, Daniel pushed me down the stairs.

Non, tu blagues! she'd say.

And I would continue. *Non, je ne blague pas!* Could I tell her? I was at a cocktail party with Daniel at Doctor's Park, where his lab used to be. It always stank at Doctor's Park—some war of septic and antiseptic—and I hated it there. He was flirting with a woman, and the woman's husband turned to me and said in a rambunctious voice, "Well, your husband's number at work is certainly a number at work!" He was drunk and winked at me in a bitter way. Then he began to sing, "Every Valley girl shall be exalted," something meant for his wife to hear. They were going to have a fight when they got home. When Daniel was finished flirting, I went up to him and said, "Let's go. I need to eat."

"Why do you need to eat?" he asked, caught in the theatre of stupid assertion that was starting to become our marriage.

"Why do I *personally* need to eat?"

"Yeah."

"Because, if I don't eat," I said angrily, "I'm going to throw up from drinking too much."

When we got home, I hurled my purse across the kitchen floor. "I think maybe I should go see Earl," I said. Earl was Earl Gray, a matrimonial lawyer whom everyone in town called Mr. Tea. I believed myself to be unafraid of rupture. My engagement to Daniel had been years long and full of breakups.

"Fine," said Daniel, and we stood there, in the fluorescent light, no doubt looking greenish and out of our minds. I got sharp-tongued and judgmental, an unfortunate but necessary combination. In the beginning was the Word, and it was a reproachful one. "I can't stand this," I said finally, "not knowing what you do, with whom, what it means. I can't live like this. It's like living with a wolf in the cellar as a pet—except he's

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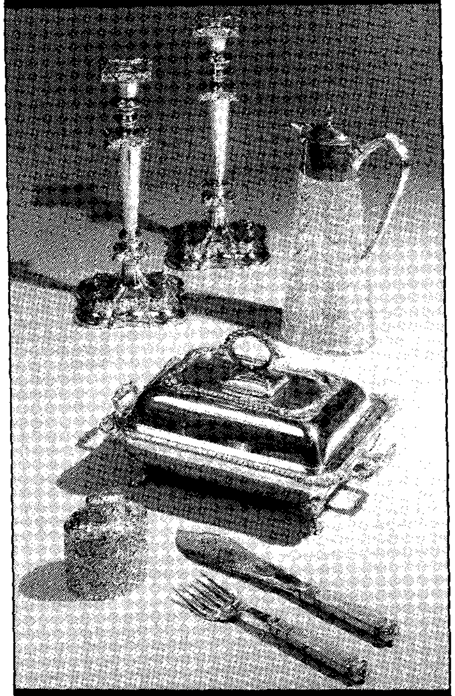

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not a pet, in fact he's not even a wolf, he's a nuclear power plant!" I was drunk. "One of those shoddily constructed ones!" I marched over and threw open the basement door in some kind of attempt at illustration, if not proof. "How many other women have there been? I want to know the truth! The truth!"

He was still and silent and sorry for me. Then he said, "I can't tell you the truth."

"What do you mean you can't tell me the truth? Why can't you tell me?"

"Because you'd be shocked," said Daniel. A look of bemused surliness came over him. "Not *surprised*—just shocked."

I lunged. I swung at him with both fists, and he threw me off with such fury and determination that I stumbled backward, into the open stairwell to the basement, my feet hitting air, my whole body falling, pitching backward toward the wolf and the nuclear power plant, the world reeling, both slow and fast, as I imagined it might if a plane you were flying in began to crash—a tiny rectangle of light with Daniel in it, and then just the dark space of the basement, the pummelling thud of the steps and my hip and head and shoes, scraping and sliding, and finally me at the cement bottom, on my side, in shock, saying, *Whoops, wope, whoops.*

Perhaps there was some bit of foreseeability in it; even bad behavior must fall within some unconscious expectation in order not to seem monstrous.

Afterward, Daniel apologized and cried, and visited me for hours every day in the hospital. Performing the sweet rituals that would keep us together, he knew I could not otherwise take him back. Once the penance is performed, at least at first, one has no choice. "Think of all those good, praying people who keep God around for the rest of us," said Daniel, on his knees by my bed. "God has no choice; he must honor the rites; if it were just the rest of us riffraff down here, he'd be long gone. But he comes through because of the good ones. He honors the covenant, the vows. Think of yourself as God. Think of me as the moral mix that is all of humanity."

"Oh, please."

"Well, then, think of me as—what? I don't know."

"You know those cream puffs called Divorce?" I say now to Marguerite.

"I've seen them."

"They're so totally great. Can we get those around here?" Once, last year in Chicago, I was at a dinner party where a newlywed woman kept interrupting her husband to say in a theatrical whine, "Honey, can we get our *divorce* now? *Now* can we get our divorce?" I was the only one there who thought she was funny. I was the only one there who laughed every time. At the end of the night, she leaned forward by the door and kissed me on the lips.

"Sure! I know of a pretty good pâtisserie not far from here."

Marguerite's walk is strong and loping, impossible to match. We stop at her pâtisserie, wildly order "two Divorces," then sit outside at the neighboring *tabac* drinking *panachés* (half *bière*, half *limonade*) to go with them. "Isn't Paris amazing?" says Marguerite. "Where else would you have something like a *tabac*, half bar, half office-supply store? The thing about France is that from romance to food to whatever, they really know what goes together. Look at all the red and purple—look at the gardens and lobbies and scarves. Not every culture knows that red and purple go so well together." She pauses. "Of course, it's also a totally sexist country."

"*C'est dommage*," I say, my mouth ful of Divorce. I mention the men looking around, the libidinous, head-lit bath the French women are swimming in.

"The worst thing, though," says Marguerite, "is when a man walks by you in the street, sizes you up, and says, '*Pa mal.' Pas mal!* You feel outraged in hundred different directions. For one you expect a little grade inflation on th streets."

I laugh in a giddy way. I've eaten too much sugar. Marguerite order water—"*Château Chirac*"—a Parisian joke everyone knows, apparently, be

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All about Carrowmore the lambs
Were blotched blue, belonging.

They were waiting for carnage or
Snuff. This is why they are born

To begin with, to end.
Ruminants do not frighten

At anything—gorge in the soil, butcher
Noise, the mere graze of predators.

All about Carrowmore
The rain quells for three days.

I remember how cold I was, the botched
Job of travelling. And just so.

Wherever I went I came with me.
She buried her bone barrette

In the ground's woolly shaft.
A tear of her hair, an old gift

To the burnt other who went
First. My thick braid, my ornament—

My belonging I
Remember how cold I will be.

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cause it is scarcely acknowledged as a joke. The waiter barely cracks a smile and then goes off to the kitchen. *Château Chirac* is no longer funny; it is water; it is what water is called; it is what water is. And it makes me wonder how many things have begun this way, as jokes. Love, adolescence, marriage, life, death; perhaps God is looking down saying, "Geez, y'all, lighten up. This is *funny.* You're missing the into*nation!*"

"I can't give my heart away to anyone but you," Daniel said to me in the hospital. "Not that I haven't tried, of course. It's just that when I do, the other organs start a letter-writing campaign."

"Don't be clever," I said. "Don't be like that now."

"What is your favorite painting in all of Paris?" I ask Marguerite. The litre of water has come, and we gulp it down. She looks refreshed.

"Let me think," she says. She names Géricault, van Gogh, Picasso.

"All the 'o's," I say.

"All the 'o's! Actually, there's a pastel of Madame Monet, with the ribbons of her hat all untied. That's probably my favorite. She's sitting on a bright-blue sofa—the most beautiful blue you've ever seen—and she is looking straight out of the drawing, as if to say, 'I married a painter, and I still got this sofa.' I like that one. Very French."

"Do you think the Venus de Milo looks like Nicolas Cage?"

"A little," she says, smiling. "But you've got to remember: Even with all her handicaps and shyness, she's lived in Paris; she's been gazed upon by Parisians for years, so she believes—a belief as good as gold—that she's absolutely beautiful."

"Absolutely beautiful?"

"Cute. O.K. She thinks she's *cute.* She thinks she's so *goddam* cute."

"Don't you hate that? Even in a statue, I just hate that."

We wander off to other galleries, where Marguerite shows me what she likes: big, broad, energetic paintings. "Sexy ones," she says.

At a show of collages—tiny, fussy, intricate little cuttings and pastings, ink squiggles, swatches of color—I go from one to the other, slow and fascinated, but Marguerite is bored. She comes up behind me. "See, I don't really like

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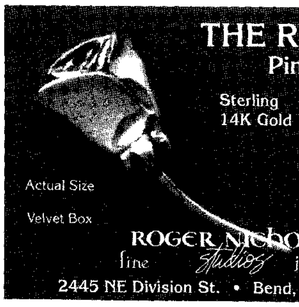

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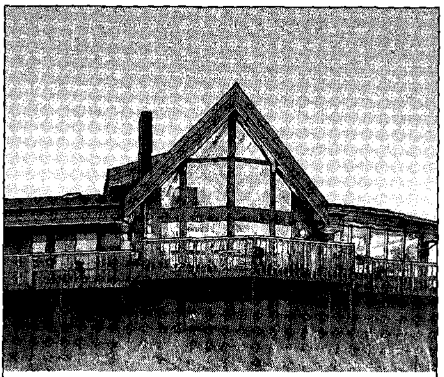

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these," she says. "They're not *sexual.*"

I turn and look at her. "See, to *me,* these are totally sexual," and then we both burst out laughing, our laughs booming in the gallery, where others are whispering as if it were church.

"They're sexual, maybe—like a foot fetish is sexual," says Marguerite.

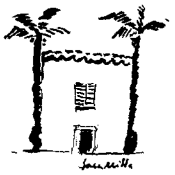
"Exactly," I say. "*Exactement.*"

Afterward, we hike up to Père Lachaise to look at Jim Morrison's grave, where there is a constant beer party, and where so many bottle caps have been mashed and pounded into the dirt that they have made what looks like a carpet of coins. Over the sound of one badly tuned guitar, strummed by a barefoot German, Marguerite tells me that what she'd really like to do is make films. She knows one film she'd like to make first—stories of Algerians in the early sixties: how they were herded outside Paris, in camps, how many of them were killed, disappeared. How even now, on the outskirts of Paris, Africans in bright ski pants work the toxic jobs, the factories and power plants, how Paris is built and running on the backs of these people, on the backs of abominable history. The Nazis—well, everyone knows about the Nazis.

There is no place to put such facts, not properly. There is only one's own mournful horror, one's worthless moral vanity—which can do nothing. The bad news of the world, like most bad news, has no place to go. You tack it to the bulletin-board part of your heart. You say, *Look.* You say, *See.* That is all.

"So if this production company comes through, that is what I'd like to do, work with some of these documentary people," says Marguerite, "and make that film."

"Marguerite," I say. "That's great." That's great. "You must."



"I've been thinking about our genes," says Daniel, when I ask him how the day's conference events went. We are in bed, and it's hard to sleep. There are car alarms, motorcycle alarms, disco noises. A woman in the street below is singing, "Eef I ken mek eat there, all mek eat onywhere, eats op too you, New York, New York."

"Yes," I say.

"I mean, maybe it's all for the best. Besides the Tay-Sachs. Look at the genes. On your side there's diabetes and bad hearts."

"And bad blood."

"That's right. Bad blood. And on my side there's, well—"

"There's arrogance and not listening," I say.

"Arrogance and not listening." He laughs in a sighing way. "Did you have a good day with Marguerite? What are you thinking about?" he asks. "Was it fun? Don't worry. I can have this whole conversation by myself. You can just watch."

"I really like Marguerite," I say.

"I know you do."

I sigh, clutch the covers up under my chin.

"That's it? That's all that's on your mind?"

"Also 'Manon Lescaut,'" I say. Last week we saw a production of it at the Bastille.

"'Manon Lescaut'?"

"I'd like to die like that," I say. "All my jewelry on, and singing about madness."

"You would?"

"With all my jewelry on? Sure." Probably, in real life, I would die in a bathrobe, the telephone cradled in my neck.

"Do I know you?" asks Daniel. "You don't even wear jewelry."

"Yes, I do."

"A watch. You wear a watch. Lots of lipstick and a watch."

"It's a nice watch."

"It's gorgeous," Daniel says, now sleepy. The air in our room is damp from the rains; it has turned my hair strumpety and full, but has made Daniel's skin moist and pale, color in his cheeks coming only in the day, outside, in the hurried pace to and from drier destinations. He seems delicate and young beside me.

I keep talking. "You know, *that's* one thing Manon wasn't wearing—a watch. You don't see a lot of watch wearing in the soprano world. Have you ever noticed that? Tosca? No watch. Madame Butterfly? Again, no watch."

He is no longer paying attention, but it doesn't stop me. We have traded places. "If you gave everyone in 'La Bohème' wristwatches, you'd have a happy ending."

"You would?"

"Sure," I say. "You wouldn't have that guy singing about his coat. He'd look at his watch and go, *Yikes!*"

"Now that's what I'd like to hear. A nice aria with the word 'yikes' in it."

Daniel has never really liked opera. "What I like is philosophy," he said to me once. "Philosophy's great. Except I don't like the whole existence thing. *Do we exist?* That really pisses me off. But like good and evil. I like *What is Art?* But just a little of *What is Art?* If you get too much, it circles back around again to *Do we exist?*—which pisses me off."

"I'm not really looking forward to going home," I say now.

"Really?"

"I feel disconnected these days, in the house, in town. The neighbors say, 'Hello, how are you?' and sometimes I say, 'Oh, I'm feeling a little empty today. How about you?' "

"You should get a puppy," he says sleepily.

"A puppy?"

"Yeah. It's not like the cat. A puppy you can take for walks around the neighborhood, and people will stop and smile and say, 'Oh, look! What's *wrong* with your puppy?' "

"What *is* wrong with my puppy?"

"Worms, I think. I don't know. You should have taken him in to the vet's weeks ago."

"You're so mean."

"I'm sorry I'm not what you bargained for," Daniel murmurs.

I stop and think about this. "Well, I'm not what you bargained for, either, so we're even."

"No," he says faintly, "you are. You're what I bargained for."

But then he has fallen over the cliff of sleep and is snoring, his adenoids a kind of engine in his face, a motorized unit, a security system, like a white flag going up.

WEEK THREE

•

You can wake from one dream only to find yourself plunged into yet another, like some endless rosary of the mind. When that happens, it is hard to glimpse what is not dream; the waking, undreamed world flies by you, in rushing flashes of light and air, in loud, quick, dangerous spaces like those between the cars of a train. There is nothing you can do. You walk in the sleep of yourself and wait. You wait for the train to pass.

Daniel believes he is working something out, wrestling with his heart, his work. He wants me to bear with him. He speaks, in a coded way, of all that is tempting and bewildering him, all issues of moral drunkenness. "It's like I'm on a ride," he says. "I go up, up, and up, and then *wheeeee.*"

"Except then the keys fall out of your pocket," I say sternly. "And then you can't get back into the house."

He tries to look bemused. "I had a dream last night—I rounded a corner and someone lifted a gun and shot me, the bullet slamming straight through my sternum." He pauses. "Do you think that's bad luck?" He sighs, then begins to whisper. "I'm afraid of one day turning into my father. When he was my age, he left my mother for a woman twenty years younger."

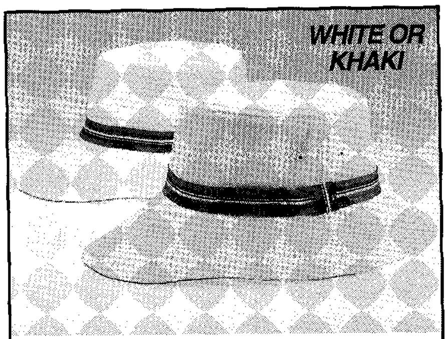
I say nothing. I melt a whiskey truffle on my tongue. In my vision there are lines running through everything; even the fabric of the drapes and upholstery seems to be raining, like the clothes in a portrait by van Gogh.

He looks sad, draws his large, man's hand down across his face; his voice constricts with sorrow. "My mother, of course, took it with the great good humor with which it was intended."

"She lost her mind," I say.

"Yes," he says. "She lost her mind."

Eating brains—their spongy circuitry reabsorbed—we pretend is an ecological act. But perhaps it is more like monsters in a science-fiction movie. Brains! Brains! Brains! As if we have run out of our own. So far in our marriage, we've fought fear with ineptitude, indifference with indifference; the world blows up here and there, and our lives feel staked out in the embers, pitched and huddled in tents. We course through the hairpin turns of denials and shouts—it's the end, it can't be the end. We are in the loveliest city in the world: the expensive coffees, the red, chemical sunset, the *bateaux-mouches* flashing by each sooty church, lighting it up like a stage. The gendarmes hassle the African men in the Métro; the poodles defecate with impunity on the walks. You can't name your child anything not on a na-



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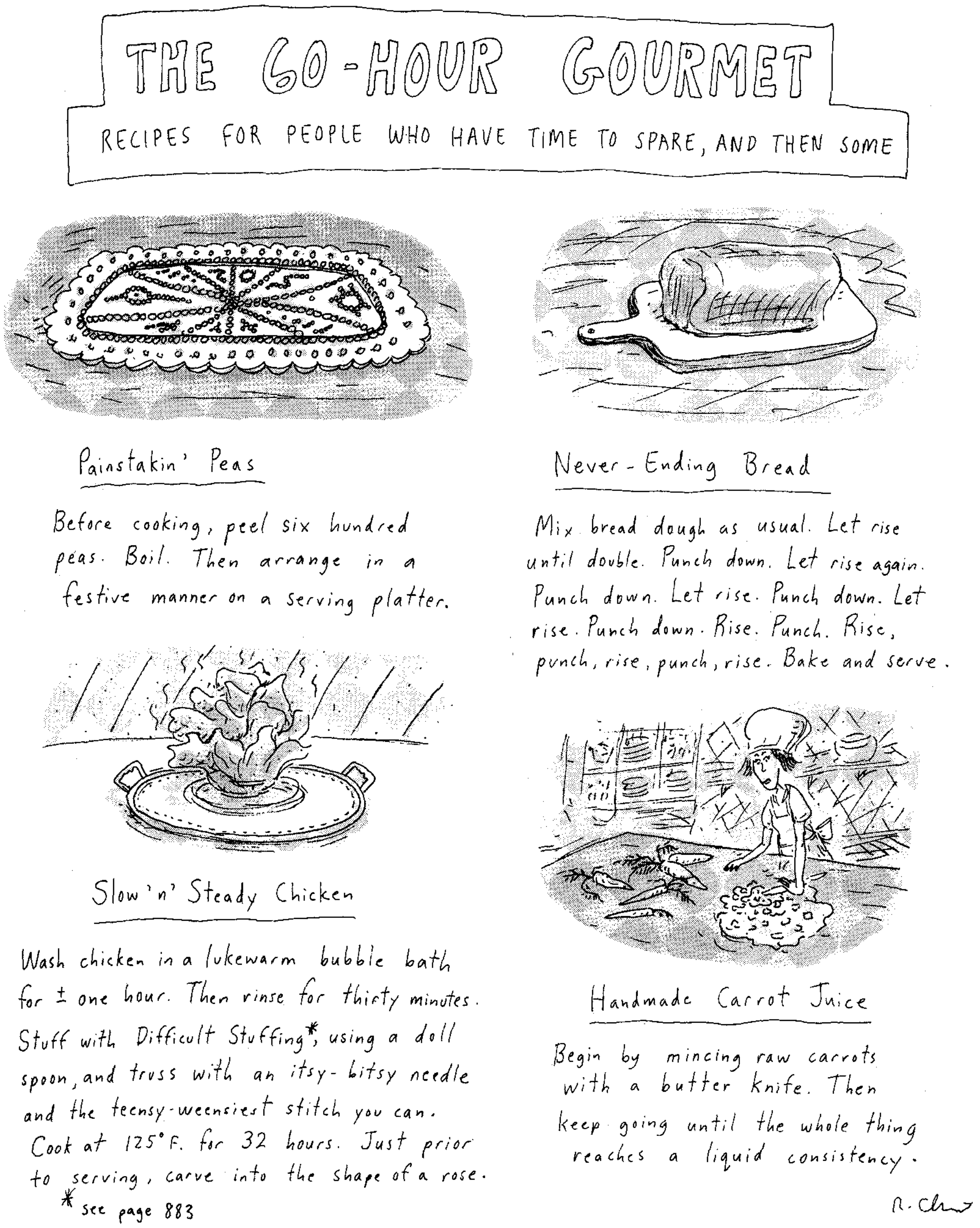
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* see page 883
Handmade Carrot Juice
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R. Chast

• •

tional list—and this is the most civilized city on earth! The city of spring and songs and other compositions of the heart. We feel ourselves moving so minutely against some process, some momentum, that we become inadvertently a part. We feel too small to fight. Desperation, laziness, horror—they all resemble one another in their flickering movements within us, the same thrashing shorthand. *Ma chérie, is this our stop*? We feel enslaved—is that what it is?—in some turning: of rot to dirt then to winds and stars. Time for another constellation!

My husband has that look again, the look of how difficult the world is, life is, how sometimes you just want to go back to your house with the bushes around it and stay inside.

"Home," he says. The idea of it: its lovely cheat and evasion; its capitulation to longing and rest. "Home, home, home."

Where, though I harbor secret wishes of its burning, our life in flames, the crazy, wicked freedom of it, our chipping house will still be standing, safe and whole, the previous owner's rubber bands still wrapped around the doorknobs. The animals we've sealed in, with mending and patching—the mice and larks—will wake and cry within the walls, then go still. The season will be spring, but the squirrels will have eaten and rearranged the bulbs, so that only one lone daffodil—a trumpet solo—will be shivering in the yard, the flowering quince not flowering, the ground still too muddy for grass but on a sunny day suddenly ticking with hatching flies. At the Citgo station around the corner, the sparrows will once again build their nest in the paper-towel dispenser. "Don't you feel—you must—like going home?" Daniel asks, in a voice of such ailing homesickness it makes me smile.

Everywhere life is full of heroism.

I lean warmly toward him, try to get closer, in empathy and companionship, to study his face, so moist and young in these rains, to match or approximate it. "Don't be lorn, don't be blue, it's only morn, and I'm with you." I sing this, but he stiffens, then tries not to stiffen, forces a smile, but moves too quickly away. He does this often now. Something, someone, keeps him, is kept, in some other corner of his life. I can't follow him there—where that is, a place of woundedness, we are too without each other. To meet there would be to step into the strange, dark rage of strangers. But I've accrued a kind of patience, I believe, loosely, like change. I can feel the jangle and money of it. I will wait for him, I think: let him go and sicken himself, confuse himself, dash through the bad woods of himself. *Love is perennial as the grass!* I'll wait for him, my heart in epilogue, knit and reknit, perhaps as it always has been. I'll wait until I just can't wait anymore.

As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. ♦

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THE CRITICS

BOOKS

CITIZEN KIRSTEIN

BY ARLENE CROCE

Mosaic
by Lincoln Kirstein
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25)

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is a rare Promethean figure in American life: a man of vision and political will working in behalf of the arts. One sometimes finds such men in other countries, but there are official channels for them to go through; they often hold government posts, and what they achieve is almost always sharply limited in scope. If we take John Maynard Keynes as an example of the breed in England, or André Malraux in France, we see how truly extraordinary Kirstein has been as a kind of minister without portfolio of the arts. But we see, too, how the conditions of American life could have enabled him to do what he did. In America, there is a certain level of possibility where, if one reaches it, one may actually assume that accomplishments are limited only by ambition. Kirstein has been acting on that level all his life. A Cabinet post or a diplomatic appointment would only have crippled him. At one and the same time, he exercised his birthright as a citizen and his instinct as an artist; for him, there was no practical difference between the two. It helped that he had money and connections and a good education. But it mattered more that he was a particular man living in a certain time and place.

Kirstein once described himself as a man of the nineteenth century trying to make sense of the twentieth. He started making sense early. A quick survey of his first twenty-six years—the years covered in "Mosaic," a book of memoirs—reveals a prodigious range of interests and activities and an equally prodigious talent for encouraging the talents of others. That Kirstein was himself encouraged from an early age is one of the key points of "Mosaic," and one of its charms is the way Kirstein manages to pay tribute to a long list of tutors and mentors without sounding pompous. But his view of himself as a bumbling naïf ever in need of guidance does not deceive us. The record is there, and is dazzling. Less than a year after entering Harvard, he founded the literary review *Hound & Horn*, in emulation of T. S. Eliot's *Criterion;* he was twenty years old. The next year, he started the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art. The year after that, which happened to be the last year of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, he was in London seeing his first Balanchine ballet. By 1930, Kirstein and the twentieth century had come into fateful alignment; from then on, until 1989, when he retired from the School of American Ballet (the primary institution he founded with Balanchine), he played out his vital role in a historic transformation—America's rise to an artistic status equal, if not superior, to Europe's.

Lincoln Kirstein, photographed in the twenties by Walker Evans.

Born in 1907, Kirstein may be seen as typifying that generation of artists, writers, and poets which was the first to mature without having to go to Europe for training and recognition. When he was fifteen, he spent the first of several summers as a young lion in the lap of Bloomsbury, but for him this experience of British high bohemia weighed no more than Harvard and New York did later. It was Kirstein's generation that played host to the grand parade of gifted exiles forced out of Europe in the thirties and forties, by which time America was beginning to be seen as a land of cultural as well as material opportunity. In "Mosaic" one gets the first faint whiff of this change when Kirstein is in Paris in 1933 and Virgil Thomson, who ought to know, tells him that "the dominant *chic*" is "no longer 'American-exile'—Pound, Gertrude Stein, Hemingway—but Marxist-tinged, 'German-refugee,' a result of the influx of self-exiles from Hitler." That summer, Kirstein issues his invitation to Balanchine, a self-exile from Soviet Russia, who is already thinking of migrating to America.

Through the years of American ascendancy, Kirstein's position as promoter/producer/critic-savant was exceptional and paradoxical: planted on the pathways of American art and culture, yet not establishment; conducting guerrilla raids in service to aristocratic ideals. Still, it is hard to name more than a few major cultural developments that were not substantially affected by Kirstein's presence, anomalous though it was. Abstract Expressionism was one (although I believe he entertained the possibility of using de Kooning as background décor for Balanchine). He had nothing to do with jazz. But the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art led to the establishment of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and an entire division of the New York Public Library, the Dance Collection, owes its pioneering reputation to archives that Kirstein assembled and donated to it. At the peak of his power, in the sixties, his friend Stravinsky quipped that Lincoln Center was named for Kirstein. His shadow reached even into the stronghold of modern dance when, for a brief time in the thirties, the interests of American ballet and the Martha Graham company coincided. (It was Kirstein who introduced Graham to Erick Hawkins.) Years later, Graham and Balanchine would collaborate in the première of "Episodes."

Not all of Kirstein's attachments to his chosen art forms were productive, and some were decidedly quixotic. But even if he had done nothing more to art than write about it, he would have left his mark on it. His writings on dance—history books, reviews, monographs, polemical pamphlets—are as important a body of work as any critic in any art has produced; and from 1942 to 1948 there was his *Dance Index*, still the wisest and most elegant of scholarly journals ever to be devoted to dance in the United States. Second in importance only to his dance criticism, to my mind, is Kirstein's writing on photography, with its prophetic singling out of Walker Evans and Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Like all ambitiously objective criticism, Kirstein's is personally revealing, the more so since he is a poet as well as a critic. In "Mosaic" he says that he started out wanting to be a portrait painter—nonrealist forms of painting were "nonmagical"—and we can see how this bias links up with the dancing and the photography that he valued, and with his sponsorship of artists like Nadelman and Tchelitchev. At the heart of Kirstein's bias is a fascination with the immediacy of "human gesture" in its most tellingly graphic forms, art as a kind of documentation. Kirstein looks at art for what he sees in the world, and at the world for what he sees in art. Trying to balance the realism-idealism equation, making it into a lifelong occupation, Kirstein has told us much about himself. "Mosaic" is a modest book—first of all, because it ends in 1933, with diary excerpts that bring him to the brink of decision: "I was alone now and I knew I must find Balanchine if I was serious about anything . . ." And Kirstein resists a formal summing up, even though at this early stage in his life all the parts of the mosaic seem to be in place. But there is also the fact that he has been over much of this ground before. Not only is there a strong autobiographical element in the criticism and the poems; there was an autobiographical novel, "Flesh Is Heir," published in 1932. In addition to "Mosaic," his diaries have provided material for "The New York City Ballet" (1973) and "Thirty Years: Lincoln Kirstein's The New York City Ballet" (1978). Chapters on school and summer camp, Boston, Harvard, and *Hound & Horn* appeared, differently worded, in those books and in a recent volume of essays, "By With To & From," which also contains more extensive excerpts from the 1933 diary.

If after reading "Mosaic" we still feel that Kirstein is a puzzle, it's because, finally, Kirstein is a puzzle to himself. He

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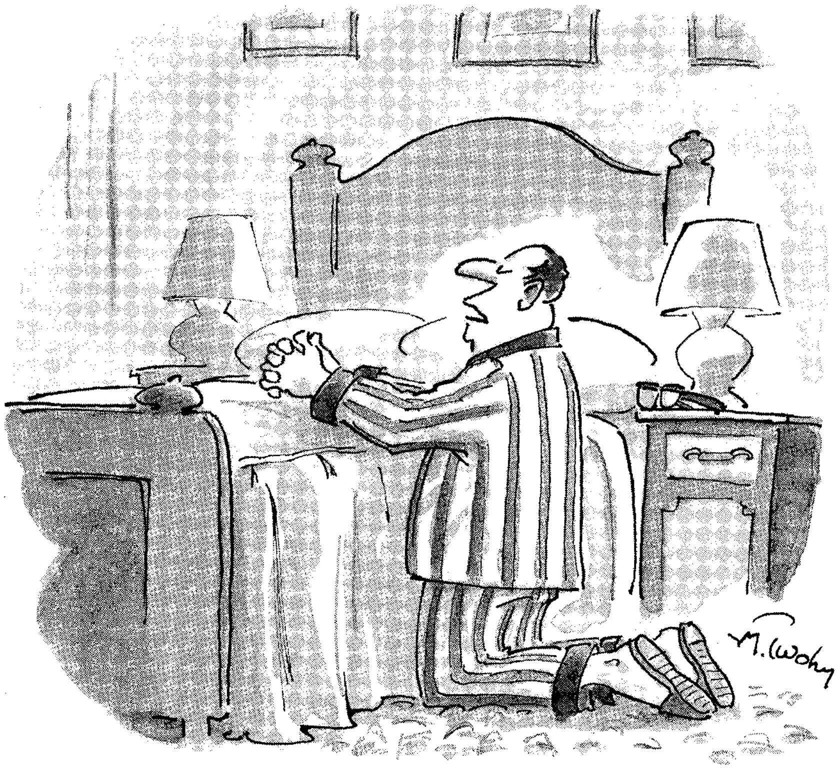

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has played so many parts—critic as artist, artist as entrepreneur, patron, prophet, canonizer, crank—that self-scrutiny takes an effort more of assimilation than of analysis. Kirstein knows this, of course, but he has put together a very peculiar assemblage of things we might like to know about him. A small detail, like the exact configuration of a design that he had to paint on a canoe paddle when he was ten, takes up pages. More is said about the décor of his sister Mina's bedroom than about Mina herself, who seems to have exerted a considerable influence on the young Lincoln (and who went on to become Mina Curtiss, the biographer of Bizet and Proust). About his brother George (who became the publisher of *The Nation*) we hear almost nothing. But the design on the paddle is important to Kirstein; *design* is important to Kirstein, which may be why he seems haunted by his contradictions. Design, inherent in the universe, is the first perception of art: everything Kirstein has written tells us that he believes this. Implicit in the design of "Mosaic" is the belief in a preëxistent unity, which memory must restore. Kirstein, in trying to make sense of his life, must try to see it as a work of art. This is not vanity. To anyone who has read Kirstein up to now, his contradictions form as clear a pattern as his consistencies. And who but Kirstein himself would have expected so huge a personality not to have contradictions? Every time he has returned in print to his youth, it's as if he'd found the figure in the carpet, the secret of wholeness. He burrows deeper into the past; he is a precedent-and-lineage-citing person. Like his theory of apostolic succession in choreographers, there may be some principle that unites and authorizes careers in odd forms of public service—or odd fellows in the usual forms. Kirstein is not alone in suggesting a parallel between himself and Henry Adams. The parallel certainly exists. But Kirstein isn't a mandarin, like Henry Adams; he isn't like George Kennan or J. Robert Oppenheimer. He's Citizen Kirstein. In the Army during the Second World War, he was Private Kirstein (though no ordinary private). In "Mosaic" he spends a lot of time discussing taste—period taste, official taste, educated taste, the taste of his parents—perhaps because his own has been so violently criticized. Yet Kirstein's taste and how he acquired it are only one, relatively unimportant facet of the contradictory Kirstein, the aesthete who writes poems modelled on Kipling and Robert Service, and prose that is downright oxymoronic—florid yet overcompressed. Reading it ("I besieged a picturesque province whose walls and turrets were defended by prototypical paladins") is like getting a telegram from Euphues. Kirstein admires men of action—Lawrence of Arabia, George Patton, Robert Gould Shaw, James Cagney. He's that kind of intellectual. And what is so surprising about a dandy who dresses from the Army-Navy store? A highbrow who loves Marilyn Monroe? Within his own sphere, we accept Kirstein himself as a man of action—an activist, as we now say, who has made our lives different, not just our minds. No, to us the perpetual puzzle of Kirstein is not that he acts, or acts contrarily, but that he acts precisely as a nineteenth-century man would—on a pre-Marxist, pre-Freudian scale of epic daring. Citizen Kirstein, peer of the realm.

"The nineteenth century dies hard," he once wrote apropos of Stravinsky's critics. The nineteenth-century view of genius and inspiration blocked our view of craftsmanship and hard work, to Kirstein the twin supports of artistic identity. He looked at classical ballet and saw the realism of its discipline. He looked at photographs and admired their hard white objectivity. In 1938, he wrote, "Walker Evans is giving us the contemporary civilization of Eastern America and its dependencies as Atget gave us Paris before the war and as Brady gave us the War between the States." He went on to speak of the photographs—"their clear, hideous, and beautiful detail, their open insanity and pitiful grandeur. . . . What poet has said as much? What painter has shown as much? Only newspapers, the writers of popular music, the technicians of advertising and radio have in their blind energy accidentally, fortuitously, evoked for future historians such a powerful monument to our moment." At the time, he was four years along in his struggle to establish Balanchine's company, an incomparably more fragile monument to our moment, in the very country that is depicted in Evans' photographs. He had even started a second company, Ballet Caravan. Transplanting the ballet to a new continent was a feat that had been accomplished in the past only by the Russian czars. And Kirstein wanted to transplant the ballet, not the ballet business. He wanted a school, a repertory, a style, an audience. What impresario wanted as much? Who else would have made the attempt? Could Diaghilev, great as he was, have even begun to address the reality of the American continent or imagine it a haven for classical ballet? Kirstein wanted above all to guarantee Balanchine's freedom, and he dedicated his life to that end. They were two dissimilar men with the same mission. Never personally close, they were able to work together without a contract for fifty years. Probably too much has been made of their dissimilarities. Whether they felt the same way about art and sex and politics matters less than what they believed they could get done in the next five years, or the next ten, if only they got the curtain up tonight.

LINCOLN EDWARD KIRSTEIN was born in Rochester, New York, but the story, familiar to collectors of Kirsteiniana, really begins in Boston. Lincoln was the second child and first son of Louis Kirstein and Rose Stein, "loyal, if non-observant, Jews" of German descent. Rose's family had been solidly established for more than a generation as clothiers in Rochester. They were rich, but somehow, in Louis Kirstein's eyes, unkempt. Louis was not rich, but after the move to Boston he became a partner in Filene's department store. He also became a pillar of countless charities, the president of the Boston Public Library, and a longtime supporter of the Harvard Business School. Lincoln Kirstein has combined in his own career his father's civic-mindedness and a disposition to adventure and artifice inherited from his mother's side. One of her brothers ran Rochester's Lyceum Theatre, where as a boy Lincoln saw his first show, "Kismet." A significant title. Kirstein writes, "My reaction to theatre, particularly theatrical dancing, involved more intense sensations than any attached to most daily existence, even personal attachment." When that fountainhead of sensation the Ballets Russes came to Boston, Rose kept her impressionable nine-year-old at home. It was her scapegrace nephew, the theatre owner's son, who took the boy to the first ballet he was permitted to see: Anna Pavlova and her company, at Symphony Hall. They went three nights in a

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row. I am sorry that in re-recollecting this experience in "Mosaic" Kirstein leaves out a detail that every ballet-lover recognizes and that is *echt* Kirstein. In "The New York City Ballet" he wrote, "Before this exposure, I had a vague idea that dances were somehow improvised according to the 'mood' of the dancers on their every hearing of the music, and took 'inspiration' for method. But on watching the professional repetition of identical figurations night after night, I began to realize that there was something like design in dance, comparable to musical notation or a rationally laid out palette. Structure was as important as personality or expression."

In the over-all structure of "Mosaic," taste is more important than sexual or religious identification marks. Rose had a "Turkish" corner, and a "Chinese" bedroom furnished in red satin. Her great passions were for fine lace and Richard Wagner. Kirstein speculates that one or two of her male relatives, including the nephew who took him to see Pavlova, were homosexual, and he remembers his father being strongly attracted to some of the young men, Lincoln's friends, who came to the house. Kirstein's parents were energetic, imaginative, and fondly indulgent. Ten years separated their first child, Mina, from Lincoln; he attributes this to his father's sexual diffidence, aggravated by some obscure hurt endured before his marriage. About his own sexuality Kirstein is frank but not very talkative; money, he says, always gave him more trouble than sex. Nor does he seem to have been more than a routine victim of anti-Semitism. He commemorates a poignant moment: Rose arriving breathless in Bayreuth, her two young sons in tow. A hotelkeeper banishes them to lodgings where they will be "far 'happier.' " (The incident is the subject of a Kirstein poem, "Festspielhaus.") But sex is an undercurrent in his accounts of boarding-school terrorists and boys'-camp counsellors. As with every great man recalling his youth, we don't know whether the flattering attentions he received from his elders were bestowed on other boys or on him alone, in recognition of his special qualities. Did the marvellous Chief Hamilton take every kid at Camp Timanous under his wing? In "Crane and Carlsen," a chapter that also appears in "By With To & From," sex becomes involved with class. The episode occurred when Kirstein was editing *Hound & Horn* in New York and fell in love with an older man, a seaman who had also been befriended by Hart Crane. Carlsen wants to write and wants to get published, but, fundamentally inarticulate, is unable to function, and Kirstein is unable to help him or to understand his "mystery." It becomes a three-sided affair, with Crane, who is dead, assuming the role of Kirstein's doppelgänger. The sexual ambiguity that is present throughout the discussion of Payson Loomis and G. I. Gurdjieff is one of the strangest aspects of this strangest of all tales in the book. Loomis, the friend who introduced Kirstein to Gurdjieff, prefacing the encounter with the gift of a pornographic novel, was not gay, nor was Gurdjieff; at least, Kirstein does not leave that impression. But he does not resolve the ambiguity, either.

Of the local variety of anti-Semitism, Kirstein gives us an exact sense when, referring to his father's career as a public benefactor, he writes, "Father began to fill the role of one of Boston's housebroken token aliens." Kirstein's diction, a mirror of his temperament, excels at the ironic grimace, the agenbite of melancholy. He brings a brisk impersonality to the telling of what is essentially a fairy tale, an enchanted bildungsroman that ends as the hero, helped by innumerable wizards in disguise, is about to achieve his act of Promethean daring. How Kirstein reached his level of possibility is not, perhaps, for him to say. Others were rich; others were talented; others may even have had fathers who would have hired the young Sacco, son of the anarchist, as a chauffeur or consulted John Singer Sargent for advice on their children's artistic education, as the elder Kirstein did. (He was even prescient enough to turn his son's inheritance over to him while he was still young.) Other Americans, though they are few, may recall a golden youth, burnished simultaneously by the glow of the past and the promise of the future. Kirstein remembers how he used to go riding in the Massachusetts countryside with two dream girls, the Lowell sisters:

> Alice and Marianna were amazons. We rode daylong safaris over a wide terrain on well-worn trails or paths, across field and pasture, through heavy woods. We dismounted on the edge of Walden Pond to toss stones into a cairn already heaping to Thoreau's memory. In Lexington there was

a cottage upon whose small window panes Nathaniel Hawthorne had scratched both his and his wife's names. In its parlor was a long, oak, skeletal laying-out couch, upon which the architect Jack Ames relaxed. Beside him were piled plans for his new Smith College dormitories. He gave us tea, while the horses cropped grass on a front lawn which had not been mown since Hawthorne's day.

In another moment that epitomizes Kirstein's time and place, we get a glimpse of the author among "the Lads," his Harvard classmates. They, the incoming class of '30, were assembled to hear words of wisdom from Harvard's former president Charles William Eliot; what he said was "Flee introspection." Frail and doddering, Eliot spoke indistinctly, and at first Kirstein thought he had said, "Free introspection." "But, no. He repeated in grave italics: '*Flee* introspection!' " Though Kirstein makes nothing of it at the time (except to wonder how many of the Lads needed to hear this), the moment divides the aestheticism of the nineties from the rugged humanism of the twenties. As a teenager, Kirstein had embraced Pater, Ruskin, and Wilde. At Harvard, his gods would be Pound and Eliot. The two eras, the nineties and the twenties, had more in common than it was then safe to admit, and Kirstein was marked as much by the similarities as by the differences. To this day, he is the living embodiment of the romanticism that flees introspection—that fights clear of the self and all indwelling preoccupations. The story "Mosaic" tells is not Who I Am but How It Happened. The book's theme is accountability. As its title suggests, "Mosaic" is made up of fragments chipped from memory. All are important, all are revealing, but the reader has to decide what holds them together. Much like the separate items of Kirstein's personal art collection, which was the subject of another elusively autobiographical volume, called "Quarry" (1986), the tesserae of "Mosaic" converge tendentiously, never quite clicking into place, and the book ends in a trail of ellipses, an anachronistically romantic stroke that dissolves the hard bright chips of memory back into mystery. But not without leaving the imprint of a pattern.

Mosaic. Quarry. Kirstein's mother's maiden name was Stein. "Stein" means stone. Kirstein (churchstone, cherrystone) doesn't make these connections for us, but he does save us a trip to the dictionary. Both "Mosaic" and "Quarry" begin with a list of the title word's derivations, culled from the O.E.D. One of the things "quarry" could mean in Old English was "a square pane or tile of glass; slate." "Mosaic," we learn, originally pertained to the Muses, to music and museums. There is Mosaic law, issuing from the prophet Moses. Kirstein, the grandson of a lens-grinder, notices that "a *mosaic* of cones and rods is the basis for clear human vision." "Quarry," the source of material for mosaics, has another, equally familiar meaning:

> Any object of chase, aim or attack. An intended prey or victim. The act of seizing or tearing quarry. (To sound the q.) Calling the hounds.

Kirstein's etymologies aren't just Kirstein being pedantic. Around his choices of titles they cast rings of suggestion like the halations cast by the images in Balanchine's ballets. The title "Quarry" lights up *Hound & Horn*, which comes from a poem by Pound: " 'Tis the white stag, Fame, we're a-hunting, / Bid the world's hounds come to horn!" The lines were printed as the magazine's epitaph, along with a musical quotation from Brahms's "Hunting Horn" trio, Opus 40.

WHEN Kirstein first encountered the Russian mystic Gurdjieff, in 1927, he was on his way to meet his idol, Pound, in Paris. He missed his interview with Pound, but Gurdjieff became someone of whom he says, even now, "He exerted more influence on my behavior than anyone, including my parents." Kirstein, then a sophomore at Harvard, had been invited by his enigmatic friend Loomis to Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, which was housed in Le Prieuré, a mansion at Fontainebleau. In these luxurious surroundings, attended by Loomis, who was Gurdjieff's secretary, Kirstein spent a weekend undergoing what seems to have been an initiation into the Gurdjieff cult. Kirstein's reminiscence of this experience is obviously the centerpiece of the mosaic, for all that its suspended, dreamlike quality resembles nothing else in the book. On his first night, Kirstein watches a performance by the Gurdjieffians of their ritual dances. It consists of two dozen men and women, in belted pajamalike costumes, executing strictly patterned movements of a kind unfamiliar to Kirstein, to the

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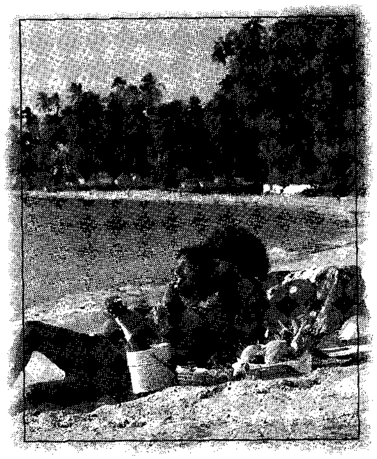

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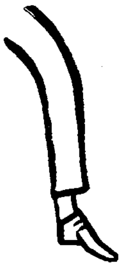
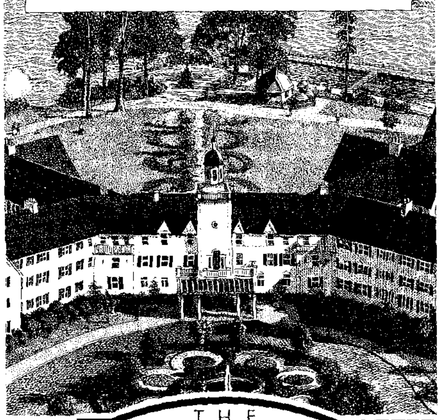
accompaniment of a harmonium. At one point in the performance, the music accelerates, and the dancers gather themselves and make one great rush directly at Kirstein. At a cry of "Stop!" from someone in command, the dancers freeze. "It was no orderly arrest," Kirstein writes. "The command 'STOP!' had not been rehearsed. Some dancers stumbled and fell over; others were locked in accidental positions—asymmetrical, uncomfortable, awkward, ugly. After a few moments everyone resumed the ordinary habit of their motion. Straightening their pajama tops, they quietly sauntered out of the hall. I felt shaken by a demonstration which, however impersonal, was boastfully outrageous. What on earth was going on here?"

Kirstein relates the further events of his visit—the steam bath, the breakfasts with fresh butter and clover honey, the lavish dinner at which everyone watches while Gurdjieff jovially forces Kirstein to consume the eyes of a roast sheep, saying, "You, Little Father. Take," and following which rounds and rounds of Armagnac are drunk, with Gurdjieff offering toasts "To all ordinary idiots! To all zigzag idiots! To all compassionate idiots!" What purpose there is to any of it, whether he was having the most sensuous of spiritual experiences or the most spiritual of sensuous experiences, Kirstein does not say. Nor does he try to explain Gurdjieff's impact on anybody but him. It was a revelation. Idiot (from the Greek *idios*, a private individual) he undeniably was, hence a natural adept of "Mr. Gurdjieff's rationally irrational games." He had met the man who was to be the greatest of all his wizards. Before leaving Fontainebleau, he has a last encounter with Gurdjieff, which he recounts in dialogue form; it's as loopy as everything else. We can see the appeal the magus holds for a disoriented college boy. We can guess at some connection between Gurdjieff's ritual dances and the dances Kirstein loved doing as a boy at camp. Kirstein's reverence for Gurdjieff as a teacher of dancing is harder to understand. (Balanchine was not interested, either in the dances or in the philosophy.) As for Kirstein's continuing attachment to Gurdjieff's legacy, the "good rules for eliminating friction as one strove for arrival at an ultimate aim," a clearer explanation has been given elsewhere. In a 1982 interview, Kirstein told *Newsweek*, "He gave me a method which can be lightly called 'As If.' You behave 'as if' something were true. Then you make it happen. We thought of a ballet school, a company, Lincoln Center, long before any of it happened. By behaving as if it would happen, we wasted no time." Kirstein's memoir of Fontainebleau appears between covers for the first time. When it originally appeared, in the Winter, 1983, issue of the quarterly *Raritan*, it included an incident that "Mosaic" omits. Kirstein told of coming upon a photograph, thirty-three years after Gurdjieff's death, of one Dorjieff, known variously as "the Black Tiger, King of the Lascars, and a sheep-shearing Merchant of Candy." He goes on, "On the back of the picture was scrawled in a thin pencilled script: 'Petit père: prenez garde.' As I turned it over to look at the face, its lips parted, and the man smiled, very slightly."

We don't expect the stories Kirstein tells in "Mosaic" to have endings, much less ironic endings, and we are startled when the brilliant, fastidious Loomis ends up working for Norman Vincent Peale; when the boarding-school terrorist, a disciple of Aleister Crowley, turns up as a janitor backstage on one of Kirstein's tours with Ballet Caravan; and when it's the working-class hero Carlsen who is patronizing. But these ironic twists have a place in the fateful pattern of Kirstein's life. The story of how he inadvertently attended Diaghilev's funeral in Venice and, again inadvertently, was present at a reception for the mourners is a double coincidence that he narrates at length in "Flesh Is Heir" and condenses into three paragraphs in "Mosaic." The meeting with Balanchine, engineered by an otherwise unreliable good fairy, Romola Nijinsky, is already legend. Following the most crucial of his talks with the choreographer, Kirstein goes up to his hotel room to write his famous sixteen-page letter to a prospective backer in America, beginning, "This will be the most important letter I will ever write you." Afterward, he descends to the hotel lounge and sees three young women sitting there, dressed all in white and with white plumes in their hair, like the women in "Mozartiana." Kismet.



The collector of Kirsteiniana may be forgiven for citing correspondences that draw the web of fate even tighter. Mosaics are often made of stained glass. Before going to Harvard, Kirstein spent an instructive year working in a stained-glass factory, and the first Balanchine ballet he saw, "The Prodigal Son," had designs by Rouault inspired by stained glass. In the 1933 "Mozartiana," designed by Christian Bérard, the girls' white plumes are also worn by figures representing funeral horses, and there is horse symbolism throughout this whole period in Balanchine's choreography. Balanchine had even taken up riding. The editor of *Hound & Horn* was a serious horseman, and had had himself painted by Martin Mower in equestrian dress, with boots and crop. It was Kirstein's first commissioned self-portrait. Remembering Fontainebleau, he cites the famous court of the Cheval Blanc, where Napoleon bade farewell to his troops. In "Cotillon," another Balanchine-Bérard ballet, the walls of the ballroom are decorated with equine insignia, and the guests perform a "jockey" dance. I stress horses and horse symbolism. I could almost as easily stress cats and cat symbolism; Kirstein and Balanchine also shared a love of cats. But the horses were already there in 1933, and the cats weren't, in spite of "La Chatte." Horse mystique in itself has no bearing on the coming together of Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine. Probably it was the least of their affinities and, had they been conscious of it at the time, the least well focussed. The rearing riderless horse, appearing for the first time in "Le Bal," was a reminder of the loss of St. Petersburg for Balanchine and for all homeless Russians, not for Kirstein. All the more impressive, then, that the mystique should have been present among other coincidental phenomena, mutely testifying to the rightness of this collaboration and to the rightness of Kirstein's direction, from the moment he sits down, an audience of one, to watch Gurdjieff's dances at Fontainebleau ([illegible] sits not on a chair but on a mound of saddlebags), through all the diversions and temptations and doubts of the next six years, to the moment when the nodding white plumes of the Muses confirm the fact that ballet is about to begin again, in the New World. It was going to be the artistic collaboration of the century. On fresh earth, under a new sky, the hounds were coming to horn. ♦



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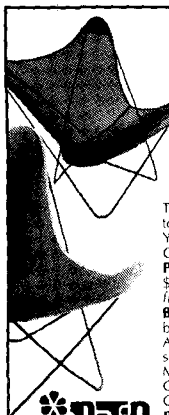

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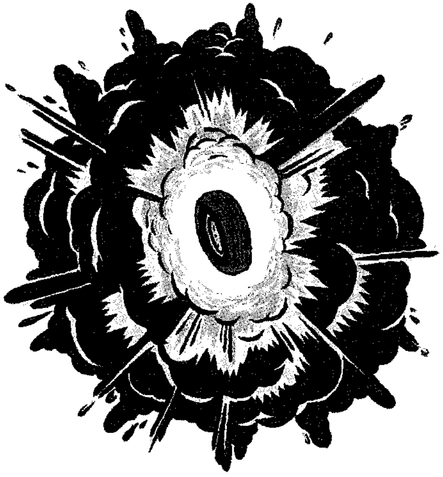
THE CURRENT CINEMA

FASTER, FASTER

BY ANTHONY LANE

"SPEED" is set in Los Angeles. Most of it takes place on a bus. It is a film full of explosions but bare of emotional development. Its characters are no more than sketches. It addresses no social concerns. It is morally inert. It's the movie of the year.



The action begins in an elevator. There is a loud bang, the first of many; this is a movie that makes sweet music out of loud bangs. Everyone is stuck, and suitably scared, and the L.A.P.D. is called in. Jack Traven (Keanu Reeves) and Harry Temple (Jeff Daniels) are the two cops sent to check out the scene. They have to get the passengers off the elevator before it does any plummeting, and then go look for the guy who caused the bang. He is a vengeful madman with a sick sense of humor—played by Dennis Hopper, of course. He's also a bomb buff, who is happy to go on blowing things up until the city gives him a very serious amount of money. For his next trick, therefore, he wires a device to a bus full of passengers, which is peacefully travelling downtown on a sunny morning. And it better keep travelling, because here's the thing: if it drops below fifty miles per hour, it explodes.

When I first got wind of this plot, some time ago, I laughed for about a week. It's so clean and daft and promising: everything I want from an action movie. But could "Speed" live up to that promise? Could Jan De Bont, who has never directed a film before, make this one stick? I needn't have worried. Not only does he get full value out of the plot, he actually treats it as a guiding light. The movie, in other words, is like the bus—if it ever slowed down, it would crack up and fall apart. But it doesn't; it simply goes faster and faster, and takes more and more risks, and starts to enjoy the ride. Just when you think you've got the measure of it, everything pulls away from you and peels off in another direction. When a woman is seen ahead of the bus, for instance, pushing a baby carriage directly into its path, you say to yourself: Oh, come on, *that* old number—give us a break. And a break is what you get. The bus doesn't swerve aside, as it has done in a hundred other movies; it whacks the carriage head on, sending it sailing through the air, and leaves you flat on your back, ready for the final twist. There's no point in fighting this stuff, so you might as well give up.

Unless, that is, you happen to be Keanu Reeves. I was confident that the Reeves image would recover from "Little Buddha," but I didn't know it would happen so soon. You could argue that "Speed" is not a response to the Bertolucci picture but a continuation: the Holy One attaining a new and even cooler level of being, stepping lightly from his place beneath a tree onto a fast-moving bus. It's hard to say whether Jack Traven is wholly at peace with the world, especially when the vehicle hangs a sharp right on two wheels, but he looked pretty damn fulfilled to me. Close-cropped and tuned up, Reeves makes an even better tough guy than you'd expect, and SWAT gear really suits him; he should wear it more often. So what if he's never going to be John Gielgud? Delivery isn't an issue here, because he doesn't have speeches—he doesn't have time for speeches. He has *lines*. In his muted way, Reeves is blessed with perfect pitch: aroused by the hazards thrown up by the plot, but

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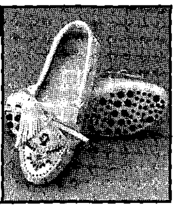

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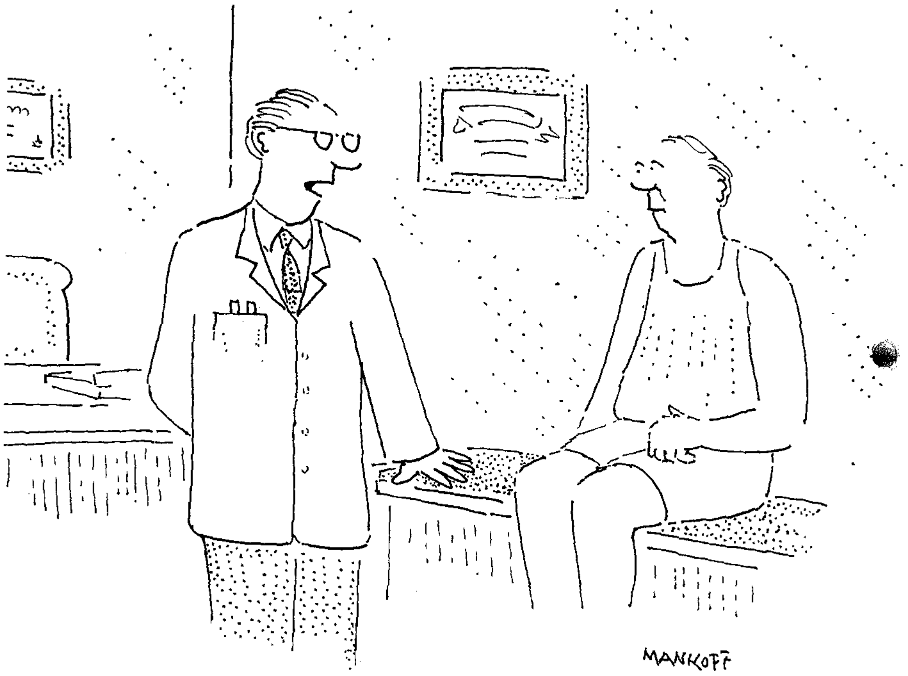

"Pushing sixty isn't the problem—it's pulling fifty-nine."

• •

not so smart that he forgets to be frightened by them; strong enough to carry the film, but never trying to swamp it with his presence. There's only one star vehicle here, and it's making hay on the freeway.

Jack never drives the bus himself; he merely leaps aboard from a passing Jaguar. The wheel is taken by one of the passengers, Annie (Sandra Bullock), who soon gets into the swing of things ("It's just like driving a really big Pinto"), merrily clipping the flanks of a dozen vehicles as she veers onto a side road, saying "Sorry, sorry!" as if she were running a shopping cart over someone's toe. And when a gaggle of children threaten to stream across the road, she yells out to them, "Why aren't you at *school*?" Bullock comes across as Julia Roberts with guts, an unbeatable combination. She doesn't lighten the movie, because she doesn't need to; she draws out the lightness that is already there—the sense of play that keeps it aloft and away from brutality. "You felt you needed another challenge or something?" she asks Jack as he confesses to having punctured the gas tank in a moment of panic. She's ribbing him for playing the game, for wanting to be one of the boys, although the game wouldn't be half as much fun without the girl; update Claudette Colbert to the age of hard rock, and you'll get the idea.

Dennis Hopper, meanwhile, just lies back and looks on. I thought I was getting tired of his psycho act, but "Speed" spruces it up. He is given an evil laugh, a loopy speech about beauty and becoming, which appears to be lifted from Heidegger, and a chance to taunt Keanu Reeves: "Do not attempt to grow a brain." Standard stuff, but it stays with you, seeping through the fabric of the film: Hopper is doing to Reeves what Jan De Bont is doing to us—toying with our nerves, staying one move ahead, raising our expectations but never waiting around long enough to meet them. Like the hero of any action movie, Jack is in fact *re*active, far too busy with the demands of a crisis to be troubled by its niceties; that is more the prerogative of the villain, who likes to have time as well as blood on his hands, and of the director, who is paid to ponder such things. When De Bont films the two great explosions in the movie, he sh[illegible]s us the rising fireballs, then cuts away to the reflection of the flames: once in the chrome front of a pay phone, and later in the windows of a bus—another bus, full of people knocked backward by the rush and glow of the blast.

De Bont used to be a cameraman; he photographed "Black Rain," "Lethal Weapon 3," and five movies for Paul Verhoeven, including "Basic Instinct."

He seems to have come away from the experience in ideal shape—his head crackling with images, but his taste intact. What makes Verhoeven's work so violent is not just the foulness of the deeds but the pride and pleasure that he obviously takes in grossing us out. He puts us through an ordeal, not an adventure. "Speed" is never so pleased with itself; from the second that Jack's police car soars in at the top of the frame—it must have hit a bump or something, but it looks like a spaceship coming in to land—we feel flattered by a surfeit of sensation. The whole film is a flier. De Bont crowds in with his cameras to catch the bus from every conceivable angle: a ground-level shot, gazing up past the windshield at a 747 taking off; a flawless, unshaken aerial view, taken from directly above the freeway, obscured for an instant by the smooth passage of a chopper. He's digging into the visual possibilities and rooting out everything he can. The result is loud and bright, but it doesn't annoy you—it cheers you up. And the tension gathers so steadily that, in some extraordinary way, you find yourself relaxing into it, like a tightrope walker pausing for a cigarette.

"Speed" is the kind of thing that Hollywood does best right now, although that's not saying much; it's the only thing that modern Hollywood can do at all. The other staple genres are in woeful disrepair; nobody makes musicals or epics, most of the romances are a joke, and the comedies are no laughing matter. But among the ruins there are still a few action movies standing firm. They make convenient showcases for all the advances in special effects, but it's more than that; they also seem to suck in what's left of the old Hollywood virtues—the dregs of irony, the last remaining gags, the high style. "Speed" joins a select crew of pictures that have fought to lay their powers of invention at the feet of an audience; I'm thinking of the first "Die Hard," the first "Terminator," and, my favorite, "Aliens." Jan De Bont's work is, if anything, leaner than all of them. There are no endangered loved ones here, no risk to the planet, no private traumas to be scoured out of existence: just one cop and various forms of public transportation. What makes it all so disciplined, what lends authority to its kick, is the refusal to slow down for sentiment; as Annie so crisply puts it, "you're not going to get mushy on me, are you?" Spoken like a Hawks heroine. There's one scene early on, when Jack and Harry get maudlin in a bar, but it soon passes, and you wipe it from your mind. You wait for the screenplay to spend a little quality time with each passenger on the bus, teasing out this man's history, setting this woman up for a pat payoff at the end; but that is an old habit, bred by disaster movies, and it won't wash here. "Speed" isn't a disaster movie; it's a stamina test, a survival riff, a victory roll.

And then something happens. Jack and Annie go through hell and come out the other side. "Are you all right?" he asks. "No," she says, and stifles a sob. And, just for a moment, I joined her. I went mushy. Huh? What was going on here? I am not, by nature or training, a weeper; I didn't cry at "Bambi" or "Ghost," or even at "Camille." But here I was, choking on a film about a bus. It wasn't sadness, of course—just the inevitable aftershock of excitement, but even so. And the fun part was, the movie wasn't done with me; it had half an hour still to run, and plenty more rounds in its clip. It was "Aliens" all over again. Is this what they mean by "pure cinema"? The phrase sometimes hovers around people like Tarkovsky and Ozu, and with good cause, but Hollywood occasionally throws a punch so clean that it breaks through to the same hallowed sanctum. It goes without saying that "Speed" is mindless trash, but a mind would only have got in the way, like the carriage in front of the bus; it is precisely because De Bont refuses to beg for our feelings that we give them so freely in the end. As our heroes hurtle out of darkness and into the light—the old, mythic journey, completed in pulp style—we feel wiped out with delirium and relief. The movie comes home in triumph, and we go home in shreds. It was never a contest; we're just not up to "Speed." ♦

"I SPY RETURNS" ('94) Secret agents (Robert Culp, Bill Cosby) from the 1960s TV series reunite on a case, joined by their son (George Newbern) and daughter.—*Denver Post.*

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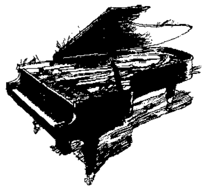

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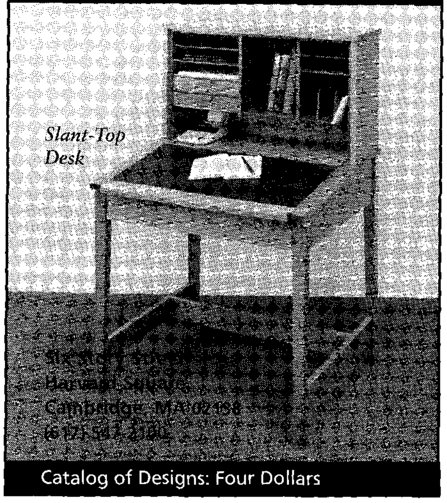

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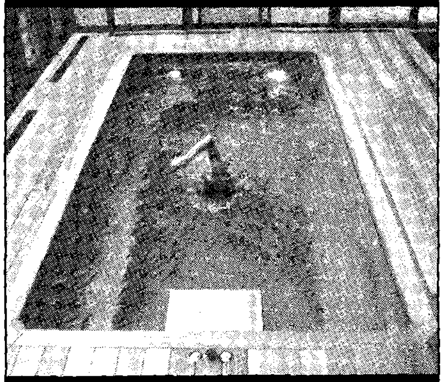

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THE THEATRE

LOSING THE PLOT

BY JOHN LAHR

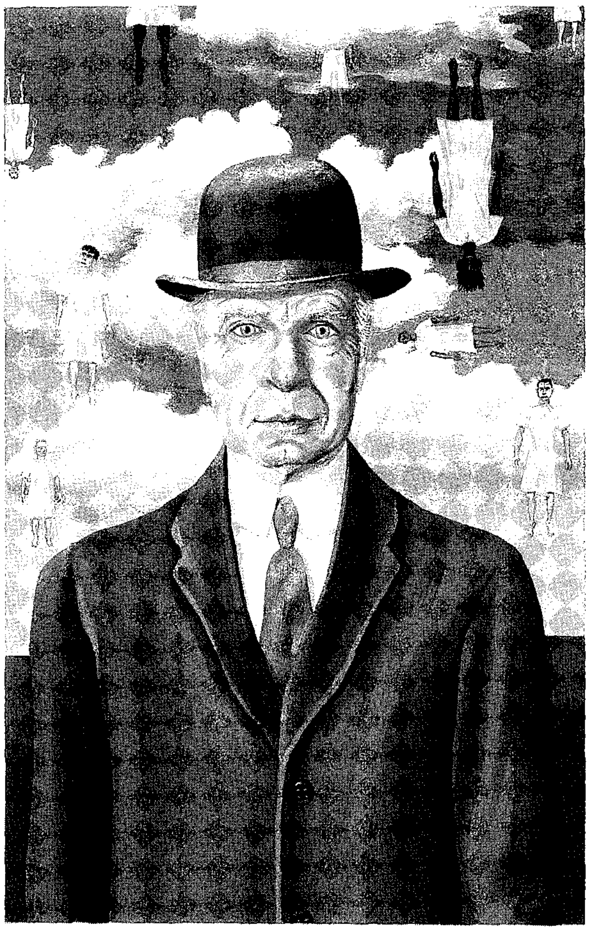
WHAT we call "I"—the self that we spend a lifetime making and remembering—is really a story that we tell ourselves and that is reflected back to us by the world. When both versions of this narrative are more or less in synch, you have sanity; when they aren't, you have madness. And when, for neurological reasons, the mind can't even assemble the plot of its story, you have the discombobulated world that Oliver Sacks famously describes in his collection of essays "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat." "To be ourselves we must *have* ourselves—possess, if need be repossess, our life-stories," Sacks writes of the blighted lives his book deals with. "We must 'recollect' ourselves, recollect the inner drama, the narrative of ourselves. A man *needs* such a narrative, a continuous inner narrative, to maintain his identity, his self."

The tragic spectacle of what happens when this kind of discourse goes awry has inspired the visionary director Peter Brook to reinvent Sacks' book for his own brilliant theatrical purposes. "The Man Who," an apt, verbless title for stories of lives that have lost a through line, is part of Brook's lifelong exploration into the mystery of communication, which he's carried out in Paris since the early seventies, at his International Centre of Theatre Research. Here, in a terse, anecdotal, unpolemical play, Brook and five of his performers submerge the audience in the caprices of nature and in the delicate, miraculous balance on which consciousness rests. Even though "The Man Who" apparently dramatizes grievous mental losses, its scrupulous attentiveness to the humanity of each struggling patient makes us feel an appropriate awe at the incomprehensibility of the workings of fate in human life. This awe is part of Brook's antidote to what he sees as the spiritual impasse of modern theatre. In seeking to address this impasse, he has mounted more than fifty productions in his long and distinguished career; many of them—like "Marat/Sade," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Conference of the Birds," and the nine-hour exploration of the Hindu epic, "The Mahabharata"—have been seminal storytelling experiments. "The Man Who" has been on a five-city standing-room-only tour of England and Scotland, concluding at the Royal National Theatre's Cottesloe stage, in London, where I caught up with it. The production marks Brook's first major return to England since 1976 and the tour of "The Ik," his adaptation of Colin Turnbull's "The Mountain People," which was a devastating anthropological study of a starving Ugandan mountain tribe and the breakdown of community. In a sense, "The Man Who" is an extension of "The Ik" 's inquiry into the "broken current" of communal connection. Here, however, it's the circuitry of the brain, and not the catastrophe of economic circumstance, that cuts off illumination. The new play, which lasts just an hour and forty minutes, and which Brook calls "a commando work," is the product of the company's own neurological research as well as of Sacks'. The characters are "unmemoried men," unable to decipher, variously, their bodies, their external world, their inner life, sometimes even their language—all the elements that reflect the self back to itself—and they are therefore beyond the comforts or the creation of ritual. In fact, they are trapped in the very opposite of ritual—the constantly changing, meaningless moment.

When the lights come up on "The Man Who," the audience is staring at technological equivalents of the brain's function: two large upstage TV monitors, a video camera, and a VCR, which are used to provide biofeedback for the patients. These devices dominate what is otherwise an unremarkable space; a white chair is positioned at center stage, and three others, along with three tables, have been pushed to the periphery. The play begins with a patient taking the center-stage seat while the doctor, a part played at various times by all the actors and sometimes by two or three at once, slowly applies an electrode to different parts of his brain. The patient moves an arm, blinks, twitches, speaks a memory, which may be a confabulation. "It's strange," the patient finally says to the doctor. "I was there and here at the same time." And so are we, as the performers shuttle us between known and unknown realms.

Brook turns the audience, like the neurologists, into instruments of attentiveness. "There is a terrible shock when you first encounter the painfulness of their condition, which is something you could never have believed," Brook told me recently. "But it is *rapidly* replaced with a strong feeling of identification and closeness." Sacks calls his subjects "travellers to unimaginable lands," and positions them and their often extravagant behavior "at the intersection between fact and fable." Brook deftly manages to walk a comparable dramatic tightrope, and refuses to sensationalize or fictionalize the material. "Some people have been very surprised that we haven't made this literally, in the way that Sacks has done, in the sense that Sacks gives what belongs to a writer—the background, the past, the future," Brook said. "In fact, I felt all through the work that in the theatre this would be clouding. You don't need to know the biography of someone. They're carrying their biography in their bodies and in their spirit." He went on to connect "The Man Who" to his acting experiments with "The Ik," saying, "Direct behavior enables an audience to see through that behavior to a real predicament without using storytelling, without using fiction." And he later added that when the dramatist and screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrière (his collaborator on "The Mahabharata") tried to adapt the company's neurological research for the stage he couldn't write twenty lines without getting into fiction. "That's why we had to avoid any thought of a story line," Brook said.

The danger of putting these freakish mutations of consciousness before an audience is that in less adroit hands they could become a kind of "Dr. Sacks' Believe It or Not." But Brook's trust in his actors' mimetic gifts is borne out by "The Man Who." We see this when, early in the show, a patient (the gangling, sweet-faced Sotigui Kouyate) talks to a doctor about his unhinged condition. "I'm who I am. I don't know. Whoopee. My head's like a plate of porridge," he says. The doctor tests his disorientation, standing behind him and asking the patient to locate him. The patient doggedly turns his chair a hundred and eighty degrees, until he finds a figure to go with the voice. "All is crystal clear," the patient jokes. "Whoopee." Kouyate's good spirits find dignity beneath deracination.



Peter Brook: reinventing Oliver Sacks' unmemoried minds.

"I've lost all the senses of my body," says another patient, skillfully inhabited by David Bennent. "My head moves, but from my neck to my feet I can't feel my body anymore. If I don't look at it, I don't know it's there, it's as though it doesn't exist." Bennent wrestles with his ungainly and recalcitrant limbs as he mobilizes himself, then staggers around the stage like the Tin Man without oil for his joints. His lubrication is self-consciousness. "I've found out that if I look at my arm I can guide it with my eyes," he says, and he adds later, "Every day is a mental marathon."

In this world, where the patients are strangers to themselves, comedy and terror coexist, and "The Man Who" confidently steers its way between hurt and hilarity. At times, the scenes play like wonderful vaudeville slapstick, only with no rebounding from the pratfalls. For instance, a doctor holds up a red glove:

DOCTOR: What's this object? No, don't touch.

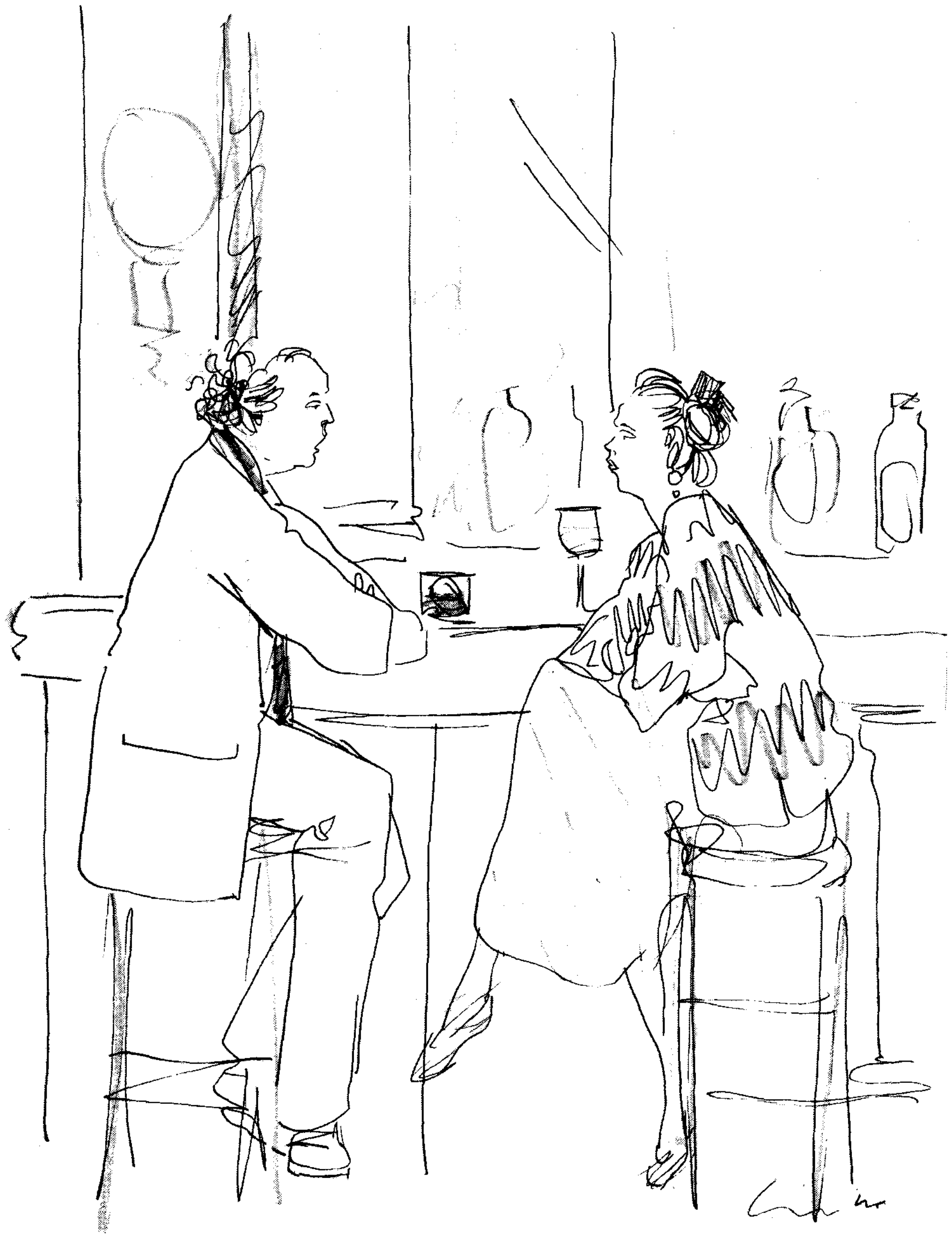
PATIENT 1: It's a grey rectangle prolonged by five descending cylinders one of which is shorter than the others and slightly on a diagonal. . . .

PATIENT 2: A sort of receptacle.

DOCTOR: What does the receptacle contain?

PATIENT 2: It contains its contents.

These two men suffer from visual agnosia, a condition in which nothing seems familiar, and the individual, like the eponymous man who mistook his wife for a hat, is lost in a world of lifeless abstractions. Their distortions are internal and sometimes disguisable; but the whole haywire neurological nightmare is externalized in the extravagant brainstorm of Tourette's syndrome, whose clownish tics, sudden scatological explosions, and hyper-self-consciousness make Robin Williams' schizoid frenzy look lethargic. In Tourette's syndrome, the mind is a kind of whirlwind of conflicting compulsions. "I see myself as though I'm cut in two," says the Ticker, played superbly and with edgy vividness by Bruce Myers. "One Me ticks all the time, while the other Me says to him: 'Stop.' No, no, steady, you're out of your mind, it's ridiculous, idiotic, I said 'Halt! Verboten!' " Myers' voice shifts to a lower register like a racing car dropping down a gear. "The blind force of the subcortex always wins in the end," he says. There's a comedian's heroism in his clowning, which defies fate even as he acknowledges it. The Ticker can't stop himself from mugging at the video camera, or resist teasing Sacks about having a tic himself. "No one wants to know us



"This may be a bit of a shock, but I'm leaving you for Fox."

• •

but we are in fashion," he says. "Yes, everyone wants Tourette's. You want Tourette's, take mine. You want it, you can have it, you want it, you can have it." He exits shouting a defiant "Fuck you!"

"The Man Who" bears ample witness to the vast, ghostly domain of the mind. A patient (Yoshi Oida) is asked to shave, and does only one side of his face. "Have you forgotten anything?" the doctor asks. "No," the patient says, and then checks himself on the video screen. He feels his cheek, shaves the clean side again, then looks once more at the screen. Grief falls slowly across his face. "Please stop," Oida says, crying. "Stop now." The awareness that without memory man cannot "compose himself" is as unbearable for an audience as it is for the afflicted. We cling to the sentimentality that there is salvation in forgetting, but onstage, as in life, the shock of tragedy comes with the sudden echo of self-awareness. The point is made best in a brilliant piece of found poetry where the patient (Bruce Myers, in another cameo tour de force) chats happily with a doctor, who records his words—words that, although delivered with great verve and sincerity, are nonsense. "I'm not completely nor," he begins, in answer to a question about how he is. "I haven't narrd nothing new extraordinary I can remain nothing in a clear precise way-too long perhaps-it's the thought that something comes . . ." Myers turns this nonsense into gorgeous Beckettian music, whose intensity communicates both the anguish and the vigor of the patient's personality. The scene builds dramatically from fellowship to fun to fury when the patient's reading from Gray's "Elegy" ("Groy's Olegy in a contry cheched") is played back to him. The patient, full of life but with no words for it, is locked inside his unfathomable, torturing head, and there is no key to release him or his word horde. The replayed tape forces this desolating awareness. Despite the doctor's pleas, the patient wants to end the session and, maybe, his life:

> PATIENT: But you've no necessity to make beauty-you've no necessity to do-it's goodnot-it's dead-black-it's finished-it's not more truth-can't go on-what you were recruiting-what you can finish something that will be good to do-to black-it's finished-it's well done and yet God knows I would like a thingamer-revolver-a crime-a bat-a bite-to end that-that's all-no-no more life.
>
> DOCTOR: Please.
>
> PATIENT: You-you have very well you very good-and the other people-yes-but-because I was I-I can't do it-I am too young too ancient age-since my age finish very old-yes-72, 88 years that I am old now badmade-by law-I am scraped-botch. I am dead-do you see, beauty-you can't do it-no-with all of beauty's kindness to all things-no! no! life no more truth-absolutely not.

"The Man Who" ends with images of the brain, in radiant primary colors, spinning before our eyes on the TV screens like some distant galaxy. The images, like the ravishing nonsense sounds that precede them, are scrambled and beautiful and mysterious. "The Man Who" brings news of the weird outskirts of consciousness and of the humanity of those who have taken up residence there. Brook and his company hear music in the weirdness, and, through their discipline, they lead the audience to hear it, too. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

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by Peter Cameron
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17)

This small, delicate novel is like something you might find lying on a nightstand in a country-house guest room. At first glance, it's simply another nice thing to look at; on closer inspection, however, it takes hold of your thoughts. What is it doing here, and, by the way, what am I doing here? This kind of questioning—of comings and goings, pasts and futures—hovers around a group of friends during a summer weekend upstate. Lyle is an art critic and a self-described "bogus and pompous person," an insight that is more persuasive than his ideas on painting. He has decided to take along his new lover, Robert, a young painter and waiter at an Indian restaurant, to John and Marian's place. John and Marian lead a life of leisure; as Lyle tells Robert, "they do—things." John putters around the garden and builds a stone wall that has no function; Marian, an on-again, off-again depressive, is currently obsessed with their blank-faced baby, and with social finesse (pass the grape scissors). A Saturday dinner with an outspoken Italian woman brings the various tensions to a surface stretched achingly taut by the fact that it's been exactly one year since Tony—Lyle's former lover and John's half brother—died of AIDS. Cameron's prose is neat without being fastidious; it is full of observations that ring like porch chimes and flicker like fireflies, evanescent yet indelible.

House Rules
by Heather Lewis
(Doubleday; $21.95)

It is difficult to describe Heather Lewis's first novel without making it sound camp: fifteen-year-old Lee, a champion horseback rider, escapes her hideously abusive parents only to become virtually enslaved by a brother-and-sister team of horse owners on the corrupt show circuit who drug their riders as well as their animals. In a matter of weeks, her life has become a punishing routine of riding, drinking, shooting up, and brutal lesbian sex. But this is a naturalistic novel, narrated by its heroine in a curiously uninflected voice. She is simply trying to get through the next hour or two, moving from sensation to sensation: the horse between her thighs, the beer in her hand, the needle in her neck, the sex that makes her bleed. Who started what? Who's using whom? Lee isn't sure: "The thing is this stuff follows me around and once it starts I can't move till it's over." As Lee's life swings into orbit around the syringe, it is difficult not to be infected by the numbness that overtakes her narrative; one longs to be at least marginally more perceptive than she is. At its best, however, this novel is reminiscent of Mary Gaitskill; Lewis acknowledges Lee's confused need for further abuse without using it to justify what happens to her. The erotic, the nurturing, and the horrific elements of the story stand uneasily but resolutely side by side, each stubbornly refusing to explain away the existence of the others.

GENERAL

The Stranger Wilde: Interpreting Oscar
by Gary Schmidgall
(Dutton; $25.95)

Though Schmidgall mentions Richard Ellmann's recent biography infrequently, and always respectfully, he has clearly set out to provide an alternative to its rather sober Wilde. This book, a cocktail of gossip and criticism, is chiefly concerned with the sexual Wilde—the promiscuous, flamboyant, mocking, preening egoist whose stunning peripeteia was the source of such great schadenfreude for respectable Britons. But Schmidgall has set himself a difficult task: he wants to claim his subject as a hero of the gay-liberation movement, and yet in telling us so much about Wilde's behavior as a gay man he can't help reminding us of all the reasons that Wilde was in fact a complete disaster for gay liberation. His mode was to *play* at being homosexual, daring anyone to accuse him of homosexual practice. When the Marquess of Queensberry did, Wilde sued for libel. When Wilde was criminally charged with "acts of gross indecency," he denied them. And while he was in prison he begged for leniency on the ground that his behavior had been insane. Wilde was a victim of hypocrisy and puritanism, but he was hardly a martyr. Still, it is easy enough to understand Schmidgall's hero worship, for Wilde was one of the great personalities of his century, and this complement to earlier biographies is good to have.

The Family Heart: A Memoir of When Our Son Came Out
by Robb Forman Dew
(Addison-Wesley; $22)

No one familiar with her fiction will be surprised to learn that Robb Forman Dew insists on wearing a particular pair of lucky earrings whenever anyone in her family seems at risk; this novelist has repeatedly reminded us that fortunate lives demand not only gratitude but also constant effort and vigilance. In the spring of 1991, when the Dews' elder son, Stephen, came home from his sophomore year at Yale and told his parents that he was gay, they were supportive but also grief-stricken. The author's account of this troubled, transforming time eerily evokes the family values that animate her earlier inventions, putting them to the test. Initially, Dew's intense imagination, combined with her ignorance of homosexuality, was as much a hindrance as a help, and it is to her credit that she has recorded the occasionally wacky assumptions and painful readjustments of her own odyssey with such care and humor; at one point, for example, she is convinced that her family, which for years had lived happily in Williamstown, Massachusetts, should relocate to San Francisco. At the heart of this memoir, however, lies a true epiphany: the author's sudden, galvanizing awareness of the suicidal consequences of homophobia. It is a chilling moment, and it is described with a writer's eloquence and a mother's rage. ◆

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE NEW FLY-FISHING BOOKS

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Extreme Fly Fishing

By Budd Revill

THE author, a former Navy SEAL who used to assassinate Vietcong cadres (he includes a perhaps too graphic chapter on this period of his life), argues that fly fishing has been "pussified" by an over-reliance on expensive, high-tech equipment, packaged fishing trips, and, especially, "high-priced lodges where you eat off china." His solution is probably not for everyone: he dispenses with waders, preferring to insulate his legs by greasing them with the fat from "whatever animal is handy—a cat will do." He uses only barbless—and hairless—dry flies and, instead of a modern carbon-fibre rod, a four-foot rattan cane of the kind used on American teen-agers in Singapore. "It's got a nice feel to it," he observes, "and once the fish is exhausted, you can use it like a club." *First serial, Esquire.*

White Beads, Brown Trout

By J. H. Wells

THE title of this collection of somewhat obscure essays on trout fishing by Wells, a lay Zen monk in upstate New York, comes from a saying of Hakuin, the eighteenth-century Japanese Zen master: "Should you desire the great tranquillity, prepare to sweat white beads." One day, while casting for a humongous brown trout in the Beaverkill River, near Roscoe, New York, Wells found himself asking, "What is the point?" (Some readers may ask the same question.) He suddenly flung his rod into the river and "began to bark like a dog." The reaction of the trout is not recorded, but the reader may find himself asking, What is the sound of one trout yawning?

Gills

By Peter Benchley

THE celebrated author of "Jaws" is at the top of his form in this gripping tale of a vengeful Dolly Varden trout that terrorizes a fishing camp in British Columbia. Trouble starts when the fearsome, sixteen-inch monster attacks a female wildlife biologist. The trout will not rise to normal flies, and eventually Game Warden Willie (Mac) Shaughnessy and his half-Jewish sidekick, Hamish Cohen, must engage the trout-battling skills of the grizzled half-Inuit, half-Scots poacher, Angus Nook. The harrowing ending, involving a squadron of Canadian Air Command F18s and a canoe paddle, is a page-turner that will leave the reader reluctant to go near running water for months. *Book-of-the-Month Club main selection; movie rights to Columbia.*

Bassholes

By Ed Weiler

TROUT fly fishermen have always thought of themselves as the pure heirs of Izaak Walton, and of spin-casting bass fisherman as Neanderthal throwbacks. This book, by an English professor at the University of Vermont, leaves no doubt as to where the author stands. "Bass fishermen watch Monday Night Football, drink beer, drive pickup trucks, and prefer noisy women with big breasts," he writes. "Trout fishermen watch MacNeil-Lehrer, drink white wine, drive foreign cars with passenger-side air bags, and hardly think about women at all." The last characteristic, he suggests, may have something to do with the fact that trout fishermen spend most of the time immersed up to the thighs in ice-cold water. *First serial, Atlantic Monthly.*

The Apostle and the Nymph

By Elgar Cole, Ph.D.

THE author, a biblical archeologist, challenges Norman Maclean's famous asseveration in "A River Runs Through It" that the Apostle John was a dry-fly fisherman. He draws on his excavation of Ut-Ekmek 2, in modern-day Israel, where, he says, John and the other apostles used to go wet-fly fishing during the annual landlocked-salmon run. Cole provides impressive evidence in the form of an almost perfectly preserved No. 6 woolly bugger that closely corresponds with a nymph-type fly made out of chenille which John mentions in a blistering letter to Peter. (Peter had chided John and the other apostles for fishing when they should have been spreading the gospel.) Cole writes about the moment he discovered the woolly bugger with the excitement of Howard Carter peering for the first time into the tomb of King Tut: "When I saw the telltale chenille body, I thought, *Maclean's going to pass bricks when he sees this.*" But before Cole could communicate his discovery to the world he was arrested by Israeli authorities, charged with trespassing on a top-secret military installation, and held incommunicado for more than a year, during which Dr. Maclean died. Cole claims, convincingly, "The Israelis were then trying to improve relations with the Vatican, which didn't want it to get out that John used wet flies. They had too much invested in the dry-fly myth." ♦

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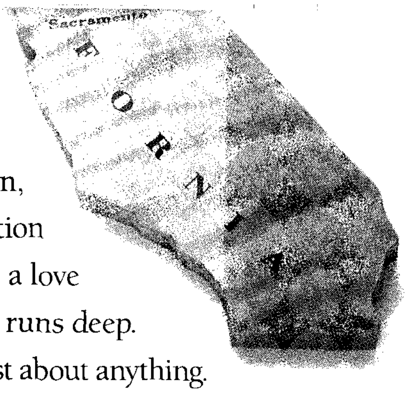

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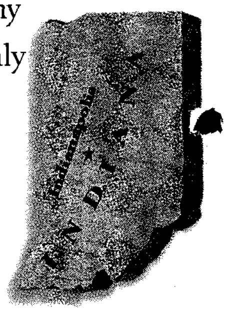

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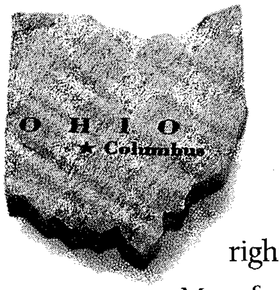

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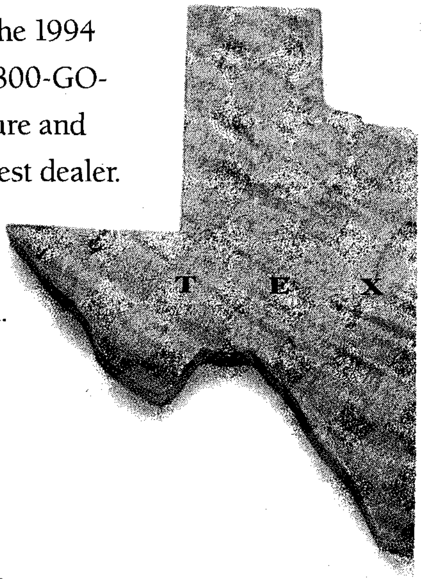

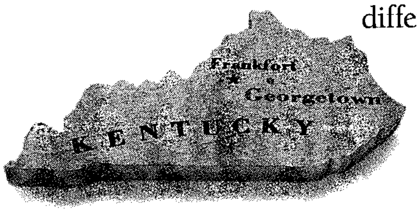

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